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POTTED STORIES
TO TELL SCOUTS AND CUBS

POTTED STORIES

TO TELL SCOUTS AND CUBS

EDITED BY

V. C. BARCLAY

GLASGOW

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SCOUTING AND STORY-TELLING

By V. C. BARCLAY

I

“I Can’t Tell Stories”

So says practically everybody; which is rather bad, considering *Scouting for Boys* is all written in “yarns” instead of chapters, and the *Wolf Cubs’ Handbook* is only another form of one of the best stories in our language, *The Jungle Book*.

Here are some of the reasons why you think you can’t tell stories:

1. Because you’ve never tried.
2. Because you have not succeeded in finding stories that are easy to tell.
3. Because you have not bothered to prepare—or did not know preparation was necessary.
4. Lack of confidence—in your story, in your audience, and in yourself.
5. Self-consciousness.

How to Overcome the Difficulties

Have a Try.—If you are a Cubmaster it is easy. Send your assistants away the first time, and just have the Cubs alone. Make the room dark, and have only one candle stuck on the floor; or, better still, a lantern or two with crumpled red paper over them, and a few sticks and twigs built up, and call it a camp-fire. The darkness and the expectancy of the Cubs make it easier.

Choose a story that is not too long, and has plenty of incident and not much explanation. Get right into an absorbing incident at once.

If you are a Scoutmaster, practise on the Cubs first. Then have a try with the Scouts. If the idea of story-telling as an end in itself does not appeal to you, make a start by bringing one

of the short hero-stories, for instance, into some powwow you are giving. No explanation that you are going to *tell a story*, but just recount the incident as a case in point. You will see how easily you catch the attention of the Scouts, the absorbed way they listen, and the obvious teaching value. Next time make it a slightly longer story. Another time announce that, instead of a powwow on the Scout Law, you are going to tell them about a chap who jolly well proved he cared about his honour; or, instead of a lesson on Scoutcraft, you are going to tell them about the doings of one of the great Scouts of history. No need to call it "story-telling"—you are telling them about people and happenings. Once you have made a start, they will show so much keenness that *yarning* will become a thing to do for its own sake, and you will end by telling every story in this book (even changing the Cub ones to make them suitable for older boys). But call it "yarning," and start doing it *by the way*, in the course of talk or powpowing. As a matter of fact, Scouts are keener on stories than Cubs really, and form a more appreciative audience—because they have a wider range of interest, more emotional sympathy, more sense of hero-worship, a more critical appreciation of actions and motives, and a deeper *need* for stories.

Find the Right Story.—Especially in making a start find a story that appeals to *you*, has really captured your own interest. You will then be more likely to tell it well. For Cubs, easy ones to make a start with would be "Cub Rolph makes a Friend" (p. 100) or "Billy and the Twins" (p. 111); for Scouts, incidents like "A Chief's Sacrifice," "In Turkish Hands," "The Water-bottle" (pp. 142, 146), going on yarns like "The Mystery of Meldon Wood" or "The Pool of Blood" (pp. 1, 4).

Prepare Thoroughly.—Story-telling has to be prepared for as carefully as everything else. You would not dream of giving a lesson on bridge-building, or teaching a new game, without having read the instructions over several times, studied the diagrams, either rehearsed the thing practically or at least in imagination, and thought out the lesson or explanation in the words which would be likely to catch the interest of the boys, hold it, and impart everything simply and intelligibly. Well, the same with telling a story. Here, then, are instructions how to "unpot" the stories in this book, and they are meant to be taken as literally as a recipe out of a cookery book, or the explanation about putting a fractured thigh in splints.

How to Unpot.—Read the outline slowly to yourself, *picturing*

the scenes and characters. Read it again and get them vivid. Memorise the names of people and places. Note what is the real point of the story—the plot—the central idea. Leave the story alone to simmer in your mind a bit.

Some time—e.g. on your way home from business—*tell it over to yourself* properly. You will take longer doing this than when you have your audience before you; this is natural—experienced story-tellers always find this. (If you really distrust your memory, no reason not to have a few brief notes; but you will soon grow out of that. A good story tells itself, and you forget you're telling, and telling *to an audience* is much easier than telling *over to yourself*.)

Remember your aims: to make the story *vivid and real* to the boys (even if they are not meant to think it's a "true story"). Give descriptions that are necessary, but *brief*, and only ones really needed. Make all characters definite—really nice, really bad, really funny. Describe them a little, but chiefly bring out their characteristics by their actions. If you want to teach an idea (e.g. a Scout Law) by the story, decide beforehand how you mean to bring it out, and emphasise those incidents (but don't point the moral, beyond mentioning, perhaps, that this story makes one understand such and such a Law).

In telling, make the most of *climax*—i.e. points where some happening is worked up to, there is a moment of suspense or expectation, and then it *happens*. Let it happen clear and sharp, and don't mess about with it after and *explain*—go ahead with the story. Especially with the final climax, end up quickly after it.

Remember that the "potted story" is simply a string of facts—no attempt at all at telling in an interesting way or at supplying detail. You must take these facts and put them to your audience in a way that will get them first interested, then sympathetic, then excited or amused, or stirred in some way. Also it's your job to invent all the appropriate *details*; you can take any liberties you like with these outlines—let rip with your imagination.

It is while *preparing* to tell that you want to remember all this and work it out. When actually telling, don't try and remember any rules, just *tell*.

-Having Confidence.—Being *prepared*, you will have confidence in yourself. This is the main thing. But it will help a lot if you will only believe what experienced people tell you—that Scouts and Cubs, and, indeed, everybody else, simply *love*

listening to stories, and that those who belong to Troops and Packs where this is a regular feature look upon the weekly yarn as one of the best things in their Scouting.

If discouraged by a few failures don't lose heart. Rosie wasn't built in a day, nor the Scout movement, nor your own Troop, and no more will be your ability to tell stories. Your boys won't mind you practising on them—they'll like it. Have confidence that some day you will turn into a story-teller if you only try hard enough—and you will.

II

Why Tell Stories?

1. *Because Story-telling is an essential Part of Scouting.*—First of all, the Chief has said so in something more than words—namely, by example. It is the yarns and jungle stories that have captured the imagination of the boyhood of the world. We are most certainly letting them down if we don't follow up what the Chief has practically promised them.

• Further, Scouting aims at being the nature-way of education. It starts from the boy's natural instincts and aptitudes and works upwards. And it borrows from more natural and primitive times, and more natural and primitive peoples, what their unsophisticated wisdom has led them to make use of in teaching the young.

Well, then, if we leave out story-telling, we are playing false by our most essential claims. For it is an admitted fact that by nature the boy craves for stories. It is noticeable that real story-telling (both as art and as education) belongs to those more natural periods of our race's existence, and we are told that the more simple and primitive nations still use story-telling in this way, e.g. in the East, and (coming nearer home) among the peasants of Ireland and the Scottish Highlands. Wild tribes all the world over pass on their tradition and their religion in the form of story (helped out by dance and song and acting). The Christian Church, especially in the Middle Ages, and in those unlettered days called the "Dark Ages", used story-telling very fully (illustrated by stained-glass windows and dramatised in mystery plays). And someone has said, "Story-telling is the only art that is consecrated by the practice of our Divine Lord."

All the sort of precedent for which we care is on the side of story-telling. It is only the bad, old-fashioned type of education

that puts story-telling in a back place, and treats it as not worth providing for or developing. Let us be true to our Scouthood, and make full use of it. Let us train the present generation of Scouts by our example, so that the next generation of Scouting will tell stories as a matter of course.

2. *The Boys Love Stories*.—This is another reason for having story-telling as part of the Pack and Troop programme. We can give infinite pleasure with so little trouble. And perhaps it is only with us that they will get the stories which are the birthright of every child. And, who knows, because we have fed them on the right stuff, perhaps they will leave alone the wrong stuff later—the police news in the Sunday papers, the sixpenny novels, and the magazine trash.

3. *Teaching Value*.—If we want really to bring home to the boys the ideals of Scouthood—the Laws, promises, mottoes, and all the unexpressed and inexpressible things that cannot be put in formulæ—there is only one way to do it. Very few boys will take in a sermon or a powwow—let it get hold of their imaginations, affect their actions, reorientate their ideas, counteract the bad side of their home-training and tradition. It takes a man with unusual gifts to “speak to boys” in a way that will tell. Your normal Scout and your normal Scouter can only communicate with each other about such things in the language of stories.

4. *Character Formation*.—Don’t let this become a meaningless stock phrase. It stands for the most vital thing—the aim and end of all our work and thought and effort. Many things—all that we do—games, work, camp, hikes, ceremonies, songs, conversation and friendships, service and self-discipline—all go to build up the character of this best thing in God’s creation—the boy. But stories hold a place of honour. They gather together and concentrate into vivid points all the diffused ideas and motives that are floating about among the practical doings of Scout life. They invest them with romance—an essential thing in boyhood. They make them seem insistently worth while. They link them up with the hero-worship instinct which has built up the manhood of our race. They get the ideas into the *imagination*—that mysterious part of us which has such a large say in our actions, and yet is miles above mere instinct, and is something unshared by the animals, something God has given to man alone. Boys *live* the story when they hear it; they remember it vividly; they form their judgments and values by it. The story gets built up into their characters. The story helps to form their characters.

When to Tell Stories

As the last item of the Troop or Pack meeting is a good time, especially if it is a longish story, or an instalment of a serial, told for its own sake.

A short story with a Scout ideal as its point should be told in the little powwow following on an investiture.

A story should be told in teaching each Scout Law, and in the powwows by which we keep up a remembrance of the Laws.

There should be a really good story at every camp-fire. It makes the camp-fire really *worth while*. It gives added romance to it, while the firelight provides the perfect setting, and everybody's mind is tuned to the right pitch.

Stories, or incidents from stories, should come into lessons on first aid, "woodcraft, camping, and all Scout work.

A story in the tent ensures the Cubs falling quietly to sleep the first night. The same applies to Scouts, if people would only believe it!

Stories will make a wet day in camp a really jolly day, that everyone looks back on as one of the memorable things of the camp.

III

About this Book

To choose a story to tell, your best way is to look at the Table of Contents. You will find the stories divided into chapters in such a way as to make it very easy to know the type of story. Again, the title of the stories gives you a good idea of what the story is about. Under the heading "Instalments" you will find it indicated whether the story can be told complete at one sitting or should be "continued in our next." In the next column is a rough indication of how long the story would take to tell.

Of course we *ought* to tell the Cubmasters to leave the Scout yarns severely alone, so that the Cub may hear them when he goes up into the Scouts. But probably Cubmasters will not obey this injunction, so we give another bit of advice instead. If you tell the Scout adventure stories, remember that some of the things are a bit frightening to tell to *small* boys, so tone them down. And if you *do* tell Scout stories to Cubs, which is quite a

good thing to do, don't turn the heroes into *Cubs*. Stories about Scouts may very well increase the Cubs' desire to be Scouts, and make Scouts seem heroes to them, and prepare their minds for going up.

But if a Scouter is telling the Cub stories to Scouts, he should turn the boys in the story into *Scouts*, and in various ways change the details to fit, and add things to bring in Scout ideas or practices.

Contributors

Various people have contributed to this book—some a lot, some a little. Many of the contributions sent are being held over for publication in the second series, for which we have a great deal of material collected, and in which, besides *more* yarns of the type given in these chapters, there will be *several* new features—e.g. Animal Stories, Folklore and Legend.

Several firms have very kindly given permission for their books to be used, and we make acknowledgments at the end of the story concerned.

People who have found this book useful are asked to send contributions for the second series.

CHAPTER I

SCOUT ADVENTURE

THE MYSTERY OF MELDON WOOD

FIRST INSTALMENT

LARGE Troop of Scouts in camp. Squire comes to the camp fire and tells them the following mysterious facts: A gang of poachers apparently enters his wood every Friday night and steals pheasants. Close season—laying hens have been killed—eggs found deserted. Wounded birds found, with bullets of lead in them roughly cut to a point. Once a bag with seven dead pheasants found—poachers had dropped it and fled. Keepers can't catch or even see culprits. Police have searched neighbourhood and made close inquiries. No smallest sign. To-morrow night police and neighbouring keepers all joining forces. Can twenty big Scouts come and place an ambush at each gate and gap, and patrol the surrounding lanes and fields? £5 reward for capturing the men, or for information leading to their capture. Plan to be kept a dead secret.

Scoutmaster agrees. The plan is carried out (*describe the night's work*). No sight or sound of poachers. But next morning two wounded birds found; so poachers *must* have been, as usual. Deep mystery!

Patrol Leader Nick Berry (keen on tracking and detective work) makes up his mind to try and solve mystery. Gets leave from Scoutmaster and Squire to search wood. Wood full of tracks of keepers and Scouts and retriever dogs. The only new tracks he can discover are pads of *very small dog*, specially in thick under-growth near keeper's cottage. Also here some large, smooth dents, but no tracks of boots. In one place, near a pile of felled tree-trunks, impress of human hand—but much smaller than any of the Scouts'. Keeps his own counsel.

Cross-questions keeper. Visits keeper's wife. She produces

the bag that was found. Nick examines closely. It is made of waterproof material, carefully sewn. Seams have been well sealed with cobbler's wax. Why? On leaving cottage, Nick sees that garden slopes down to canal. Idea—bag made watertight so that poacher could escape by swimming! Real clue here. Examines bank. Finds place that looks like someone having often climbed out of water. Small dog's tracks in mud. Good cover from house between high raspberry canes. They lead to thick thorn hedge. No possible way into wood. Baffled.

Nick returns to wood. Starts from track of hand. Examines logs carefully. One loose. Pushes. It rolls aside, disclosing earthy tunnel going under hedge. Very small. Nick can hardly squeeze through. Hidden in tunnel, old pair of boy's boots, with large round pads of canvas stuffed with moss. Opening at other end of tunnel covered with broken boards. Pushes aside. Finds himself on pile of rubbish behind ruined shed at bottom of garden. So poacher must be small boy. Probably shooting with catapult, and bringing down roosting birds in thicket. Dog fetches them in. Escapes across canal. But road beyond patrolled by Scouts. Funny they never saw! Boy must be jolly good scout. Nick wants to get hold of him himself. Still keeps own counsel.

Following Friday ambushes laid again; keepers in wood, Scouts and police outside. No one bothers about corner of wood that runs down behind keeper's cottage—no way in, undergrowth very thick. Nick conceals himself in garden. At 11 p.m. hears someone climb out of water, slip between canes, remove boards behind shed. Silence. Faint scufflings in distant thicket. Sound of cock pheasant giving alarm and flying through wood. Silence. Alarm again. Sound of keepers approaching. Someone passes back through garden and into water.

Nick creeps to edge of canal. No one swimming across, but a bit of furze-bush off bank apparently floating downstream. Nick slips into water and swims silently behind it.

SECOND INSTALMENT

Nick swims a quarter of a mile downstream and past end of wood. Boy climbs out of water and helps dog out. He is carrying bag. Starts clambering up steep bank towards high road. Nick follows, keeping under cover. Half an hour's wait by roadside. Large lorry approaches and stops; it is full of

farm produce, and bound for Covent Garden Market. Driver takes pheasants and gives boy money. Lorry goes on and boy makes for stile. Small dog runs ahead and goes down a rabbit burrow, yelping. Nick sees his chance.

Nick.—"Hullo, kid; you're jolly good at scouting, but——" Boy leaps at Nick, catches him with special hold, and brings him down. Sits on him, nearly breaking his arm. Starts banging him on the head. Nick, with desperate effort, heaves boy off. Grapples with him and gets him down. "You're in my power. If you fight, I'll tie you with this cord and take you to police. If quiet, and answer all my questions, will try and get you off." Boy swears a bit, struggles, and then gives in.

Answers questions, and turns out to be son of Irish people. Both parents dead. Now lives with old aunt—very cruel to him. Always in trouble at school. To leave at Christmas. Awful job in cousin's public-house in town—hates thought of it—cousin a bully. Wants to escape, and get back to Ireland and get a farming job. Is raising money to do this by stealing pheasants. Good sport!—but sorry to have to *steal*. Only way. Begs Nick not to give him up. Has nice, honest face.

Nick knows it will mean prison or reformatory—boy's life ruined. Promises to save him. They walk back to village. In shed behind aunt's wretched cottage boy (Paddy) hides little dog, and then gets in through broken window.

Next day Nick tells Scoutmaster. Full of sympathy. Has talk with Paddy. Nick has bright idea—his young brother killed in accident three years ago—room, clothes, etc., all there still. Mother might adopt Paddy! Bikes off home (15 miles). Mother trusts him and his judgment, and agrees, for the sake of saving the boy from bad start in life—prison—and possible wretched existence, after, with cruel aunt.

Squire is persuaded to take no steps on condition Paddy is removed. Paddy gives up money (£6). Aunt proved to have been very cruel for years, and cousin a dishonest scoundrel. Threats of summons. Rather than this, agrees to give Paddy up.

Goes back with Troop. Welcomed by mother. Joins Nick's Patrol. Turns out splendid Scout—full of ideas for tracking, games, nature-lore; great enterprise. Tries to keep Promise and Law extra well to make up for past dishonesty. A good Scout and honest citizen made. Best good turn Nick ever did in his life!

THE POOL OF 'BLOOD

FIRST INSTALMENT

"Peewits" are playing game of "Ambushes" along the Lower Road—rather mysterious road, bounded on one side by stone wall, with overhanging trees—grounds of Moreton Hall—an empty house. Ted, the Second, stands at cross-roads, counting 300. Rest have run on to hide along roadside. Reggie, Patrol Leader, goes last, and climbs up and lies along top of wall, hidden by branches. Small blue door below him. Notices a stranger approaching up lane that turns out of road. Ted's footsteps are heard. Stranger steps aside behind tree. Funny! Reggie lets Ted pass without "shooting" him. Stranger advances cautiously. Obvious false moustache and green spectacles. Opens blue door with skeleton key. Walks up mossy path through wood.

Reggie thinks: "Chance to do some detective work!" But being a good Patrol Leader remembers his Patrol. They won't know where he's gone. Sure to come back along road to look for him. Scribbles on leaf from notebook: "Wait for me here. I'm on a detective job." Knots it in his necker, which he throws on road.

Follows stranger. Careful stalking up winding path. Stranger walks on twigs and makes crackling sound all the way: Reggie, being good Scout, avoids doing this. Path suddenly emerges on to lawn—house thirty yards away. Sees stranger standing behind holly bush. Squats behind bush and sees him cross lawn towards big house, with blinds down. He breaks window with hammer, opens catch, and climbs through. Reggie dashes back to road. Sends Ted to phone for police from neighbouring doctor's house. Rest of Patrol surround house, keeping under cover of wood.

Reggie goes to caretaker's lodge close by. He's out; aged mother thinks he's pulling her leg. Takes mastiff on a chain round the house. Dog suddenly breaks away, barking furiously. Jumps through window.

Horrible sound like dog-fight—man's cry of agony—shot—silence. Old woman hobbles away in terror. Awful minutes drag by.

Police, with Ted and doctor, arrive. Reggie reports, and is allowed to go in with them. Dim light—rich furniture. In dining-room, dead mastiff, and bloodstains on carpet. No tracks.

Police puzzled. Reggie suggests burglar has stopped bleeding with sofa cushion, obviously missing—drops of blood by sofa. Inspector opens door of adjoining room—very small and quite empty. Whole house searched (*describe*). Return to hall. Very creepy: empty suits of armour; pale ancestors on walls. Complete silence.

Police say: "Detective and a bloodhound." Only cellars left. Police go down. Reggie goes back into dining-room. Notices mahogany sideboard had been drawn out a little from wall. Goes into small room inspector had looked into. Empty, save for Oriental curtains to window. About to withdraw, when notices something dark and round and bright on floor, in dim light from shuttered window—about as big as small saucer. Touches it with his finger, and jumps back in horror! *It's warm and wet.* Finger red. It's a *pool of blood*.

Wounded man must be standing behind curtain. Reggie about to rush and tell police, but sense of pity rises in him—poor man like rat in trap; *mean* to give him away! *Duty* and *pity* struggle inside him.

Nice voice speaks from behind curtain: "Kid—be a sport—don't give me away. I'm not a burglar—used to live here. Stepbrother a twister—did me out of my inheritance. Missing will; and he wouldn't have it searched for. Came here to try and find it. If caught by police, will be accused of burgling brother's house." He looks out—nice, honest, humorous face—moustache and spectacles off.

Reggie reads his character in his face; knows he's speaking truth. "All right; and we'll help you escape!—quick, before detective is fetched."

SECOND INSTALMENT

Reggie goes out of window—Ted is talking to policeman on guard. "Come on, Ted, let's have a look round the outside of house." Go round corner of house out of sight. Peewit call. Scouts all come up. Ted sent to hold attention of policeman at window. Rest posted to give alarm if necessary. Reggie and Dick go to window and help man out. Can hardly walk. Help him across lawn into wood. He nearly faints—leg bleeding fast, and very painful. Improvise stretcher with folding-table from summer-house. Carry him down winding path to road—cross it—and hide in field behind hedge.

Stranger.—“The *will*—the *will*—I’d *nearly* got it!”

Reggie.—“Where is it? There *might* be time.”

Stranger.—“In false bottom of small cupboard in back of sideboard. Press a knot in the wood.” Gives *Reggie* flashlight.

Reggie dashes back up path. Crosses lawn to window, composedly. “Come on, *Ted*, let’s go back to tea.” Policeman says he must report to Inspector, who is still in cellar, and lets him in. Just what *Reggie* wanted!

Banging noise from cellar. *Reggie* goes to sideboard—small cupboard is open—presses hidden spring—finds roll of yellowish paper tied with black ribbon. Just got it when sound of police coming back into hall!

Decides to bluff it out. Stuffs will inside his shirt. To Inspector: “I’ve been hunting in every corner of that room, and the little room—I think he must have escaped. Can we go now?” Inspector thanks for help; takes name and address of Troop. *Reggie* and *Ted* go off through wood.

Stranger overjoyed. They dress his leg with iodine and pads of lint, etc. *How* are they to get him away? News mustn’t reach police. Suddenly sees the Cubs (six) coming across distant field. They see Scouts and run up.

Sixer.—“Pity we haven’t got that bath-chair now.”

Reggie.—“*What* bath chair?”

Sixer.—“Oh, a bath-chair we’ve just had an adventure with—we found it in a church porch. The Vicar was awfully decent. . . .” They tell their adventure. Turns out Vicar is an old friend of stranger’s—he says he will “take sanctuary” with him. Cubs go off for bath-chair and to tell Vicar.

Stranger tells story of will. Stepbrother very unkind. Had had his portion in father’s lifetime, so house, etc., to come to younger brother, *Patrick*. *P.* abroad when father died. *Will* not to be found. *P.* returns; suggests old housekeeper and confidante might know. Is told she was ill, and sent away to a home—died. *P.* in despair, and very hard up; goes abroad. After three years returns, and visits old home. Talks to villagers. Gets clue of “old Nan.” Goes to home—finds she hadn’t died, but been sent to workhouse. Finds her. She delighted, and tells of secret hiding-place of will—she had often tried to write to him. So he had come in disguise to find it. Now he has it, he will come and live at Moreton Hall—also old Nan—and will take up Scouting.

Cubs return with chair, and *P.* is handed over to Vicar, who

receives him with open arms. Will proved. P. becomes a Scout Commissioner, and Moreton Hall a training-camp.

N.B.—If telling to Cubs or *young* Scouts, change part about finding of stranger as follows: Reggie just going out of door of small room when nice, friendly voice (rather like Reggie's Scoutmaster's) says: "Kid—be a sport—help me to escape! Don't be frightened—I'm not a burglar," etc. etc. Also avoid long-drawn-out search; creepiness of empty house; suspense when police come back at moment when Reggie finds will. And make the break between the instalments after they have got safe out of grounds, into field, carrying stranger.

Follow these principles in all adventure stories told to young boys. Fights, etc., *ad lib.*, but not suspense and creepiness, and as far as possible let people hunt in pairs—e.g. Reggie might have another boy with him all through.

SCOUTS KIM AND WATSON, DETECTIVES

Episode I. The Gang of Five

Two Scouts—"Kim" and "Watson" (so called because keen on detective work)—out on their 1st Class journey, 9 a.m. one Sunday morning. After first mile, sit down in a field to draw section of map. Very quiet and engrossed, and hidden from view by knarled oak tree.

Shuffling footsteps on grass; hoarse voices, speaking softly: "Can't stand much more of this, 'Erb; I'm dead beat." Another voice: "Come on; we can't be far off now. Wish't we hadn't tried to take this bloomin' short cut." First Voice? "I'd give my soul for a drink o' beer." Second Voice: "I'd rather have my fill o' roast pork and 'taters. Fair starving, I am."

Scouts peer through bushes, and see two men, shabbily dressed, but not tramps. Unshaved, dirty, and looking ill and worn. One has red hair; the other only one eye, and a limp. They pass tree without seeing Scouts; climb over stile and follow field path.

Watson.—"Shall we follow them? Poor chaps, we might be able to help them. Anyhow, they're rather mysterious."

Kim.—"No; let's get this journey done, now we've started."

Maps quickly finished, and they sprint along field path for 300 yards in one direction. Come out in lane leading to large

village. Surprised to see old friend of Troop—Police-Sergeant Knowles—running up lane, in *mufti*—(Sunday clothes, prayer-book sticking out of pocket), and holding small girl by the hand. Very red and excited.

Sergeant.—“Hullo, Kim—the very chap I want! Will you help?”

Watson.—“A detective job?”

Sergeant.—“Yes. Listen. Three days ago two men broke into a lonely farm five miles from here, in order to rob old man, who was reputed to have large savings kept in the house. They hit him on the head, and he had presence of mind to *pretend* they had killed him. Lay on floor and saw them steal his money. Noted their appearance. As soon as they had gone, staggered out to labourer’s cottage and gave alarm. Farm hands caught sight of men—gave chase—but they escaped, and must have got into good hiding-place. Police searching for them ever since. My off-day. Came out to stay with my sister. Started for church with little niece. Looking over hedge, saw the men sitting against hayrick, exhausted. Have run back to take little niece to her mother, and get my brother to help, and cords to handcuff the men. Afraid they may start on. Will you go along lane to hayrick—keep watch? If they start on, follow them, and leave clear tracks—blaze trees, knot grass; I know all the old stunts. I’ll follow up with my brother, and we’ll nab them.”

Kim.—“But they *have* started on. We saw them 300 yards from here, going south-west along field path—over the stile at corner of that hayfield.”

Sergeant.—“Con—bother it! Well, follow, quick. Start from stile and try and pick up their tracks. But are you sure?”

Watson describes men.

Sergeant.—“Yes, that’s them.”

Sergeant runs up lane with little girl, and Scouts recross field to stile. Follow path, which ends in a small wood. Track men by a broken bluebell stalk, a green leaf on the ground, a heel-print, and kicked-up moss. But half through wood lose tracks. Follow most likely path, and come to edge of wood. Stand still, and look across fields.

Kim.—“Hullo—a chap’s head looked over the hedge ‘over there—200 yards.’ Head appears again and half body; man has climbed on something, and is looking out, shading his eyes and turning in every direction.

Scout Adventure

9

Watson.—"What can they be looking for?"

Kim.—"It isn't them; it's another man. Can't you see he has a white collar? They had dark mufflers. But he's probably looking out for them."

Scouts keep under cover of wood, and work along bottom of field. Come on a lane. Cross it, and climb through opposite hedge. So work unseen to behind man. Peer through hedge. See small closed car. One man in driver's seat, the other standing on fence, looking over hedge.

1st Man (in car).—"It's no go, Baines. We've been here over two hours. They said seven o'clock; and this is the exact spot they mentioned—500 yards from the main road, down Deadman's Lane, near ford. (*Produces letter, in cipher.*) They've probably been nabbed."

2nd Man.—"Or lost their way coming across country. We better wait a bit longer. If they come here and find us gone, they'll be in the devil of a hole. If they're caught; it's bad for us, you know. Besides, they'll get it beastly hot themselves. Fools they were, not to do the job thoroughly."

1st Man.—"Well—half an hour, not more."

2nd Man.—"If I climbed that ash over there I could see all the fields round, and possibly signal to them. Come and give me a leg-up."

Both men walk down lane sixty yards.

Kim.—"We must stop them starting." Creep through hedge, jump across road to car, prise up two tyres and cut a hole in inner tube. Crawl back through hedge. Lie flat in long grass, hearts beating fast. Dangerous; but must see what happens. Hear men returning.

1st Man.—"That was a good notion of yours, climbing a tree. Lucky they saw you. I'll start the engine." Starts it. Thieves scramble through hedge into lane. Some low-voiced talking Scouts can't hear. Car starts, but pulls up at once. "Tyres flat. Whatever's happened? Two punctures." (Much swearing and arguing.) Long job to mend them; thieves can't wait here . . . too much risk . . . police about. Besides, will miss Levy's car going North . . . picking them up from The George at ten.

1st Man.—"Only one thing to do—go up to the main road and get on one of the red buses coming from Brum—several passing about this time—drop you a few hundred yards from The George. Risk? Not so bad as waiting here. And we don't want to be found in your sweet company."

Men, grumbling, go off up lane.

Kim (in whisper).—"Watty, go back and find Sergeant Knowles, and bring him to the car. I'll follow the men."

Creep out, and go off in different directions. Kim hurries, and gets ahead of men. Reaches main road, and sprints up it a few hundred yards. After ten minutes red bus comes in view. Kim stops it and gets on. Sits in seat right at back. Two men waiting at corner. Stop bus and get on. After ten miles they suddenly alight at outskirts of small town. Kim rides a little farther. Gets off. Inquires for police-station. Mentions Sergeant Knowles; repeats whole story; police know all about it—very excited. Now a quarter to ten. Dash off to "George"—a very low little pub. Search it—find the men skulking in an outhouse. Handcuffs on. Wait. Large car passes, giving peculiar hoots, and draws up round next corner, by gate of pub's kitchen garden. Police take men to gate, and make them walk through.

Driver of Car.—"Good. Hop in quick." Enough evidence. Police handcuff him. Police take Kim in car back to Sergeant Knowles' police-station.

Meanwhile Watson has found Sergeant Knowles and brought him to car. Men arrested.

Kim and Watson congratulated on their share in the arrest of a most unscrupulous gang of housebreakers—five in all.

Episode II. The Double Adventure

FIRST INSTALMENT

Kim and Watson decide to have another shot at 1st Class journey. Start out at 8 a.m. Happens to be 1st April! Two hours' good going—successful maps—no adventure. Take narrow lane towards small village of Blaxton, noted for two famous golf courses on either side (about 3 miles apart). Watson has a cousin living there, and knows country well.

Going along lane notice peculiar hollow oak tree. Watson climbs, to see if he can get inside it. Rotten bough breaks, and he falls into hedge, cutting his leg badly on barbed wire, and finally rolling over on to road. Wound is full of grit, and bleeding badly. Kim about to administer first aid, when tall stranger in golfing clothes comes up. Sees leg is pretty bad and offers to help. Helps Kim to put a small tourniquet on, which

stops bleeding. Cleans grit out of wound as best he can without water, and asks if boys have clean handkerchief to cover it with. Their hankies are far from clean, and Kim suggests inside of envelope. Stranger feels in his pockets and produces one. Takes letter out, slits it open, covers wound, and they bind up with Watson's necker. Conversation all the time—stranger very interested about 1st Class journey, and detective adventures that have hindered previous attempts. Very jolly man—would make a lovely Scoutmaster, think the boys.

Kim.—"And now Watson's leg will stop us again" (*very dejected*).

Stranger—Jocelyn Graham.—"Yes, no question of finishing journey; but if Kim wants a job, I'm badly in need of a detective—on a very awkward job—just what you could help me out with well."

Boys very eager. Stranger explains. One of the caddies at the Golf Club, special chum of his, but terrible little rascal, called Gingernuts (from his mop of red hair), got into mischief so often that he was sent to industrial school ten miles away. (Had no parents—lived with people who were always unkind to him—almost glad to go.) Now police have been told to look out for him—escaped from school three nights ago, after having fight with big boy and hurting him seriously. Countryside searched—Gingernuts can't be found—boy at school may die. Mr Graham produces grubby little crumpled letter from his pocket: boys read it.

"DEAR SIR,—I write you these few lines hoping they finds you well. You was me only friend. I arsts yer to elp me now. A bloke called Jackson was awlos onter me—telling tales and having me punished. He was the master's favourite. I got no chanst. Everybody agin me. He went a bit too far. I fought him proper in the bathroom with nobody there. He was getting best on it, so I bit him. He bled like a pig, all a pool of blood on the floor. I was afraid they'd half kill me for it, so I climbed out of winder and over wall. I'm hiding in the caddies' hut, back of the Clubhouse. Chaps give me bits of food, but I'm near astarving. Sir, for sake of old days when I cleaned yer clubs better nor any of the other gents, come and save me.—Your humble caddie,
GINGERNUTS."

Mr Graham.—"I'm on my way to look for him, but I'm in a difficulty. I used to belong to both Clubs, and Gingernuts has

carried my clubs at both, and I have no idea which he's hiding in. I'm going to Blaxton Heath, and if he's there I can easily get him out. (Pity I haven't got my car to run him home; it's being repaired.) But, unfortunately, I've had a row with the Cornford Club, and resigned my membership, so I can't possibly walk in, and go into the caddies' hut and fetch a boy out—arouse notice at once. That's where you come in."

Kim (nodding).—"Creep in, somehow. Find the kid. Swap clothes with him, so no one'll spot he's the escaped chap, and creep out again, somehow."

Mr Graham.—"You've got it. But don't creep in—walk in, in a business-like way: people always think Scouts are on some job or other. If you find Gingernuts, bring him to my house." (*Gives Kim his card.*) "D'you know where it is?"

Kim reads: "Mr Jocelyn Graham, Beech Hall, Exham," and says he knows the place—two miles away, and about a mile from the boys' home.

Mr Graham.—"But first of all see to Watson. Not far on, at the cross-roads, there is a cottage. I suggest you take him there and wash that wound in clean cold water—get all the grit out—and bind it up with clean rag. Leave him there, and get his people to send for him. I'll carry him as far as the gate, then I must hurry on."

Puts Watson on his shoulders and they start on. At cross-roads says good-bye, and Kim helps Watson down path, between hedge of hollyhocks. Cottage obviously empty. Look through windows—no furniture. People must have gone very recently—garden in good order. Go round to back in search of water. Find a well, with broad stone curb round it. No bucket. Let down Watson's hat on a piece of string and pull it up full of water. Bathe leg. Remove tourniquet—cut starts to bleed again a bit. Makes a pool on stone curb of well. Kim binds up leg again, but Mr Graham's envelope has blown down into well and is floating about. Watson begs Kim not to leave him—says he can walk—or perhaps they can get lift on farm cart or lorry. Kim says Scout's duty for him to hurry on. Watson nearly in tears. They start on, and proceed very slowly nearly a mile. Sit down to rest.

Large car rounds corner and draws up. Two police inspectors in it.

1st P.I.—"Boys, have you seen a gentleman going along this road?"

Kim (quickly, looking at Watson).—"Beef" (secret code for Be-a-fool; in other words, be very dense; don't let them get anything out of you).

Watson.—"D'you mean a chap with a big black moustache and billy-cock-hat and patent-leather boots?"

1st P.I. (rather eagerly).—"Yes."

Kim (looking mentally deficient).—"Did you want the gentleman we saw? What did you want him for?"

1st P.I.—"Never mind that. Tell me, now, how long ago it was you saw him?"

Kim.—"About an hour, or it might be two. Is he a 'scaped convict?"

1st P.I.—"Where did he pass you?"

Kim.—"A bit before the cross-roads."

1st P.I.—"What direction did he take?"

Watson.—"He said summat about Blaxton."

2nd P.I.—"So he spoke to you?"

Kim.—"Yes, 'cos my mate had hurt his leg."

Watson.—"Please, sir, there's a new bus service just started going from Blaxton. Buses go at the hour from the White Hare. If he's a 'scaped burglar he'll be off by the next bus."

1st P.I.—"Is there? Thank you, my boy, thank you. We'll get on at once."

Kim.—"Give us a lift, sir? My mate can't walk any farther. His cousin lives at Blaxton."

2nd P.I.—"Hop in quick, then." (They do—into back of car.) Car has to go rather slow along narrow, winding lane. Police start talking in low voices. Kim kneels on floor, just behind them. Hears 1st P.I. say, "Rum thing. The blood on the curb is significant. And there's been blood on this" (he opens pocket-book and examines wet, blood-smeared envelope which had been round Watson's leg). "But a fellow like Graham, of Beech Hall—I can't understand it."

2nd P.I.—"Other clues fit, though. He's William Brown's landlord, and they owed him a lot of rent. He has a big car which answers closely to the description."

1st P.I.—"Black moustache—bowler hat? You think he was disguised?"

2nd P.I.—"Quite possible. We'll try and overtake him, and if unsuccessful, go to Beech Hall."

1st P.I.—"It's a nasty business. I'm awfully sorry if Graham is mixed up in it."

2nd P.I.—“I don’t suspect him of the actual murder—only of disposing of the body. The next thing will be to drag the well. I feel pretty sure we’ll find the body.”

1st P.I.—“We must only have missed him by half an hour or so—the tracks round the well were perfectly fresh. I’m glad I thought of investigating Hollyhock Cottage.”

Nearing Blaxton, Kim slips back to his seat. Car draws up at White Hart. Scouts get out quickly, thank police, and make off.

Kim.—“I couldn’t properly understand what he was saying, but it was nothing to do with Gingernuts. Seems we’ve got mixed up in a murder case. We’re in a sort of double adventure! But I’m not bothering with the murder—it’s rescuing Gingernuts I’m after.”

Watson.—“But a murder case wouldn’t half be *posh*!”

Kim.—“And it isn’t half a lark—he thinks that blood off your leg on the well is part of the murder! And he’s got the envelope out with that chap’s name on it. What a joke when they drag the well to find the body, and find nothing! Wish I was there to say ‘Ever been had?’”

They are nearing the Clubhouse: Watson in great pain, but grinning desperately and trying to whistle at the same time. Walk boldly up drive, salute a man standing on steps of Clubhouse, say, “Just going round to the caddies’ shed, sir.” He nods, and they go on. Half a dozen caddies lounging outside shed.

Kim (in low voice).—“Gingernuts here?”

Caddies (scowling and looking suspicious).—“No. Who are you?”

Kim.—“Friends. Only want to help the kid.”

Caddy.—“Who sent you?”

Kim shows Mr Graham’s card. Caddy looks excited, calls mates, and confers in a corner.

Caddy.—“What d’you know about Gingernuts?”

Kim.—“That you’re hiding him here, and Mr Graham has sent us to disguise him as a Scout and get him away safe.”

Caddy.—“Come on, then. (They go into shed. Caddy opens locked cupboard. On floor sits small boy, with mat of red hair and very dirty, tear-stained face. They pull him out, tell him he’s rescued. Kim changes clothes with him.)

Kim.—“He won’t look like a Scout with a dirty face like that.” (Gets wet rag and cleans up Gingernuts. Stuffs his red mop into Scout’s hat.)

Kim.—“Stand up properly, lad, and put a grin on, or no one’ll take you for a Scout.”

Watson and boy walk out unchallenged. Kim hangs about with caddies to avoid attracting attention. Two golfers come up and start putting clubs, etc., in small car.

1st Golfer.—"Well, I think they've treated him rottenly. Graham was one of the nicest chaps in the Club. I think he was perfectly right to resign."

2nd Golfer.—"Yes. Most people feel like that. The old Colonel does too."

1st Golfer.—"Does he? Graham would be glad to know. I've a good mind to call in and tell him on my way home. I pass his gate."

That's enough for Kim. He slips off and out on to road. Gives secret whistle that means "something really urgent." Watson, who's got a little way along road, comes hobbling back.

Kim tells him to stand by gate and step out in front of small car as it slowly rounds the corner, and tells him what to say. As he's the one in uniform he must be the spokesman.

Watson does so, and as golfer shoves on brakes and says some bad words, Watson says: "Sorry, sir, but are you going by Mr Graham's house? We are out on an important errand for him. I've hurt my leg and can't walk. Could you give us a lift?" Shows Mr Graham's card. Golfer agrees. The boys climb in.

At Beech Hall golfer rings and goes in. After a while comes out with Mr Graham, who welcomes boys and takes them inside. Awfully bucked that Gingernuts has been successfully rescued. Hears whole story, and agrees with Kim that only thing for Gingernuts is to be made into a Scout. So keen telling all about Scouts, and discussing Gingernuts' future, that quite forget joke about Mr Graham being taken for part of a murder case, and Watson's blood for a clue. Mr Graham gives them good dinner, and his gardener drives them home in small pony-cart.

SECOND INSTALMENT

Police find no stranger on bus, and are told that there wasn't any man on previous bus—only old ladies going to market. Decide to go and investigate Beech Hall. On the way 1st P.M. reads over his notebook, having jotted down a few more facts while his companion talked to bus conductor. Here are his notes:

"House No. 13 Linden Road, Elthorp, vacated during the night by inmates, Mr and Mrs Brown, taking their furniture

with them. Landlord, Mr J. Graham of Beech Hall. Rumour that much rent is owing to him.

“ Neighbours report that strange sounds were heard last night. Arguments—angry voices—specially that of old Mrs Brown (mother of tenant)—finally piercing shrieks, and silence. Soon after large car was seen to drive away from door, something having been lifted into it from doorway of No. 13.

“ Neighbours report that old Mrs Brown has lived for two years at No. 13, but has quarrelled continually with son and daughter-in-law, and is supposed to be childish. Used to live with daughter at Hollyhock Cottage, Blaxton Lane, until increasing number of children in family made this impossible. Neighbours assert persistent rumour that Mrs Brown had saved large sum of money, and keeps it concealed, refusing to share with children. Suggest that sounds last night were indication that Mrs Brown was terrorised into admitting hiding-place of money; was murdered, and her body conveyed in car to be disposed of. Flight of family must have been later, and was not witnessed.

“ Visit to Hollyhock Cottage. Jones family seem to have vacated it a few days ago. Bloodstains on curb of well. Blood-stained envelope floating in well, addressed as follows: ‘ Jocelyn Graham, Esq., Beech Hall, Exham.’ Very recent tracks in garden. Two Scouts reported having seen stranger in bowler hat, etc., and black moustache, making for Blaxton.”

Police call at police-station and pick up a constable. Go on to Beech Hall. Cross-question Mr Graham, who thinks they are after Gingernuts. He admits he was in Blaxton Lane that morning, but refuses to give reason. Is arrested, on suspicion of being involved in suspected case of murder. Constable left at Beech Hall—Graham not to be out of his presence. Graham entirely bewildered. (No mention of bloodstained envelope, or might have been able to explain.)

Kim having tea, when gets urgent message from Watson—piece of wood, marked with black silhouette of bat (animal), which means, “ Come quickly and silently.”

Goes. Watson in great glee. Has had brain-wave for huge joke. Police are going to drag well for body. Why not put a faked body in well for them to find? Watson has fetched from upstairs a wooden tailor’s dummy that his dad used to have in his shop, and has gashed it horribly with axe, and poured whole

bottle of red ink on. Also written upon chest: "Ever been had?" Suggests Kim goes at once, and ties large stone to dummy, and puts it down well. Kim delighted; and suggests also rigging up ghost, with hollow-turnip skull, with candle inside (lately made by him), and old sheet. Put it in window of cottage, and give coppers a scare.

Starts off at once with body and ghost in a sack on Watson's brother's bike. Arrives at cottage. No sign that police have been back. Drops body into well, and chuckles with glee. Prises open kitchen window and climbs in. Searches about for bit of wood on which to put turnip-head and sheet. Can't find one. But sees long, narrow bit of wood roughly nailed along boarded floor of front room. Prises it up with his axe. Finds boards of floor loose, now that wood is removed. Lifts two, and finds himself looking into cellar. Pair of small steps are standing below, thick with dust. Climbs down by these.

Kim always carries two wax-vestas in pocket of shirt, in case of emergency. Lights one. Place seems empty; but just as match burns out sees pile of something black in corner. Takes out his handkerchief and ties it round piece of stick lying on floor. Lights it, as a torch. By its flaring light examines corner. Lots of long, black sausage-like things. Picks one up—very heavy. Chinks! Cuts it open. Out roll quantities of half-crowns! There are five other stockings all full of half-crowns.

Kim frightfully excited. Thinks he's come on a *third* adventure. Just then hears motor stopping outside gate of cottage. The police coming to drag well! Quickly pulls boards over opening of cellar and stamps out his torch. Now that it is quite dark, he sees faint glimmer of grey light above his head—a small grating ventilator. By climbing on pile of stocking money-bags, can just peep through it. Looks out on well.

Sees police come up; constable with them, carrying grappling irons. They solemnly let these down. After much trouble feel they have got hold of something, and pull up. Dummy comes up, red gash showing up well. Constable laughs so much he has to sit down on curb. Inspectors not at all amused. Go off.

Kim climbs out of cellar, leaving half-crowns. Wonders what to do next. Decides to go and consult Mr Graham, and also explain about the police and his envelope. Bikes off to Beech Hall as hard as he can. Thinks he won't ring, but go round to French window opening on lawn—out of this Mr Graham had led the boys that afternoon. Goes round, and finds himself

overhearing angry conversation betwgen two police inspectors and Mr Graham: they are telling him off for playing an absurd practical joke on them, and putting a dummy murdered body down a well. He is protesting he knows nothing about it. Kim, anxious to put everything right, steps in. Police astonished. Starts at once to tell his story. It explains the mystery of the well, and clears Mr Graham. Police very cross indeed, but Kim placates them by telling about half-crowns—produces handful from back pocket of his shorts, and also a stocking, as evidence. He is sworn to secrecy, and told something of the case. Police go off.

Kim, after apologising to Mr Graham for worry caused him, goes back to Watson and reports. They both decide that they won't rest till they have cleared up the mystery of Brown murder case.

There seem no possible clues about where the Browns have "gone. So boys go off to Blaxton (Watson sitting on carrier, and Kim biking), and ask cousin if he knows anything of Joneses at Hollyhock Cottage. Turns out his small daughter Jane was great friends with the small Jones girls: in fact, she has a picture-postcard saying how sorry Elsie Jones is that she can't see her friend any more. No address, but picture marked with a cross showing house they live in now.

Watson takes postcard, and they search map till they find village. Go off that afternoon (Sunday) and find very house. Small Joneses playing in the garden. Scouts talk to them through gap in hedge. Watson explains he's James's cousin. Get very friendly. Asks Elsie if she ever sees her old granny now. Elsie says poor old granny is in a home for old sick people wot's gone silly; was such a nuisance to Uncle Bill that he had to have her taken there by force, in the night. Uncle Alf, who has made a lot of money selling pork and sausages, came with his big posh motor and took her off. He's coming next Sunday to take Elsie and Ma and Pa to see her. No, Elsie doesn't know where it is—thinks it's a secret: Pa wouldn't tell anybody—in fact, had told a lie to Cousin Eliza, and said he didn't know where Granny had got to.

Scouts go off, very pleased. Real clue here.

Report to police. Next Sunday police car is waiting round corner. See Uncle Alf's car, duly loaded with Elsie and family, start off. Follow it. It stops at a home for aged poor, about ten miles away. Police discover old Mrs Brown. Get story

from her own lips. Joneses admit that both they and Browns owed a lot of rent, so left in the night, and are now sharing a larger house together. Old Mrs Brown had to be forcibly removed to the home because she wouldn't go quietly, and she was too "funny in her head" and too delicate to come and live in the new house with all the children.

The half-crowns proved to amount to £300. This was used to make her comfortable in the home, and when she died, it was divided between the Jones and Brown families. (Mr Graham and the other landlord had consented to wait for the rent till then.)

So, after all, it wasn't a murder at all, and the only body was the one manufactured by Watson.

Episode III. The Curse of Deanshade Abbey

FIRST INSTALMENT

• Several months later—in summer holidays—Mr Graham tells Kim and Watson that if they want a real first-class detective job, they had better try and solve the mystery of a curse that seems to have fallen on Deanshade Abbey, his brother-in-law's place, some miles away. Professional detectives had been on the job some time, but couldn't make out anything. The village people and servants said the place was haunted—the ghost of the old Abbot was coming back, because Colonel Branshaw had presumed to make a tennis-court on the piece of ground where the Chapter House had stood, in the old days before Henry VIII turned the monks out and gave the Abbey to one of his nobles. Colonel Branshaw himself refused to believe this theory, of course, and felt sure it was someone doing him a bad turn, but could not put a stop to the mysterious happenings, or get any clue as to the person at the bottom of it.

Lady Branshaw had got it so badly on her nerves that she had gone to her London flat, and refused to stay at Deanshade Abbey. Colonel refused to be driven out of his house, but was also getting it a bit on his nerves. Interested in Scouts: it would be a divergence to have Kim and Watson camping in the grounds, and to tell them the story, and see how they set about clearing up the mystery. Mr Graham offered to come over the next day and pick up them and their kits, and go on to Deanshade Abbey.

Kim and Watson in seventh heaven of delight. Got ready, and were duly transported with their bivvy, stores, and billy-cans to the ancient grey stone house in its beautiful garden.

Given a perfect site, on edge of pine wood, with little stream running by. Lit a fine camp-fire, that crackled and smelt very good. Had just finished supper when Colonel Branshaw came out, and sat by their fire smoking old briar pipe, and told them the story of the curse:

Three months ago strange things began to happen. Some precious rose-trees in a little rose-garden, only reached from the house, or through a locked door in wall of garden, began to die, and shrivel up from the roots. Poisoned. Fortnight later, the old fish-pond in the part of the ground called the Abbot's Garden suddenly found dry—no signs of how the water had been drained out. The little stream that fed it, dammed higher up. The fish had consequently all died. On both occasions a mysterious drawing of a wheel was done roughly on the wall of garden, and on gate near pond, in chalk.

Three weeks later, a litter of prize Pekinese pups, a fortnight old, who slept in a room in kitchen quarters, were found with all their tails docked. Lady Branshaw inconsolable. Various other damage done in garden, stable, and house every fortnight or so. Always a wheel drawn in chalk.

Lately things had been done less frequently: detectives had stayed a week or even two, but finding nothing and no more damage being done, had gone away. But each time, a few days later, another outrage. A very valuable old family portrait of a soldier ancestor by Raeburn, in library, defaced by having a wheel scratched in the paint, right across the figure. Fortnight after, with detectives actually in the house, and sitting in hall behind a screen in the dark, to watch, the intruder had penetrated upstairs and into Lady Branshaw's sitting-room, where he had tied a dead cat on an old spinning-wheel which she kept as a relic of her great-great-grandmother. It was after this that Lady Branshaw, completely unstrung, had gone to London. Since then the door of passage to Colonel's suite of rooms had been kept locked. This was twelve days ago. As the things never happened nearer than a fortnight, and usually sixteen or twenty days, after the last outrage, the Colonel had not bothered with having a detective in the house. But to-morrow six detectives from Scotland Yard were going to arrive, and keep careful watch all night and investigate during the day. It was getting a bit

thick, now that Colonel Branshaw's private rooms were being visited. Scouts might stay, he said, and look around for clues, and examine previous things done; and if anything happened soon, could perhaps help detectives.

Colonel was a very jolly man. Said he had learnt to respect Scouts during the War, when they proved such splendid recruits—right spirit, initiative, common sense, and resourcefulness: noticed they always put two and two together and worked out reason for things, and had a good idea what to do about it. He always meant to see something of Scouting in England, and do something for Scouts, but somehow had never had opportunity. Glad to welcome Kim and Watson. Stayed and told some yarns about the Front; and Kim and Watson sang some camp-fire songs and told him some of their past detective adventures. Lovely warm night—stars looked very big and near. Colonel knew a lot about stars and showed them constellations. Kim and Watson made up their minds to start working for Starman's badge. Started there and then, by asking Colonel a hundred questions. He delighted at their keenness and intelligent interest. Offered to take them to top of hill next night to old observatory built by his grandfather, a well-known astronomer—one of his telescopes still there. Kim and Watson frightfully keen—begged to go now: such a perfect night for seeing stars: perhaps cloudy to-morrow.

Colonel objects, it's now 10.30—observatory good mile up the hill—boys ought to turn in. Scouts say can sleep late to-morrow. Colonel agrees. They all go back to house and fetch keys from library, and then on up the hill. Colonel carefully locks door of house and takes key in pocket. Tells how patent electric arrangement has been put on all windows, so that if anyone tries to force a window, loud bell rings in butler's bedroom. He and footman both have revolvers. Reach observatory—weird old place, little round tower on top of hill. Go up spiral staircase to top-floor room. Walls covered with charts of the sky and funny instruments. Large telescope on revolving stand. Roof made to roll back. Boys fascinated by what they see—Jupiter with four moons, Saturn's rings, and all sorts of marvels never guessed existed. Colonel remembers all sorts of things told him in boyhood by grandfather—many happy hours spent in observatory. Enjoys himself with Kim and Watson as if he was a boy again. At last midnight chimes from stable clock. They all start back down the hill and through belt of pines. A bit creepy,

if Colonel wasn't there. Quite forget he's a posh Colonel, and hang on his arm, one each side, talking about stars. Arrived at house they say good-bye, and walk across open grassy space to their tent. Have just got there and fanned fire into blaze to boil a billy of cocoa, when startled to see Colonel walk into circle of light.

Even in firelight can see he looks pale, and sort of haggard as if seen horrid sight. Sits down on log.

Kim.—“What's up, sir?”

Colonel (*with nervous laugh*).—“Only something happened again. Thought you'd like to hear about it; besides, you kids are more cheery to talk to than Simms in a nightshirt and a revolver.”

Watson.—“What did you find, sir?”

Colonel.—“This, tied to the handle of my bedroom door.” Shows a bayonet. Boys examine it in firelight—it is all over fresh blood. Silent horror. “There was a large wheel drawn in chalk on the door, and a paper pinned to the door.” They read the paper by the firelight—written in fine, scholarly writing, in ink: “My revenge will soon be consummated.” “I don't know what it means: I've never had an enemy in my life—I don't know who wants to revenge themselves on me. Bit rotten to be greeted by this on going to your bedroom. Besides, how did he get in? The door of the passage was locked—had a new lock put on too.”

Scouts can think of no explanation, and even their detective's nerves are a little bit on edge.

Kim.—“I say, sir, stop and sleep in our bivvy—we've got more blankets than we want on such a warm night. We're just making cocoa, and we've got a lovely cake Watson's mother made.”

Colonel.—“Right, thanks, I think I will.”

They have supper and turn in, just as clock is striking one. All sleep like tops. At nine wake up, and Colonel takes them into house to have breakfast with him, and discuss strange thing. Finds household all white and horrified. Large wheel discovered on Colonel's door, and no Colonel in the bed! Explains he was camping with the Scouts, but does not tell about bloody bayonet and note.

Detectives are expected to arrive that evening. Scouts decide to see if they can find any clues during the day.

SECOND INSTALMENT

Kim and Watson go upstairs and examine door. The string bayonet was tied to knob with is still there. It is fine pink string. "Like chemists use," remarks Kim, and makes a mental note.

They examine paper again, and note handwriting carefully—rather peculiar, easy to remember. "Something a bit funny—sort of *mad* about it," says Kim. "He uses a Stylo pen, anyhow—you can see the downstrokes aren't any thicker than the others." Examines wheel drawn on door; it has scratched the varnish in several places. "Not drawn with blackboard chalk," says Kim; "must have been rough chalk, like out of a chalk-pit—stony stuff in it."

Colonel.—"Funny, no chalk round here; it's all yellow clay. I wish it *was* chalky soil—wouldn't be so damp."

Kim is searching on floor. Gives pleased exclamation. Two little bits of rough chalk, very gritty—evidently broken off lump used to draw wheel.

Kim.—"He must come from somewhere where there's rough chalk lying about. This is a jolly useful clue."

Watson writes all clues down in notebook. Tell *Colonel* they are going to carry on with search, and will report this evening. Take dinner in their haversacks and start off.

To village, first, and inquire from villagers if there is an old chalk-pit or any chalky soil round. No one has ever heard of any chalk in the neighbourhood.

Watson.—"I know where we could find out—at the Museum in Leesford. Don't you remember Mr Berry taking us? They showed us the funny maps—geology or something. Showed layers of different earth—brown soil and clay and chalk and rock and everything. And there were also stones and fossils in glass cases. Decent man looked after it all. Sure to tell us if we asked."

Good idea; decide to tramp off the two miles to Leesford at once. Go back along lane past gates of Deanshade Abbey, with little ancient church just across the lane. Stop to ask old road-mender if they are going right for Leesford. Ask question about chalk again. He has never heard of any. Old grave-digger looks over churchyard wall and joins in conversation.

Old Grave-digger.—"There do be chalk under our very feet. Once I was a-diggin' a mighty deep grave for an old lady as wanted her old man to be buried along o' her when his toime should come. It wore deeper nor any grave ever dug in this

'ere churchyard. And below the clay I comes on chark—chark and flint it wore. But I never see no other chark in these parts."

Boys go on a little way, conferring excitedly. Both their minds fly at once to possibility of an underground passage down in the stratum of chalk. Turn back, and examine churchyard, but find nothing of interest. Go into church; it is very ancient—the Abbey Church—built in form of a cross. Rector happens to come in, and, seeing Scouts are interested, shows them round. Points out walled-up doorway; says it used to lead down into crypt; but as walls and staircase were badly cracked, and foundations seemed giving, large mass of concrete was built up, blocking staircase and door. This, twenty years ago. No other way into crypt. Too risky to open up a way now.

Scouts go on into Leesford. Arrive at Museum. A new curator, but very kind. Specially interested in geology. Shows them maps and specimens. Says there are several seams of chalk—some, running for miles—at about five to fifteen feet below surface. So far found nearest the surface at a spot a mile outside the town—half-way between town and Colonel Branshaw's place. Indeed, it comes so near surface that at some time or other people have made a small pit and got it out—but never properly worked. Very interesting spot—site of a small monastery suppressed by Henry VIII and burnt to the ground; a dependence of Deanshade, the big Abbey: place sick monks used to be sent to—Henry's men thought it harboured infection and plague, so burnt it down. Curator says he wants to excavate—interesting remains might be found. Indeed, the chalk-pit was probably started by people digging up stones and masonry to repair their walls with.

Kim and Watson very thrilled. Look up spot on map and on the geological maps. Note that large seam of chalk runs from this site to Abbey.

Watson.—"Have you any plans of the Abbey in old days, sir?"

Curator.—"Yes, we *have*; but they have not been sorted or arranged. I only discovered this old chest a few months ago—not had time to deal with it yet. Extremely interesting, and probably very valuable. I don't know how we came to get hold of it."

Watson.—"May we look at the plans?"

Curator.—"Well, I don't really let people have these sort of things. Still, I made an exception for someone before, and he

spent a good many hours going through them, so perhaps I can do the same for you Scouts. I know Scouts can be trusted."

Unlocks great chest, and lifts out mass of yellowish parchments on to table. Just then a message comes that a professor from the College has called, and curator goes out, leaving young assistant in charge of room.

Kim and Watson can't make head or tail of the ancient plans and maps, all marked with strange signs and numbers and Latin words. Lift out more of them from chest. They seem to have been roughly sorted. Suddenly exclamation from Kim, under his breath: a bundle of plans, apparently of the church, in cruciform shape, has been neatly tied together—*with fine pink string*. Kim cuts off a piece of this and puts it in his shirt pocket. Next moment Watson makes a find—a few Latin words written with a Stylo, same writing as on note of revenge.

Kim (to young assistant—a boy of 16 or 17).—“I say, who was it who was allowed to go through these old plans before?”

Y.A.—“Oh, some chap, I forget who; one of the ones who's always in here studying. It was two or three months ago.”

Kim (on spec).—“Was it the chemist chap?”

Y.A.—“That's right—it was old Skinny Dawson, of course.”

Watson is writing in his notebook.

Kim.—“What's he like?”

Y.A.—“Oh, weird chap. Thin and skinny, with pale-coloured eyes, and yellowish-grey hair, and big round goggles. Awfully brainy—always studying up history or geology. Natural history's his proper hobby, though, I think. Always catching bugs and beetles and fish, and bringing them along for our curator to see. Makes experiments with rats and mice and frogs too. Mad sort of chap.”

Kim and Watson go out.

Kim.—“Which shall we do first—have a look at Skinny Dawson or the chalk-pit?” Decide on Dawson, and ask a policeman where Mr Dawson, the chemist, has his shop. Policeman tells them. They find it and go in. Notice the only other customer in the shop is a very nice Scout of the town Troop, whom they made friends with in camp once. He has been buying several things, and Mr Dawson is doing them up in a parcel tied with *fine pink string*. Scout and Mr Dawson are talking about each other's family affairs, as if fairly intimate. Kim and Watson note every detail of chemist. Scout salutes them and says “Hullo!” Kim hurriedly buys a fourpenny

toothbrush, and they go out and run after Scout. Catch him up and exchange Scouting news. After a bit—

Kim.—“What a weird chap Mr Dawson is? D’you know him well?”

Scout.—“Yes; at least, a girl I know—well, my young lady, as a matter of fact—is very thick with old Skinny’s daughter. We often go round there.”

Kim.—“Is it true he’s a bit mad?”

Scout.—“Yes, poor chap. His daughter told my girl that it’s awful at night. He walks up and down his room for hours talking to himself. Mrs Dawson died last year, and he’s been much worse since then. And sometimes he goes out after supper, and doesn’t get in till after midnight, and his clothes all full of burrs and thorns, and all muddy. Says he’s been looking for specimens, or catching moths. It’s the War did it, really. He was called up the last year of the War—didn’t want to go, ‘cos he was a ‘conscientious objector’ or something. Got shell-shock, and was in hospital for three years after end of War. They thought he’d have to go in an asylum, but he got better and came home. No one likes him, so I always try and pal up a bit, and talk, when I go in. I’m working for a doctor, so have to go in often.”

Scout says good-bye and turns in at doctor’s gate. Kim and Watson are full of glee. “Luck’s with us!”

After some difficulty, find the lumpy, deserted bit of ground described by curator. The little chalk-pit is all overgrown with nettles and other weeds. A tree-trunk has fallen across it and half choked it up.

Kim.—“Hullo, some trampled nettles. Someone has been here not long ago.” Tracks lead under fallen tree. Signs that stones and roots have been removed to make room. In one place, a pile of small stones, earth, and roots have been scraped aside, and disclose some large grey stones, roughly hewn. Between them has been rammed a huge wad of turf, evidently cut from the field and placed there to conceal something. Kim prises it up with his staff and gives a low whistle. The dark mouth of a passage is revealed.

Watson has a small electric torch in his haversack—fetches it out. They flash it down—steps are seen, descending. Kim goes first. There are ten steps, and then a low passage goes off in direction of Deanshade Abbey. It is tunnelled out in *chalky soil*!

Boys walk on cautiously—passage winds a good deal. After what seems a very long walk, come on well-built stone steps,

leading up, with a wooden, iron-bound door at top. Push, and then pull. It opens easily, inwards, though cumbered about with heaps of bricks and mortar, which seem to have been recently broken down from forming a wall in front of doorway. Boys step through, and find themselves in musty-smelling vault, dimly lighted through slits in walls far above. "The crypt!"

Look about, and not far off see that wall has been broken down again, and another door is revealed. Open it and step through. Walk along chalky passage for about a hundred yards. Then very narrow spiral staircase begins to ascend. All made of grey stonework, same as Deanshade Abbey. So narrow, that difficult to ascend. Suddenly arrive at top. Feel with hands—smooth wooden surface. Fingers come on a tiny carved cross. Fiddle with this, and wood slides away silently, and bright daylight dazes boys for a moment. Find they are looking into Colonel Branshaw's private sitting-room! A piece of oak-panel in corner of room has slid back. The mystery is solved.

Boys leave panel open and go out of room and downstairs. Colonel Branshaw is sitting on terrace. Surprised to see Scouts come out of library window. They tell him whole story. He is delighted that mystery is so far solved. But still can't imagine why chemist should do all this, and what sign of the wheel signifies. What's to be done next? Only "internal evidence" that it is chemist. Decide to have him caught red-handed.

Telephones to Scotland Yard and puts off the six detectives. Has electric arrangement as on windows put on to secret panel and connected with his room. Kim and Watson get special leave of absence from school and stay on in camp.

Ten days later they are allowed to come and sleep in the house—in dressing-room adjoining Colonel's room. On twelfth day since last visit bell rings at 1 a.m. Colonel and boys get up quickly. Colonel has one hand on switch of electric light and a revolver in the other. Kim and Watson, armed with staves and bits of cord, creep round through bathroom into passage. Stealthy sound of hand on door-knob. It is softly turned, and door pushed open. Colonel switches on light and points revolver, saying, "Hands up!" Skinny Dawson's hands go above his head and his knees knock together. Scouts from behind tie his feet, and then his hands behind his back. Colonel puts down revolver, and pushes chemist into chair and looks at him.

Colonel.—"Why—yes—your face is familiar. Where have I seen you? Dawson?—Dawson? *Private Dawson*?—yes. On

the Somme. Always making trouble—being brought up before me. . . . I'd quite forgotten all about it, but your face calls it all up. . . .”

Skinny Dawson (crouching in chair, and looking up between his eyebrows at tall figure, in quavering, high voice).—“ War is murder—killing brother-men. They forced me into it. My work—to persuade others of injustice—to lead them to revolt against tyranny—to turn away from murder. My duty—my duty. *You—you*”—(stares at Colonel wildly, with pale little eyes)—“ you evil man, cruel tyrant, you had me tied to a gun-wheel. I swore I would have my revenge at last.”

Colonel.—“ Field punishment—yes, we did give it you, in the last resort. And it had the desired results. You packed up all your nonsense and became a soldier, of sorts.”

Dawson.—“ But my hate of you was ever before me. Every year, every month, every week it grew more intenssse . . .” (hiss like a snake from thin, quivering white lips). “ I have made you suffer—to-night you were to die.”

Colonel searches the man's pockets. Glass phial of grey liquid. Asks, “ What is it? ” But the little figure has crumpled up in a dead faint.

They put him on the bed and gradually bring him round. He is in condition of collapse. Hot bottles, hot drin's, brandy. Doctor fetched next morning. Patient has lost memory. Removed to hospital. After some weeks has regained strength, but has no memory of anything since his advent at the Front in 1918. Health broken down, and lives very quietly with his daughter. Does not recognise Colonel, who goes to see him sometimes, and sends him for drives in his car, and gives presents of game. Doctros say strangest case of shell-shock and war-madness ever come across.

Kim and Watson have two good friends in Colonel and Lady Branshaw. Often spend week-ends camping at Deanshade Abbey. Old plans at Museum reveal many interesting things, including another secret passage coming up in rose-garden, and a system of pipes for emptying fish-pond and ancient washing-places. Curator comes from Museum, and many interesting afternoons spent investigating everything.

Kim and Watson say it was all thanks to a little bit of pink string and some crumbs of chalk. But the Colonel holds private opinion that it was still more due to the resourceful brains of two small Scouts.

WHY BEECH SCHOOL STARTED SCOUTING

Beech School, a Public School. As experiment, scholarship in School House given to boy from working-class district in London. Idea not favoured by Head or other masters.

Harold Jones, the scholarship holder, is put through it by other boys—called Cinderella, etc. Some masters sarcastic; if he makes mistakes, say he should be at home cooking or scrubbing. Had been Scout at home, and tried to get permission to join Troop in the town, but Head sat on request heavily. One or two boys keen, and practise Scouty things on the quiet, but laughed at by others.

Soon after beginning of summer term, school on fire. At night. Village brigade come up, but not enough water. Everything dry, fire blazes quickly beyond control. Boys frightened out of wits; masters helpless to get them in hand. Jones pummels one or two biggest boys into quiet, then calls out to rest to keep steady. Tears up sheets to make ropes, others do same. Sends to find any way down—both front and back stairs cut off by flames. Orders all doors and windows kept closed, wet handkerchiefs round mouths and nostrils, all the time working at ropes and comforting smaller boys. Ropes ready, two windows opened, ropes round bed-legs, one big boy down each rope, then small boys. Bedding thrown out in case of fall; fire too far on to risk any salvage. One small boy at roll-call missing, may still be in dormitory. H. up rope and into window. Stifling smoke, flames shooting through doorways, but H. searches until he finds boy fainted under bed. Takes him on shoulder, carefully through window, down rope. At bottom boy taken from him. For night, boys find shelter in village.

Next day roll-call in village. School still smouldering, occasional fall of beams or bricks; dangerous to go near. Head in despair, preparing to pack boys off home; some parents already wired or arrived to take sons away.

In spite of his unpopularity, Jones goes to Head with suggestion: "Why close school? Hire tents and marquees, pack boys to camp, and carry on emergency school until plans can be made for rebuilding of school and temporary housing. Boys can do all necessary work of camp, including cooking (*with sly grin*); lessons can go on in marquees, and so the term kept on and the

school kept up. The novelty would make boys interested enough to work well, and if camp were run on Patrol system there would be as good discipline as in ordinary school."

Head asks about Patrol system, and H. tells him. Becomes interested. Confers with other masters and then agrees to plan. Summons school and announces. Cheers. Volunteers come forward at once in numbers. One wires to father for permission for camp to be held on his estate. Others on cycles go round farms, get loan of wagons to take boys there. Lower schoolboys write out circulars informing parents of emergency measures. A number now own up they can cook and get fire going—dinner for school. One big boy who has been under displeasure of the Head for riding motor-cycle against orders and breaking bounds is now busy, carrying dispatches. Sixth and Fifth, except those in charge of other parties, go ahead under leader, who is going in for civil engineering (son of big contractor, and has visited jobs in all countries with his father), to prepare camp.

For camp discipline out of lesson-hours, leaders of parties form Court of Honour under head boy of school (who has always liked Jones, and isn't above consulting with him privately about Court of Honour and Scout discipline).

Masters rise to occasion. Old hobbies suddenly go strong. Science Master especially active getting out special programme of lessons on natural history and geology of the district. History and Geography Masters follow suit. Maths Master concentrates on surveying, heights and distances. All kinds of practical work and visits to places of interest. Old Joe, the school handyman, blossoms out as instructor in carpentry, blacksmithing, etc. All school soreness and common-room feuds fade out as each gets keen putting his bit into the adventure, and as they find that the work of others fits in with their own.

Boys never so interested in their work, need no whip. Even find Latin interesting when Classics Master describes life in Roman fort nearby, and shows them bits of walls, altar with inscriptions, tessellated floor, etc., dug up by rector of parish, who is keen archaeologist. Outside school all do share of work. Slackers quickly booted by the rest. Boys say it is up to them to show what their school can do, and back up Head in his efforts to get it rebuilt. They find out that even orderly work is dignified and not without its joys.

Everybody votes camp school great success. Boys have delightful lessons, just like fun; big boys have real responsibility;

some who had previously, been lost in crowd find themselves valued unexpectedly for things they know or can do. Masters delighted to be able to ride their hobbies and at finding boys keen to learn. Head quietly contented with solid backing, and with appreciative letters from parents and Governors.

At end of July, Head returns from a week's absence (consulting with Governors and seeing to rebuilding) to dismiss school. All arrangements made by Court of Honour, but formal ending to school year. Head arrives at station before expected, and strolls quietly along country lanes thinking happily of the success of plans for the rebuilding of the school and of the response of staff and boys. Suddenly startled by loud clattering—horse and trap dash round bend in road, out of control. Boy hanging on to the shaft. Horse must be stopped or turned—road ahead crowded with small children coming out of village school. Head runs on and finds boy has managed to get horse round through open gate into field where barn; horse standing quietly at entrance to barn; boy hanging limply to shaft. As Head goes in to help, round bend from other direction comes party of schoolboys going to station to meet him.

Trap is recognised belonging to neighbouring farmer and taken back by one of boys, while four others see to Jones (the boy hanging on to the shaft is he), who is badly hurt. No bones broken, but shock and bruises and cuts. Bandaged, taken on improvised stretcher to camp, given something hot, and doctor sent for.

Head sends rest of boys on and walks slowly towards camp. Still thinking of his plans. Harold Jones, saved lives at fire, practically the only one who kept his head and saw to things, suggested camp and almost ran it, now saves more lives. Cool head, alert mind, thinks of what he can do for others. There must be much in Scouting. Says little at time; boys disappointed.

Next Speech Day, however, reference made to the saving of the school. By this the school made famous all over country, applications for admission pouring in from all sides. Head then makes announcement: After the incident at the end of last term he went back to Governors and asked for new school to be replanned. Wanted Scouting in the school. Buildings to include Scout-rooms for two Troops, Upper and Lower School, with workshops and a farm. Grounds to include part set off for camping, which all boys should use whether Scouts or not. Cheers.

Jones now hero of the school and has the confidence of the masters, but very modest about it. Says all equally deserve credit, and the honour of the school the main thing. Head calls on him to help with formation of Scout Troops, and before long he becomes Head of his House and Troop Leader of Beech School Troop.

J. J. B.

THE MYSTERY OF ALFRED AND TEDDIE

Alfred, a little adopted child, brought up by a Mr Collett, in Wiltshire. Father and mother died when he was very small, and he could not remember anything about home or brothers. When he is eleven years old, joins the village Troop of Scouts. The name of Alfred Williams appears on the roll of the "Owls," though he is more commonly known as "Alfred Collett."

Goes to camp, in the summer, near Wantage, Berks. Scouts visit this historic little town, and see the statue of the great Alfred. Inspiration to Alfred Williams, for King Alfred was a good Scout. "Be Prepared"—why, Alfred the Great lived up to it, and built ships to stop his enemies from landing. Loyal? Yes, he lived and worked for the good of his country. He was thrifty, for he regulated his time for study, play, sleep, etc., and he founded schools. In spite of all his troubles, he "stuck to it" and defeated the heathen Danes, and there in Wantage, to his memory, is erected a monument, and for ever he gazes towards the White Horse Hill, the scene of his great victory, or at any rate, the White Horse commemorates it. Alfred Williams was proud of belonging to the Wiltshire Scouts, and to wear the county emblem, the White Horse. While he is thus thinking over his great "namesake," some Scouts from a neighbouring camp come up, and also stop to look at the monument. Alfred turns to see who they are. London Scouts, and among them one who is very much like himself. They soon pal up, and finally make their way back to camp together, those London and Wiltshire boys. Alfred's Scouter talks to them about Wantage and King Alfred, and suggests they hike out to see the famous Blowing Stone, above Kingstone Lisle. Enjoyable walk among steep hills, to the old house, outside which stands a stone about 13 feet 6 inches high, with several holes in it. The caretaker tells them that it was used in the days of King Alfred, to warn the neighbourhood of any approaching danger, and was said to be

heard for about seven miles! (The boys try to blow it, but produce no sound at all.) It was brought down to its present place two hundred years ago, and the house was formerly an inn, called Blowing Stone Inn. The Scoutmaster blows, and succeeds in producing the deep, moaning sound. They return to camp, having thoroughly enjoyed the hike.

Scouters of the two Troops arrange a concert in local village school, in aid of village club. People throng to see the Boy Scouts. Best turn of the evening when one of the Scouts comes on stage and invites any of the audience to tie him up with cords. Two or three fellows do so, and lay him on floor, and return to their seats. Scoutmaster puts screen round him, and when he removes it, the next moment, the boy jumps up, out of a mass of cords, and bows. People clap, and wonder how he did it. After the concert, Alfred and Teddie, one of the London Scouts, sit together drinking cocoa, and laughing over the success of their "turn"—"a proper twist," as the other Scouts call it. "One would take you for twins," says the Scoutmaster, who has had some job freeing Teddie from the un-Scouty knots of the members of the audience.

Christmas is near, and Mr Collett suggests to Alfred a trip up to London to see the shops, etc. Visit big stores, where Alfred sees footballs, toy forts and guns, models of engines and boats, and in fact everything that can interest a boy. Coming out of one of the stores Alfred is asked way to street some distance away by woman with two small children and heavy parcels. Does not know the way, and looks round in case anyone he can ask. Mr Collett not there, either got separated in crowded store or gone ahead. Looks round searching eyes when sees familiar face; it's Teddie—the Scout they called his twin in camp! Strange they should happen to meet! Alfred calls him. Teddie knows the street; it is near his home. They pick up parcels, each takes child by hand and tell the woman to follow, who does so, murmuring blessings on them.

Teddie, with the others in tow, darts along streets and round corners. Going along, Ted and Fred chatter about their camp together and doings since. Fred says he lives with Mr Collett, explains he has no parents; Ted hasn't any either, he says. They see the woman to her house, and then get back to store, where they find Mr Collett. He had inquired for Alfred, been told by commissionaire at the door that he had gone off with

"twin brother" and woman, etc., put two and two together and waited.

Mr Collett takes them off to tea and then station, back home. Good-bye to Ted, hope to see him again. But they do not, for the London Troop does not camp in same district again. The boys grow up in different surroundings, and yet can't somehow, forget about each other. Always look out at jamborees and camps, but in vain. Comes the Great War, and, eventually, in different parts of the country they join the Forces.

In a mountain-pass in the north of India lies a young Englishman, wounded. Hidden from the sun's rays behind rock, to which he had crawled, and fainted. Suddenly wakes, finds himself moving, is being carried. All around him wild-looking men. He is in the hands of Hillmen. They give him some food and water, then off again. The jolting is too much for wounded man, sinks unconscious on stretcher.

The crack of rifles and shouts of men stir him. He is lying on the ground. Hillman advances with knife in hand. Before he reaches prostrate man, a bullet whizzes by, Hillman falls. Englishman springs up, leans over wounded man. "Good heavens, I've seen this face before. Why, it's Teddy." Teddy is unconscious, so Alfred searches his pockets, finds pocket-book, which gives his name and address. Knows that, far away from home, he has found the twin-brother he had learned about before leaving home, and wondered if he would ever find now that both were in such danger.

Alfred is wounded by stray shot. Later both carried away to dressing-station and placed in beds next each other in hospital. Both recover and return to England. After the War they decide to live together for the rest of their lives and to go on Scouting, so they become Scoutmaster and Cubmaster of a good Troop and Pack which wear the White Horse.

SHEBOYGO.

KING FOR A MONTH

In a certain University is a Troop of Scouts composed of lads employed as porters' assistants, laboratory attendants, etc. The oldest youths working in science laboratories form Rover Patrol. The University is famous for the important research done in that department, in helping with which they have got to know much science, advanced as well as elementary. As they see

how the principles and methods of Scouting give valuable results in medicine, invention of dyes, improvement of industrial processes, and all kinds of progressive discoveries, they become more and more keen on Scouting, and stick to it, though some of them already in the twenties.

At the International Jamboree Rovers got friendly with similar Patrol from South Africa, and have been told by them of exciting doings out there—natives' superstitions, feuds, cattle raids, outlaws in mountains. Particularly interesting rumours of white tribe somewhere in interior.

Professor going to South Africa on scientific expedition offered to take Rovers in yacht he is chartering. Offer eagerly accepted. Visit to friendly Patrol, from whom they have not heard for some time. Outward trip uneventful, but time goes quickly in listening to account of country by Professor. (*Describe.*) He also gives them tips on how to keep healthy and how to behave towards Boers and natives. Shows them the Royal Geographic Society's *Hints to Travellers*, full of useful matter.

In reply to questions about rumoured white tribe, Professor says nothing is certain, though there is evidence—accounts of prospectors and elephant-hunters, occasional pieces of cattle harness, jewellery or furniture of strange design which reach civilisation—quite possible this tribe actually exists. Geographers and students of ethnography, he says, among whom are personal friends of his own, would think it great luck indeed if any reliable information came through. While in South Africa he himself is going to collect all evidence he can for colleague who plans expedition in search of them. Much discussion among Rovers as to possibility of the tribe being real, and, if so, whether they can be found and what they would be like.

On arrival at port, Rovers are entertained by local Scout Commissioner. Shown round town, visit Troops, rally arranged in their honour. But no information about their friends. Not been heard of for six months. Not disbanded, but suddenly disappeared, leaving no trace. No explanation offered except significant hint that anything may be possible if they had ventured far up-country, where wild tribes fiercely resent visits from strangers. Patrol strongly urged to keep to civilised parts of the land. A programme offered them touring and hospitalities from Scouts everywhere. They accept this offer, but secretly keep intention of striking inland to try and find lost friends.

Opportunity comes with invitation to visit ostrich farm belong-

ng to prominent man. Four days on horseback, rough roads, river fords, mountains. See outlaws in distance, but as yet too near civilisation for trouble except from mosquitoes. All very badly bitten.

At ostrich farm they are taken around by Piet, the Boer overseer, who teaches them to use the lasso, to ride bareback, and so on. They are much interested in ostriches, their speed and trick of lodging. The youngest of the Patrol is once just a trifle slow and gets hard kick on the shin. First aid, lame for a week, wiser n future.

Asked about white tribe, Piet shakes his head, able but evidently unwilling to give information. Is later cajoled into speaking, and explains that tribe does exist but few have seen them, and evil fate overcomes those who tell where they are. Eventually he gives directions for finding them.

Good-bye to ostrich farm. Scouts take the road back to town, walk a few miles out and discuss plans, unanimous vote to go look for the tribe. Laugh at superstitions of natives; they are not afraid of old wives' tales; their Scout training will see them through any dangers they may meet. They think of the glory of discovering what so many have doubted possibility of finding, and would rather like their University and their professors, to say nothing of the Scout movement, to have the benefit. Their decision made, they overhaul their kit. While in town they had bought, without saying anything, exploring kit according to notes taken from what the Professor had told them on board, but they decide to get extra for emergency. Rover mate with one Rover go back, dressed as farmers to avoid recognition by Scout friends, who might dissuade them from the trip. They get ammunition, quinine, and tinned food, also axes and tools.

Remainder of Patrol at rendezvous, eagerly discuss their adventure and speculate as to what tribe might be like and whether they will find them. They often mention the Scouts they came to visit: what has become of them? How mysteriously disappeared? Would they ever see them again? Was it possible they had gone on same search and come to grief?

On sixth day of wait they are attacked by small band of outlaws. Brief, sharp scuffle, Scouts only just manage to hold them off, when two shots ring out, two bandits fall, rest make off—the Rovers returned with supplies. They are accompanied by native who has once seen the white tribe and has agreed to act as guide and interpreter.

Scout Adventure

Also with news. Elephant-hunter in town from up-country reports finding articles of Scout kit a day's journey from point Piet had told them to make for. Renewed discussion as to possibility of finding their friends, pack up, and push on as quickly as possible.

Go farther and farther away from habitations. At last sheer wilderness. Takes all their Scoutcraft to keep in direction. After two days of this they find clearing in bush huts, large settlement. Is this what they came out to. Camp, council of war. Leader goes forward to reconnoiter others remain well hidden in case tribesmen hostile. After hours leader returns: Pack up and come on at double, no delay but urgent work. Tribe cattlemen, but cattle attacked by plague. Unless plague checked, tribe will have its living cut off and will be destroyed. Already in despair and beginning to give up all attempts. Scouts must try and find a way out.

Scouts enter village, tribesmen too apathetic to offer resistance or give welcome. They ride up to Chief's hut and harangue him: Power and wisdom of great white people, across the sea, able to save cattle and set tribe on its feet again. Foolish to sit down and die like cowards, making no effort. Length Chief stung into letting Rovers carry on and make people do what they say.

Leader divides village into four sections and puts a Rover in charge of each. Mate to take over corral where all cattle are rounded up, the sick killed and carcases taken outside settlement and burned, others to be herded and examined daily for signs of infection. No meat to be eaten, all milking, churning, done under strict supervision. Milkers and all stable hands to wash before and after their shift. Under Scouts, tribesmen gain confidence and energy. They enlarge the corral, clean up shippings which they clean out every day, the sanitation of village is seen to (hitherto refuse had been left outside to be thrown, dogs prowling), refuse now carted outside and better water supply fixed from stream above settlement. All buildings throughout settlement overhauled, floors levelled and hard walls and roofs patched, etc.

Opposition from small handful of tribesmen, old stagecoach malcontents, who ever curse put on cattle by hostile tribe, use doing anything, now bigger curse on village for admiring strangers, tribe doomed to be wiped out. According as situation gets better or worse these assertions influence

tribesmen; the Scouts often have trouble in keeping them up to scratch. Had sent native back to fetch official representative of Government, but none ever arrived. Once things very bad, Villagers make ugly rush, Scouts ready to clear out, but Leader saves situation.

At home he worked with the Professor of Tropical Medicine, from whom he learned many secrets of the tropical vegetation, the poisons and drugs derived therefrom. Calls out loud to villagers wonderful magic of white man who can kill and make well by few drops of liquid. In the forest is tree, corangua, juice squeezed from nut will cure cattle.

Villagers impressed, organise search for corangua, but no result. Things look black, ominous mutterings heard, when party brings back few nuts. Leader calls tribe into council with head-men in front; in their presence squeezes nuts and injects juice into a diseased cow, specially chosen as being one of worst cases. Cow begins to sweat. Leader orders cow to be kept separate and watched. Next morning with chief men goes to inspect, cow much better. Confidence restored as never before. More cows injected, and bulls. Leader keeps juice and needles most carefully in own charge.

But how to get more corangua? Trees grow in middle of enemy tribe's settlement. No use appealing to tribe, who would gladly see whites die off. War too risky. Decides to creep through, collect nuts, have supporting party armed, hiding in case of emergency. Leader himself goes out with guide to reconnoitre. Taken to outskirts of enemy settlement, goes on alone. Amazed to find old friend Scouts whom they had come to visit prisoners in settlement. They tell how they had set out to try and find the white tribe, had come to end of supplies, lost their way, and been captured and kept as slaves. Not ill-treated, but carefully guarded, and so never able to get away or even to send any message.

They said corangua trees in centre of settlement, opposite Chief's hut, regarded as sacred; if touched, tribe would resent it, and punish offender severely. But they would risk, collect nuts, bring them to edge of settlement and hand them over. Leader grateful, wants to plan to rescue them, but they say wait for day or two, they will keep ears open to hear whether tribe suspects anything, and will see what plans can be fixed up.

At night the collecting and supporting parties go off to enemy settlement. The supporting party remains hidden in bush while the collectors make cautious way to rendezvous arranged for

handing over the nuts! Suddenly loud uproar in settlement rush of men shouting, gesticulating, and waving spears. Collectors follow, find tribe assembled before Chief's hut with South African Scouts in centre held by strong tribesmen who proceed to bind them. Evidently caught taking nuts from tree and condemned to torturing death. Leader sends back to war supporting party to come in closer and surround tribe, the watches for opportunity. Excited tribesmen take much quieting by their Chief, then long ceremonial palaver and harangue by medicine men, all gives time for supporting party to get into position. At last Chief steps forward with head medicine man to pronounce doom of victims. Leader's revolver cracks over Chief and medicine man drop. Same time supporting party rush out of ambush with wild yells, take tribesmen by surprise. Wild mêlée in which enemy is wiped out. South African Scouts freed and taken off, with nuts, to white tribe's place.

White tribesmen surprised and grateful, first for effect of strategy then for first aid rendered to wounded. Enemy's hut used as hospital, half Scout force sent as nurses with some village women. Leader rides back and forth daily to doctor human and animal invalids.

Everything straightforward. Plenty of corangua cures remainder of cattle, soon herd in good condition once more. White tribe thoroughly impressed, eager to act on suggestions of English Scouts, do everything to make their losses good, and practice sanitary and clean ways of keeping cattle and stables and homes. Scouts stay long enough to see them established in these habits and well on the way to prosperity.

South African Scouts long recovered, and active backing up their English friends. Then good-bye, and back to Durban.

On way back, near the point where they had repelled the bandits, they found the dead bodies of the native whom they had sent back and of Government officials. Thus explained why they had never had the help they had sent for.

In town great ovation by Natal Scouts and Government. Off to town of hospitality from relatives of rescued Scouts, but the Professor is waiting to take them back ready for next term's work. Leader says there is nothing to make a fuss about; they came out to their old friends, and they saw them. Everything else was in the day's work; they did it as any British fellows and any Scouts would do.

On way home Professor hears from the other fellows a hundred

tales of incidents where their Leader showed his nerve and initiative. Offers to train him as his assistant in future expeditions in search of tropical drugs and poisons. This offer enthusiastically and gratefully accepted, and now the former Leader of the old Rover Patrol is well on the way to becoming himself a professor, and one of the recognised experts in his subject.

J. J. B.

THE PROFESSOR'S TAPE-MEASURE

Professor Stentor, famous Classical scholar, reads Greek and Latin like you read *The Scout*, knows more than anyone living about the ways and habits of people who lived thousands of years ago, busy writing and lecturing on abstruse subjects about which few care except those like himself, studying them. Is engaged in important research, very difficult. The Professor a reserved man, rather haughty, supposed to be conceited. His son wants to join a Troop of Scouts but is not allowed. Must stick to his books and become scholar like his father. Games and camp and running about with pole all very well for boys who are not going to be scholars, but not for him.

The Professor is on the track of an important discovery. If he can find an altar of a certain design in a Roman fort he thinks it will prove that the Romans in Britain copied something from the Druids. That is a new idea he has, he wants to put it in a book he is writing, that will make him even more famous and make a lot of difference to the history of the Britons. He goes down to the South of England to excavate an old Roman fort.

Finds Scouts in camp not far off. Is annoyed, partly because he is shy and dislikes boys, partly thinking they will interfere with his work, and partly because it reminds him of annoyance caused by his boy wanting to join.

However, the Scouts do not come that way. He gets on with his work, some labourers doing the digging; he directing. He is hot on the scent, the altar should soon show itself. He is certain it will be as he imagines. Greatly excited. Saturday afternoon; the men have knocked off. He goes down after dinner to look at the place.

Consternation! Earth has fallen in, covering the hole where he hoped to find the altar. He starts digging, but soon gets hot and blistered. And the earth not so loose as it should be, having once been dug up.

That afternoon the Owls happen to pass the field where he is at work. They see him standing over the hole, looking black and muttering things about "ten yards" and "thirty feet" and so on. They hop over the wall and run up, asking if there is anything they can do.

The Professor thinks not. He is rather flustered, and explains about the hole and the careful measurements he has made and all that. But the men are not there—and his tape-measure is somewhere under the fallen earth. Then remembers his dignity and his annoyance at the Scouts, and says of course they can do nothing.

But the Owls look at Bobby Johnson. He has rather keen eyes, and did remarkably well at judging heights and distances. Says that if the Professor will tell him the measurements he might be able to find the position of the hole properly; they will all take a hand at the pick and shovel.

After humming and hawing the Professor agrees (he is *very* keen on finding that altar), and tells Bobby the measurements. Bobby stakes the spot, then they dig. For a good way the earth soft—the Professor had been some way out—then it gets hard. The Professor keeps urging them to be careful so as not to injure the altar. At last it is unearthed. The Professor most excited. Tells them it is a perfect specimen. Shows them certain markings which he says are different from most Roman altars and are in imitation of Druid ideas—represent the mistletoe and the oak. Explains to them about the ways the Romans picked up the customs of the countries they conquered. Says he has always thought it a mistake to say they did not pick up British customs; now he has it proved.

Goes on to tell them about the way customs spread from one country to another. "Just like when we came from Yorkshire," says Harry Lofthouse, "and the neighbours started making Yorkshire pudding." The Professor nods, but seems to think that Yorkshire pudding isn't so great as the customs he is thinking of. "Or like the way the Prince Consort introduced the Christmas tree," says the Leader. The Professor is now happy. Has a most intelligent audience.

The Owls are ready to listen to all he tells them. He talks to them about the Romans' conquest of Britain and Gaul. Finds that they can follow the strategy of Julius Cæsar because of their games. Is inspired by their attention to let himself go and describe things even better than in his lectures and books. Finds himself wishing his students were as interested. —

Tea-time, however. How is he to leave the place so that no one will disturb it, or injure his precious find? The Owls suggest they shall fence it round, and, if the Scoutmaster will permit, guard it through the week-end. They run back, get Scoutmaster's permission, fetch poles, ropes, tent, etc., put up a fence with staves and rope, and camp down for the night.

Meantime the Professor has gone with the Leader to the Scoutmaster to explain. Surprised to find the Troop is the one his son has wanted to join. Scoutmaster says they are always ready to be useful and do good turns, but are very glad to find their help has had such important results.

Professor Stentor is now as keen to have his son join as he was against it. Thinks Scout-training most useful for anyone who thinks of going in for archaeology. When he got home he sends his son round to join, with a note: If he can ever do anything for the Troop will the Scoutmaster let him know. Scoutmaster suggests that he come round now and again, if he has time, and talk to the boys about the Romans and the Greeks. He does so, and the boys are greatly interested.

That is how British history was changed. But it also explains why Professor Stentor's books are more popular than they used to be—they are written so much more interestingly. J. J. B.

THE KID CROOK

Ted is a 1st Class Scout, keen on tracking, always noticing little things, does his own job at the works the smartest way, his suggestions for efficiency used and praised by employer, ambition to be a detective. The works closed owing to big strike, no hope of settlement; Ted tramps to "Big Smoke" to look for work.

No luck, only casual jobs. Ted down to his last shilling. Belt as tight as it will go. Money enough for one night's bed and a bite in the morning, and then—what? Gloomy thoughts, sitting by lodging-house fire, broken into by loud argument among other lodgers.

The argument refers to a supposed philanthropist who picks up stranded boys out of the streets and finds good homes for them. One man asserts he is genuine, "Seed it in the paper," besides, he himself saw the man pick up a boy, Jimmy Russell, who had been sleeping out in Wapping, only two or three nights back. Others bring "evidence" on either side and heated dis-

pute goes on, at last ended by emphatic assertion of a heavy-built man that the supposed second Barnardo is a well-known crook who is concealing some coup under this. Says he knows the man and knows where he lives, over a slop-shop in Pitt Street.

Ted's detective instinct awakened. Who are they talking about? What is his "lay"? Where do the boys come in? If he proved to be a crook and Ted managed to catch him, it might help him to get into the C.I.D. And Jimmy Russell? Ted decides to investigate.

Going out early next morning Ted finds some sandwiches wrapped in an old newspaper, cast aside by some workman. Will make him a meal, after eating which he glances over the paper. Sees headline: "Wealthy Philanthropist rescues Boys from Streets"—the very thing. Striking portrait, well-groomed, impressive man, but something sinister about the face, crafty eyes.

Ted goes off to Pitt Street. Narrow mean street in East End of London, houses turned into workshops, a few frowzy shops, unkempt slouchers. Slop-shop next to small works with flat roof. Side door to upper stories, steep, crazy staircase. Door open, Ted goes in and upstairs. Knocks on each door, no reply until at top landing. Is opened to by the man of the newspaper portrait. Hearty, ready speech, tinge overdone; Ted thinks man is trying to impress him and to probe him at same time.

"Down and out, hey? That is bad. How long did you say you had been in London—three months? Read about me in the paper. Yes, that's me all right. I don't wait for people to come to me—go to them, live among them, dress like them—they get to know and trust me. But you too old for me, can't help everybody, must specialise, boys my line. Prowl around streets, find them sleeping out. Rooms below, stay here till I place them; slop-shop mine, fit them out with clothes, friends give me clothes. . . ."

All the time the man shooting searching glances at Ted. Ted looking down humbly, but eyes busy round room. Trap-door in ceiling same side as factory with flat roof, not locked or bolted, cupboard opposite, window heavily barred.

Ted thought he would look well around on his way down, but the man carefully escorts him, saying that stairs are dangerous, and stands in doorway to make sure he goes away.

Ted tries to peer in shop as he passes, but can see nothing behind the heap of junk clothing which chokes window. Notices a Scout belt and wonders how it got there.

Tries to find another entrance, but shop in row of back-to-back-cottages, only entrance in front. Goes round block, slouching like a kerbstone lounger to avoid suspicion. Gap in between roofs in next street shows him the house with all windows barred. How will he get in? What will he find there?

Lounging against a buttress of wall and looking more than half asleep, Ted examines the building. Party-wall divides back-yard of shop from that of factory. Iron fire-escape of factory gives on to roof, with an effort could jump. But can he get in unobserved?

Just as Ted about to make the attempt the sun shines on to the back of shop. In the grime on one window, below the room where he saw the man, is traced out the Scout badge. Thinks of belt in shop. What does it mean? Jimmy Russell?

Unconsciously gives vent to long, low whistle of surprise. Sees a movement behind window. Cautiously repeats whistle a little louder. This time movement certain—thin, scared face peering out, hesitating and drawing back, as if listening to sounds inside.

Ted lazily shifts to opposite window, makes as if to light cigarette, but behind hand gives Scout sign. Boy waves frantically, "Wait!" and disappears.

After a few minutes the figure appears at window and makes signs: "Man coming up. . . ."

Boy quickly disappears. Ted goes behind buttress, keeping up his pose of lounger. No one about, occasional passer-by throws him idle glance, no one accosts or shifts him.

Straining ears, Ted hears low murmurs from room, sounds like anger and threats with low moans in reply. Then all sounds cease. After minute or two is heard bang of door in front—man gone out. Ted waits with eyes on window until face appears peering out of one of the stars of the badge and gets hand signal. Comes out of corner and settles where he can see plainly and be seen.

Ted waits, seems like a week. What is boy doing? What is he going to hear? White rag moves in jerks behind star in window—Morse. Waves to show he understands and is ready, then reads off:

"Have—been—here—three—days. Starving. Bring—help—quickly."

Using handkerchief as flag Ted replies, "Will—come—to-night." Waves cheering farewell and goes off.

Armed with length of stout rope begged from friendly ware-

houseman, his knife and some food, bought with last coppers, Ted takes up stand opposite window again at night. Nothing. Boy perhaps exhausted or afraid. No sign of life anywhere. At last, when night quite dark, light appears in top room! Man moving about as if arranging things, occasionally stops still. Warily Ted clammers up buttress along wall until standing below fire-escape. Jumps, just catches hold. Works along stairs to landing, pulls himself up and over balustrade, runs lightly up on to roof. Peers over, listening intently. Man still moving about, himself not discovered so far. Crosses to corner where trap-door is, drops on to leads and kneels down, peering through cracks into room below.

Trap-door not bolted and hinges oiled, kept for emergency. Very lucky. Man below intent upon cases which he has now opened. Magnificent jewellery—diamonds, pearls, etc. Man gloating over rich haul before putting away in cupboard, which goes deep into wall. Ted slowly lifts trap, ready to spring. Man moves to put jewels away, Ted jumps, lands on to man. Both go down, roll into cupboard. Desperate struggle. Weak with hunger, Ted gets bad knocking about, is worsted, and tied up with his own rope.

But man has not escaped lightly. Cut his head in falling against jamb of door, loss of blood, faints. Boy from below has been following struggle, first from bangs on floor, grunts, etc., then, daring, through keyhole. Now enters, feels in Ted's pockets, finds knife and frees him, helps him tie up man, whom Ted then bandages.

They sit and eat food Ted brought, while the boy tells his story. Was born and raised in country, but mother died. Father came to London, sank, and drank himself to death. No one to look after him, Jimmy fends for himself somehow until picked up by pretended philanthropist. The homes this man found boys were with members of gang of thieves, of which he was chief; the "friends" who supplied them with clothes, shopkeepers, etc., from whom boys taught to steal. Jimmy had been Scout before mother died, refused to disobey Law, drew Scout badge on window to help him stick the punishment dealt him for his obstinacy.

After a rest they lock man in cupboard, lock all doors, and go off to police-station. After reporting, Ted guides police to house, where they take man in charge. Jimmy explains system of gang: would come in with booty about this time of night, light shown

in window when chief ready for them. Police place themselves, light is shown, breathless wait. Thieves come in at intervals, bringing jewellery, fur coats, etc.—one has motor below, which police afterwards use to convey Ted, Jimmy, and the goods to the station. As each member of gang enters, police catch him, thus dangerous gang, long wanted for series of large-scale robberies, is broken up. On way back to station Ted faints from hunger and fatigue. Police realise how badly he is in need of assistance, get him good lodging, food, clothing.

At trial Ted is complimented for his brave and skilful capture, is promised early place on detective force. Meantime is given work by one of the owners of stolen jewellery. Ted adopts Jimmy Russell as his younger brother, and they both join a good Troop of Scouts.

J. J. B.

DANNY AND THE DIAMOND THIEVES

Chapter I.—The Bearded Man

SCENE.—Big Red Cross camp, October 1918. Huts. About 700 beds. Quite like a little village. Besides patients' huts, in rows, with different "streets" between, there are doctors' huts, nurses', matron's, dining-huts, recreation, kitchens, bathrooms, operating theatre, dispensary, etc. etc. In each hut twenty beds, a sister, a V.A.D., and an orderly. Very short of V.A.D.'s, so in some huts Scouts who have Ambulance Badge are used instead. Danny only fourteen, so rather young for the job, but so good at ambulance, and quick in every way, that really the best Scout-orderly in the hospital. He is in hut No. 18, under Sister White. Danny has picked up a small Cub from the village, known as Darkie (from his little black eyes), who often used to visit the hospital, and do good turns running errands to the village for the patients, and singing for them in the huts. Danny and Darkie great pals, and Danny gets leave for Darkie to be attached to No. 18 for the holidays, and act as assistant Scout-orderly.

One day a young soldier called Joe arrives—very badly wounded in the leg. Unlike all the other Tommies, is in terribly low spirits—hopeless, miserable, says he wishes he had been killed and never come home. Doctor Barry, who looks after No. 18, and takes great trouble with every single patient, tells Sister that Joe will never pull through if he remains in such low spirits—*must* be cheered up. Asks Sister to get Danny to take

on the job of cheering up Joe, and to let him have time to take Joe out in bath-chair, etc. Danny very glad to. He and Joe make good friends, and Darkie of course; and Joe starts to cheer up. Often go out whole afternoons along the sea-front or along the country roads.

One day, going along a road about a mile from camp, see a stranger walking towards them—middle-aged, stoutish man, with beard and moustache and darkish glasses, hat rather pulled over eyes. As he passes, stares hard at Joe, who does not ever take any interest in strangers. Danny's detective eyes have noted him as rather peculiar.

Presently sound of footsteps behind—Danny turns: it's the same man following them.

Man.—“Good-afternoon. Are you from the hospital?”

Before Danny has time to answer, he sees Joe start violently, glance up at man, and then hunch himself up, pulling his cap over his eyes and burying his nose in a magazine.

Danny answers him. Man asks a good many questions about hospital. Danny tries to evade answering, but can't be entirely rude, as man speaks very kindly of patients—of his desire to help—of his brother who has been killed in the war, etc. etc. Asks about Joe—is he very bad—where wounded—will remember him when he sends a parcel of fruit to hospital—asks which hut he's in. Says good-bye, and goes on. Danny staring hard at him all the time. Doesn't like shifty look in his eyes—can't look at you straight, nor insincere tone in voice; and feels pretty sure beard is false.

Joe utterly *down* again. Impossible to cheer him. Won't say what's the matter. Leg gets worse, and has to be kept quite in bed again. Danny knows it's since talk with man, but does not mention it.

A week later, a new orderly drafted to the hut, in place of temporary old one, not strong enough for the heavy cases in No. 18. Stoutish man, with moustache. Directly Danny hears his voice recognises it—the bearded man on the road! Danny does not show he recognises. Orderly—Jenks—says he does not know these parts: never been this way before. Come straight from London.

Joe becomes more sullen than ever—lies with sheet over his face most of day. Danny takes Darkie aside and tells him that there is something mysterious about stranger—he is to watch him carefully. Specially note if he ever speaks to Joe, and try and

hear what he says. Darkie to regard this as a Cub duty—a detective job—and keep dead secret.

Danny obliged to take his half-day, and bicycle over to see his mother who is ill, and not get in till 11 p.m. (special late leave). Very sorry to have to be out, but can't avoid it. Tells Darkie to keep special watch in his absence.

Chapter II.—What Darkie Heard

Fine afternoon. Most patients out in wheeled chairs or on crutches, or beds put outside hut in fresh air. Few very bad cases dozing. Screen put alongside Joe's bed, as he wants to sleep, and sun falls on his bed. Darkie outside hut, talking to men, but keeping an eye on inside. Sister on duty, but giving a hand in No. 12, opposite, where there is a bad operation case "coming round."

Darkie sees orderly go up to Joe's bed. Joe covers his head. Orderly pulls sheet down, and Darkie just hears the words: "You've got to speak to me—there's no one about to hear." Sits down on bed.

Darkie slips round to door, creeps under nearest bed, and so on up the ward under the beds, till he is behind screen by Joe's bed, and can hear every word said. Puts his eye to crack, and can see plainly. Joe is sitting up, looking wildly at orderly, his face very pale.

Orderly (in ugly, rasping whisper).—"Where did you hide the diamonds—you've got to tell me—see?"

Joe.—"I won't."

Orderly.—"Have you ever heard of blackmail? Well, that's my little game. See (*produces letter from case in breast pocket*) here's the note you wrote me, saying, 'I have hidden diamonds—but not safe to hand them over to you yet. Wait till all is quiet, then I will write, and we can meet at the Old Mill.' It's dated 1st August 1914, and signed with your name. Now listen here, Joe Wood: this letter goes straight to your old mother—it'll break her heart, and turn your young lady against you for ever—unless you tell me where you hid the diamonds, and draw me a map so as I can find them. If you give me wrong information, this letter goes to your mother."

Joe snatches for the letter—but orderly puts it out of reach—curses Jenks bitterly, then sinks his head in his hands.

At last raises his head—stretches his hand for pencil and paper

on his locker, and draws a plan, writing in words and directions. Jenks takes it, reads it carefully, puts it in case in breast pocket, and goes off. Joe sinks back, and Darkie fancies he is sobbing.

Darkie wishes Danny was there. Knows it is desperately important orderly shall not get diamonds. Follows him about everywhere. At last hears him tell another orderly that he means to turn in early to-night: his half-day to-morrow, and going to be out late. Orderly says he turning in early too—very tired—about 10. Goes to supper.

Darkie runs home, and tells his mother he's on a very important Scout job—can he stay out late. Can't tell her what. Mother agrees. Dashes back to camp; orderlies still at supper. Darkie goes to orderlies' sleeping-hut: knows which is Jenks' bed—been sent to fetch his overcoat once. Empty bed, next it, piled with spare pillows and quilts. Darkie conceals himself among them. Orderlies arrive, and turn in. By 10.20 everyone in bed, and mostly snoring. When Darkie thinks all are asleep, and Jenks is snoring loudly, stretches out and gets hold of Jenks' jacket. Takes case from breast pocket. Cautiously tiptoes out of hut. After 11 by now—Danny must be in. Goes to Scouts' hut. Gets under window which is above Danny's bed. Gives secret call—owl's hoot. Danny not asleep. Sits up and looks out. Sees Darkie, and guesses something is up. Climbs out of window, and squats down in the moonlight by Darkie, who then tells him whole story of overheard conversation.

Danny.—"If only we had the map!"

Darkie.—"We have"—produces it.

Danny delighted. Only trouble is, that when Jenks finds it has been stolen, he will get wind up and depart. Only thing to do, make copy of map and put original back in Jenks' pocket. Climbs back through window, and makes careful copy. Then both creep back to orderlies' hut—exciting moment when dodge night watchman carrying lantern—have to hide under a hut. Only Darkie knows which bed—so has to creep in. Succeeds in putting back case and getting out again. Danny sees him home. Mother waiting up, very anxious. Then goes back to bed—but does not sleep much—busy planning what to do to-morrow, and wondering what on earth can be explanation—sure poor Joe, is not really a thief, and did not mean to keep the diamonds.

Chapter III.—The Telegram

Next morning Danny waylays Dr Barry on way to officers' breakfast. Says he wants to say something in strict confidence. Doctor agrees. Danny says he is beginning to solve mystery of Joe's low spirits: something very serious: new orderly mixed up in it. If left to him to work out on his own, it will be best. Will doctor help by saying orderly is not to have his half-day that day? Doctor agrees, and says he will help Danny in any way he can—trusts him.

When Dr Barry comes round huts, tells orderly at No. 18, sorry, must postpone his half-day till to-morrow—wanted to give a hand at operating theatre. Danny hears doctor saying this. Jenks looks very sullen. When doctor has gone, Jenks goes to Sister (Danny following) and says doctor has given him orders to go round at once to operating theatre. Sister agrees. Jenks starts off. Danny knows doctor didn't say it, and follows. Jenks goes round behind theatre, and climbs through hedge into lane. Danny follows at safe distance. Jenks turns off across golf links—short cut to village. Open ground—Danny dare not follow. Climbs tree, from which he can see road at bottom of links. Sees Jenks reach road, and turn to left—opposite direction to station. Danny climbs down and sprints across links. Village has long straight street: Danny just in time to see Jenks at far end of street turn into a house or shop. Runs up street—finds it's post office that Jenks has entered. Danny hides under bridge over small stream, opposite. Sees Jenks come out—waits till he is out of sight. Goes into post office. Asks if orderly from hospital has been in. "Yes, only about three minutes ago." "Was he buying a supply of stamps for patients?" "No, sending a telegram." Danny knows it's no use to ask what message was sent. Just one possibility of finding out. Goes to side counter, sees telegraph forms are lying on it, not hung up as usual. Takes top one, and goes out. Gets under bridge and examines it. Yes, the message written with pencil on top form has gone through to this one, but can't be read as it is. Danny takes out pencil and knife—makes a lot of black dust by scraping lead—rubs gently over form. Indented writing then shows up clearly. Danny reads: "To-night's plans off. Meet me to-morrow at 9, in place arranged." It is addressed to "Mullins," at some post office in London.

Danny sprints back to hut as quickly as possible. Gets in awful row with Sister for having been away from hut all this time. Can't explain why.

Joe so bad that Sister very worried: he won't eat, and lies with sheet over head. Orderly in very good humour.

Chapter IV.—In the Cellar

Danny off duty at 8 p.m. His plan is all made. When he copied out the map, he saw to his surprise that it was plan of Lady Goldbeek's house, adjoining camp—a very rich old lady, very kind to patients—often came round huts bringing cigarettes. Danny had often noticed that whenever she came, Joe always lay down and pulled sheet over head, and wouldn't speak to her. Dr Barry her nephew, and stayed in her house instead of living in hut with other Medical Officers. Danny often went up to house in the evening, to fetch magazines and papers for the patients—often had to go in and sit in hall, or in servants' sitting-room, waiting till Lady Goldbeek came out from dinner.

Plan showed servants' quarters various doors marked—door to cellar. Then ground plan of cellar—five rooms. One indicated. Instructions to say "Count five paving-stones from door. Above fifth stone, count twenty-seven bricks in wall. Twenty-seventh is loose. Remove. Case is in hollow place behind this."

Danny goes to house between 8 and 9—knows Lady Goldbeek and doctor will be at dinner. Instead of ringing, opens door and walks softly into hall. Goes into library. Nearly dark by now, so switches on electric light for a moment. Spots convenient hiding-place. Light off. Crawls under large sofa and lies on his back. Hears people come from dinner—servants clearing away. Someone comes into library—takes up paper—sits on sofa!—squashes Danny a bit—soon goes out again. Clock strikes 10—time seems going very slow. Strikes 10.30. Sound of people going up to bed, saying good-night to each other. Servants' voices in kitchen cease. All dead still.

Danny creeps out. By plan and light of candle finds door of cellar. Follows directions given (*describe all this in detail, and cold, dark, musty cellar*). At last, hand into hole—draws out leather case. Breaks lock and prises open with knife—diamonds glittering in candlelight!

Danny gets out of house by window and back into hut—evades night watchman with difficulty. Hiding-place for diamonds?

Cuts hole in his mattress, and places case inside, well covered with the stuffing. Sleeps soundly on the diamonds.

Chapter V.—Joe's Story

Danfy feels next thing to do is to get Joe to explain. Persuades Sister to have Joe's bed put out in the sun first thing in the morning. Suggests he be allowed to stay and talk to him—cheer him up. Sister agrees. No other beds out—chance to speak alone. Sits on stool close to Joe. Explains how Darkie overheard. Says he feels sure Joe is not to blame—wants to save him—hence has told nobody. Has diamonds safe. But can't do anything about catching Jenks until knows Joe's explanation. If Jenks escapes, will show letter to old mother. Shows Joe the case of diamonds, which he has in haversack at his side.

Joe rather overwhelmed, but pulls himself together. Very relieved to see diamonds and know Danny is working to save him, and get Jenks caught. Tells whole story.

Before the War he was young footman at Lady Goldbeek's: Jenks was a temporary butler, got in while real butler was away ill. Always treating Joe and talking to him. Lent him paper novelettes about crimes and detectives; took him to town to the pictures; worked on his mind. At last suggested that he took part in daring robbery—steal Lady Goldbeek's diamonds! Why should she have diamonds?—no use to her. Sell for several thousand pounds. Share profits with butler and two other friends, who would help him dispose of them—take them to America. Joe very young—imagine excited—thrilled at being part of a gang—agreed. Jenks left: old butler returned: first opportunity Joe was to steal diamonds: hide them in a certain place appointed: write to Jenks, who would meet him at Old Mill, take diamonds to London, and dispose of them.

Dinner-party on: butler took diamonds and gave to lady's maid, who carried to Lady Goldbeek's bedroom. Joe fused the wires of electric light: everything confusion—lady's maid running downstairs for candles and matches—Lady Goldbeek in her sitting-room, where fire gave light. Joe slipped into bedroom with electric torch. Took case of diamonds: hurried down, and hid them in cellar, not in place in garden, suggested by Jenks. When order restored, and lights on again, Joe busy about his work. Diamonds missing! Household searched: detectives wired for. Impossible to find. Joe writes to Jenks: "I have

hidden diamonds, but not safe to hand them over to you yet. Wait till all is quiet, then I will write, and we can meet at the Old Mill."

Meanwhile, war declared. Joe feels he *must* join up. Encouraged by Lady Goldbeek—very patriotic, and proud to let her servants go. Joe feels he *can't* face going to the Front with this crime on his conscience. But does not dare own up, or even replace them. Decides *not* to hand them over to Jenks, nor say anything about them, but when safely out at the Front, will write to Lady Goldbeek and confess all, and say where diamonds are hidden.

Goes to Front, but somehow can't face confessing crime. Thinks he will come back, when on leave, and creep into house, and place diamonds in library, where Lady Goldbeek will find them. Crime always heavy on conscience—~~r~~ miserable. Always afraid of meeting Jenks—dreams of him in nightmares; thinks he sees him on dark nights; hears his voice—becomes a bogey to him. When on leave, can never manage to get back to Lady Goldbeek's. Four years have passed nearly. Wounded. Then, when out with Danny, his old dread come true—Jenks has found him: been tracking him down ever since. In his power, because of letter. Seemed no way out—hopeless.

Danny says that under circumstances nearly all blame lies with Jenks: if people knew whole story, would excuse Joe. Only one way—own up, and get Lady Goldbeek on his side. Then capture Jenks. Persuades Joe to take Dr Barry (Lady G.'s nephew) into confidence. Agrees. Danny gets Dr Barry to come for confidential talk. Sits by Joe's bed. Shows diamonds—Dr Barry remembers well. Danny tells Joe's story—Joe helping when necessary. Doctor very thrilled. *Determined* Jenks shall be caught. Must be caught red-handed, fetching diamonds from cellar! Tells Joe not to worry—just cheer up and get better. Takes Danny away, and says they will make plan, and do it themselves, as no time to be lost. For plan to work, important that orderly should get diamonds in his possession. What's to be done?

Chapter VI.—Night Work

Diamonds must be replaced—but too much risk. Dr Barry motor bikes to large town, near, and persuades a jeweller friend of his to lend some very good paste—fine set of imitation diamonds. Puts these in Lady Goldbeek's case and replaces in cellar.

Plan. Danny and five other Scout orderlies (sworn to secrecy) to form gang of detectives. Important not only to catch Jenks, but rest of gang. So careful plan made.

That evening Danny and another Scout go to Old Mill at 8 (keeping carefully under cover). Door of ground-floor room open. Windows have been carefully covered with sacking, etc. Scouts climb up ladder on to next floor. Just as about to come down and look for a hiding-place outside, footsteps sound, and peeping through cracks of boards, see a stranger come into room below and sit on a box. They dare not move or try and get out.

At 9 Jenks comes. Scouts overhear much talk. Mullins reports that he has arranged with Smithson, who will catch the 8.30 train for Liverpool and embark for America with the diamonds. Says there is no train back to London that night, so proposes to sleep in Mill—has brought rug and greatcoat. Quite safe—no one comes to this lonely place. Besides, no one suspects anything. Jenks has brought a bottle of wine, stolen from officers' mess, and a cold chicken, stolen from kitchen (food for very bad patients). They feed by light of three candles. Jenks says no use going to house yet: not safe to break in till after 11.

Danny and Scout are very cramped, and tired of lying still so long. But impossible to get out. Wish they could—know doctor is waiting for their report as to whether Jenks' accomplice is at Old Mill. Scout, not so used to detective work as Danny, can sit still no longer: turns to shift his position. Makes slight sound. Men hear at once—jump up.

Mullins.—"There's someone on next floor!"

Jenks.—"Rats, probably. But we better make sure."

Take up candles, and start looking about for way up. Danny knows there's no chance of hiding in room they are in. Ladder up to next floor is close to them—opposite side to ladder up from ground floor. While men are climbing this, Scouts climb the other. Second floor affords no cover either. Scouts go on up, till at last reach very top of Mill. Hear men also coming up from floor to floor.

Arms of windmill project into darkness of pitch-black night. Danny and Scout climb cautiously along one of these—feet on narrow ledge, hands clinging to top edge. Stand still.

See men, shielding candles from draft with their hands, come into top room and poke round. Peer out into darkness—fiddle with remains of machinery. Find nothing. Candlelight does

not penetrate darkness far enough to show up the two Scouts, clinging on by the eyelashes, with their hearts in their mouths. Go down again, saying it must have been rats.

While men make a lot of clatter descending ladders, Danny and Scout take opportunity of also descending. Remember noticing on arrival that outside ladder went up to second floor. Reach this, and go down it, while men are still clattering down last ladder into room. Sprint off over grass, silently. Danny says most horrible experience he has ever had!

Reach garden. Report to doctor. All wait. Before long, Jenks is heard approaching. They see him open kitchen window with special tool. Get in. Doctor and Danny follow. Creep down cellar stairs. See him, by light of candle, find diamonds—open case—never suspect only sham ones! He creeps up, and out of window, and down drive. Doctor and Scouts follow at safe distance. Danny leads doctor by short cut to Mill. They get round at back and peer through cracks between sacks covering window. See Jenks hand over case to Mullins. He looks with gloating eyes at diamonds, never guessing they are sham, and hides them away in breast pocket. Jenks says he must get back to camp. Mullins prepares for night in Mill—says he's catching 7 a.m. train.

Doctor and Scouts follow Jenks. When a few hundred yards from camp they nab him—tie hands, hobble feet, gag mouth. Tell him off about all his rotten crimes—make him walk back to house. Shut him up in cellar.

Chapter VII.—The Gang

Dr Barry says essential that police capture rest of gang in London. Gets motor-bike—takes a Scout on carrier, and starts to ride the 80 miles—knows the way well. Danny and another Scout sleep on sofa, in library, with alarm clock set for 6. Wake up, and eat rations left out for them by doctor. Go to station. Take tickets and get in train. Watch from window, and see Mullins, all unsuspecting, get into train. Hour and half to London. Watch him get out, and then follow. Doctor and Scout join them—detectives in car are waiting. See man take taxi—can't hear address he gives. Detective tells his driver to follow this taxi and not lose sight of it. At crossings, detective gives sign to policeman, who always lets car follow through exactly behind taxi.

At last reach mysterious-looking house in lonely street. Mullins goes in, taxi goes round corner and waits. Detectives wait a few minutes. Then ring. Door opened. Insist on going upstairs. Arrest Mullins and the old man to whom he is talking, and youth who opened the door. Find the diamonds in possession of old man—have just been handed over. Dangerous gang, long wanted, are thus caught.

Police motor down to Lady Goldbeek's and arrest Jenks, who is very fed up with cellar by now.

Whole story told to Lady Goldbeek, who fully forgives Joe.

Before news can appear in papers, Danny has been dispatched to North of England, to find Joe's old mother and his girl, and tell them the whole story, and prevent them being too upset about Joe's part in it. They are very worried, but quite forgive him, and are thankful all is being put right for him.

When trial comes on, Jenks gets very heavy sentence. Joe can't be let off scot-free, so gets three months' imprisonment or £100 fine.

Lady Goldbeek says she has managed without her diamonds for four years, so finds she doesn't really need them at all. Sells them, and pays Joe's fine, so that he can go free. As soon as his leg is well she starts him with a little business, so that he is able to get married and settle down.

Danny, of course, refuses any reward, so Lady Goldbeek builds a hut for his Troop's headquarters, and gives them a perfect site for summer camp, with shelter, and water laid on, in her grounds, close to sea.

As to small Darkie, who really was at the bottom of the whole thing, his family is helped out of big difficulties, and his Pac. also given nice headquarters, and camping gear.

War ends, and Danny goes back to his home and his Troop, with one more thrilling adventure to his name.

CHAPTER II

SCOUT LAW

THE TWISTER

1. *A Scout's honour is to be trusted*

HENRY BATSFORD, fat and lazy youth of seventeen, not a Scout, working for James Garry (an agent for a big motor firm), who owns a small car, large car, and motor-bike. Henry keeps garage clean, drives cars occasionally, goes on tours getting orders with Jim Garry. Garry fed up with him, but keeps him on because an old friend asked him to give Henry the job.

One day Henry asks for day off (has had several lately). Wants to go to some races twenty miles away with some pals who have wangled a holiday. Garry says sorry, can't spare him, going a very long tour that day with small car—wants him to go too. Henry very sulky. Gets with his pals that evening, and over glasses of pop and packet of Woodbines makes following plan.

Henry has young cousin, Jock, a Scout—smart kid of fifteen—best boxer in his Troop—works in a large garage, just cleaning 3rd at present, but very ambitious chap. Studies all the cars that come in—can repair lots of makes—thoroughly understands Garry's small car (old and rather awkward). Often tells Henry he envies him his job—especially the long runs all about the country.

Suggests plan. To tell Jock to get day off, as Mr Garry has invited him to go long run, in place of Henry, who is having a holiday. Jock will jump at it: his firm will easily give him the day. Jock to call round to Henry's house, who will promise to accompany him to Mr Garry's. When he arrives, he can be squared to pull it off, somehow. Also to leave garage open, so that Henry and his pals may go to the races in posh style in Garry's big car—room for four pals and their girls. Serves Garry right for being so stingy about holidays. Friends delighted with scheme.

Henry makes proposal to Jock, and says Garry has asked him because he knows he understands cars, etc. etc. Jock in seventh heaven. Gets his holiday. Talks incessantly of the eighty-mile run: half hopes car will break down so that he can help repair. His young mates all envious. Troop and Scoutmaster delighted at Jock's good luck—may mean a better job—Garry knows heaps of motor people.

Great day arrives. Jock goes round to Henry's home—other side of town from Garry's place. Finds Henry and set of friends loafing outside shop, in best attire.

Henry.—"Look here, kid, that was a bit of a leg pull, about my gaffer having asked you to go with him. As a matter of fact he hasn't given me the day, really. You've got to go round and say you are my cousin, and I've got a bilious attack—been sick all night, and my mother won't let me get up, so you've come round to fill my place, if he cares to take you. And look here—when he tells you to clip padlock of door after he's driven out, pretend to, but leave it open—see? And here's two bob to enjoy yourself with."

Long silence while Jock stares incredulously at Henry, and slowly gets very pink.

Henry.—"What's up?"

Jock.—"I'm not going to be mixed up in a dirty twist."

Henry.—"Well, you'll look a blooming fool—all your mates talking about your eighty-mile ride. . . ."

Jock.—"Can't help that."

Henry.—"And all my plans are made. You *must* go. It's my business, not yours. You've only got to do what I tell you—it's me that's twisting, not you. Now then, be a good kid and trot along. Nuff said."

Jock (gruffly, in much confusion).—"Not going to muck up my honour for the sake of you going to the races."

Henry (with disgusting sneer).—"Oh, it's the little Boy Sprout's honour, is it? You're too old to play at that game any longer, Jock. Who tells the truth unless it suits him? No one's got 'honour' outside story books. . . ."

Jock.—"The chaps in our Troop have."

Henry.—"Oh, *put a sock in it.*" And then, a'palish green with rage, he makes some remarks about the Troop and the Scoutmaster, that send an electric shock into Jock's fists, and red sparks flying before his eyes, and before he knows what he's doing he's battering Henry's face.

Henry is much bigger and heavier, and tries to put up a fight. Crowd quickly collects. On outskirts of it, a tall man in leather coat gets out of small car, and stands watching. Henry is getting the hottest tanning he's ever had in his life, and blood is streaming down his chin. A hard left-hander sends him staggering back—a cheer from the crowd, who think he's going down. So does Jock, and holds off. Henry, in pain and rage, recovers himself, lands Jock a kick in the stomach, and makes off towards his home. Tall man in leather coat steps out—Jim Garry.

Garry.—“The dirtiest fighter I've ever seen! I've no more use for you, Henry. You can hop off home and not turn up again: I'll send you a week's wages.”

Jock is doubled up, and crowd is commenting on sporting kid and rotten bully. Garry comes up.

Garry.—“Who's the young Scout? Hullo, it's Jock Macdonald!”

Jock stands up, grinning.

Garry.—“All right now? Not at work to-day? Well, like an eighty-mile run with me? I was coming round to fetch your charming cousin, Henry, because I wanted to start half an hour earlier than I'd said. But as you've spoilt his face for him, and I've given him the sack for kicking you in the stomach, I've got no one to come with me.”

Jock.—“I'd like to come, sir! I understand your make of car, sir!”

Garry.—“Righto. We'll call round and tell your mother on the way. Hop in.”

Jock.—“It's all right, sir—we needn't tell her. She knows [3r] out for the day.”

And so it was Jock got his eighty-mile run, but not at the expense of his honour. He also got a posh job—for Garry took him on in Henry's place, and found him ten times more useful. But Jock kept the story of the twist to himself, and no one except Henry and his pals ever knew what the fight was really about.

THE NEW C.C.

2. “*A Scout is loyal . . .*”

Dick Sharpe, a Patrol Leader of eighteen, has taken over the running of his Troop, because Scoutmaster and Assistant Scoutmaster have both had to leave. Gets warrant as Assistant Scoutmaster—youngest Scouter in large industrial district.

Takes his Troop for Whitsun camp to perfect site—cool, shady park, with lake, with bathing and punting allowed: envy of everybody. Has been given leave, because once stopped there when on hike, and showed himself such a good Scout. Also gets leave to give open invitation to other Troops to spend Bank Holiday at his camp, and bathe, etc. Ten Troops camping within reach. Accept gladly—heat wave on just then.

Saturday evening all Troops get a wire from new County Commissioner: "Parade at my house on Monday, 12 noon: full strength: colours and bands if possible. Inspection by important visitor from U.S.A."

On Sunday, Assistant Scoutmasters on bikes arrive at Dick's camp from all the other camps. The burden of their song is the same: "Unheard-of thing. . . . He's got no right. . . . It's 84° in the shade. . . . Chaps counting on bathing. . . . Last day in camp for most of us. . . . Buses all full, marching on dusty roads, awful on a Bank Holiday. . . . It's five or six miles for most of us. . . . Waste of whole precious day in camp. . . . Beastly swank—and bands and all! These new Commissioners with no experience. . . . *We won't go.*"

Dick urges loyalty: says there must be some special reason: and anyhow, what about Scout Law 2, 7, and 8? Some get nasty, and remind him he's the youngest Scouter—*nobody*, in fact. The Assistant Scoutmasters have brought messages from Scoutmasters, who want to know if plan still holds good for coming over: are going to start out at 6 a.m. while it's cool. Dick spends Sunday afternoon and evening motor-biking round all the ten camps. So eloquent and convincing that he persuades seven Troops to do as Commissioner has asked.

Monday. Dusty and perspiring Troops arrive. Given chance to wash, and asked by rather excited Commissioner to put up best show they possibly can for millionaire from U.S.A. who has expressed desire to see English Scouts.

Quite presentable parade; and some Troops do stunts. Given excellent lunch, with ices, allowed to bathe in river. U.S.A. millionaire delighted (though at first disappointed *re* bands).

Troops massed once more, to march away. U.S.A. millionaire, who has been having a powpow with County Commissioner, asks if he may announce the news himself.

U.S.A. Millionaire.—"I'm real pleased to have seen you all to-day. You've made a very deep impression on me, and when I go back across the ocean to my little country I guess I'll have

something to say about the boys of the old land. I wanted to do something for the English boys—because my father was once an English boy (who had no shoes to his feet). But whether it should be the Boy Scouts or some other philanthropic organisation I had not made up my mind—as I told our friend here, Mr Trent. But seeing you has made up my mind for me. And this is the little parting gift I'm going to make to you. As you may know, this fine estate and old English mansion belonging to Mr Trent is to be sold. Well, I'm going to buy it over the heads of the other bidders, and I'm going to give it back to him for you boys—a permanent camping-ground for the Troops and training-centre for your officers. And I shall endow it for this purpose, and ensure sufficient funds for the payment of a housekeeper and groundsman." (Loud and prolonged cheering from the Troops.)

District Scoutmaster (as they march away).—"By Jove, Dick, you did a good bit of work when you rounded us up. And it would have been a rotten let-down for the poor old C.C. if no Troops had turned up."

A week later, interview between County Commissioner and Dick.

County Commissioner.—"Mr Gett-Riche took a special liking to you the other day, and I was able to say that even in my short experience as County Commissioner I have been conscious of your loyalty and dependability. I have asked you to come and see me, as I want to offer you the post of 'groundsman,' as our old friend calls it; and possibly your mother would become our housekeeper? Since your father's death she must have few home-ties."

So Dick got the nicest job anyone could wish for, and his mother had a big problem solved.

THE SIX PATROL LEADERS

3. *A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others*

Fine Troop, in public, school, just outside a fair-sized town. Town is divided into three districts—North, East, and West. North and West have flourishing Troops, though not much spirit of co-operation. East has rotten Troops, some with no proper Scoutmasters. Looked down on by other districts, always last in Association sports, camps, etc. Even less spirit of co-operation than other districts: despair of Commissioner. School happens

to belong to this district, but only nominally—never does much with it.

School Troop has its monthly Court of Honour. The six Patrol Leaders are all in sixth form, and have passed their matric. exam., etc., and Headmaster has said they may concentrate a bit more on their Scouting. The Court of Honour has just adopted resolution that the Patrol Leaders shall all work at King's Scout badges, and be King's Scouts before they leave. Are poring over badge conditions and making plans for classes. Suddenly one says: "After all, what's the use of us swotting up all this just for the fun of being King's Scouts. There's lots of chaps in our district that haven't a single badge—not even second class—because they have no instructors. Couldn't we chuck this idea of working at King's Scouts, and ask the Head to let us put the time into instructing the Troops in the badges we already have?"

Murmur of approval. Scoutmaster feels doubtful about permission being granted, but likes the spirit, so lets them talk it out. Get awfully keen. Decide to offer themselves as Troop instructors, each in his own special line, and also all for first-class subjects. Begin to pick the Troops they wish to help, and make many plans.

Head knows there are things against, but so pleased with real Scout spirit displayed that gives permission. Commissioner delighted, and puts it to Scoutmasters at next Committee. They are not particularly keen, but agree to give it a try.

Following week Patrol Leaders start work. Are pretty sick at lack of discipline in the Troops, muddled ways, no programme, irregularity, unpunctuality, dirty uniform. Discuss it at Court of Honour. Decide they must be extremely careful to avoid seeming in any way like reformers; but it is decided to do all that is possible to get better Scouting into the Troops. Very gradually they add games to the things they teach, and Scoutmasters glad to have their help. Games do a lot to produce new keenness among Scouts—and also make for regularity—chaps afraid of missing anything good: and come early, because games are put at beginning of meeting.

Town Patrol Leaders invited up to some of the School Troop meetings. Admire the discipline and smart appearance of Troop, all in uniform, and clean. Start always wearing uniform themselves, and going on at their Patrols till they do, too.

School Patrol Leaders get really keen on their Troops, and

compare notes and discuss. Troops come to take an interest in each other, because of the keenness of their instructors. Friendly rivalry and co-operation begin to appear. Troops meet for week-end camps; another day for district sports, held at school; two or three Troops have cross-country Scouting game each Saturday. East district begins to get a better Scout spirit than North and West. East runs a fête to get money for starting a district headquarters, and gets up a joint entertainment for the winter.

Chief Scout is to visit the County Training Camp, and open a Guest House there. Big County Rally arranged, with splendid variety of displays by all the County Troops, and big Troops from other towns. Railway strike. Impossible for Troops to attend. Chief wires that he will come by car—must keep to plans, as going abroad. County Commissioner in despair. Appeals to Town Commissioner to ask if town can put up a good show, in place of rally and displays. North and West both say nothing ready. Besides there are some feuds going on, and various people will stand out if others are to be in charge, etc. No co-operation, so impossible to rise to occasion at moment's notice.

But quite another spirit in East. Troops delighted—run model camp, outdoor shows as at fête, produce items being prepared for winter, run sports, and show splendid spirit. Chief delighted—North and West surprised.

School Patrol Leaders very modest. But at next Court of Honour, in privacy of own circle, can't help being a bit bucked. Scoutmaster says: "It was all due to you chaps putting the 131st Scout Law before badge-hunting. Well done. Keep that spirit when you leave school and get out into the world."

(If more suitable, instead of *School*, make it a Works' Troop: boys once a rough mob, but given discipline and spirit of leadership by Scout training.)

THE 4TH BLANKTOWNS' MESSY CAMP

4. *A Scout is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout*

The Eagle Patrol from the Heather Hill Preparatory School, camping at Easter by themselves. Very keen campers—spotless camp—wonderful gadgets.

They go for a ramble, and come on another small camp. See a Scout hat lying about, so know camp belongs to brother Scouts. Walk across field to make friends, giving various patrol cries as they go, hoping to be answered.

No one about, so look round for a clue as to what Troop it is. Untidy smouldering fire, with greasy billies round it. Scattered dirty plates. File of food-refuse buzzing with flies. Bucketful of soapy water, surrounded by dirty towels. No store of wood, no grease-pit, etc. Hedge and fence badly hacked with axes. Bell-tent with brailing down and doors closed. Who can it be? They open door and look into tent. Fug, you could cut with a knife! Six so-called Scouts lying on heap of blankets, some smoking, two playing cards, others reading "comics."

P.L. of Eagles.—"Sorry—we didn't know you were there."

Growl from P.L.—"What d'yer want?"

F.L. of Eagles.—"Passing—just came across to have a look."

Sneer from another Scout.—"It's the posh kids from 'Eather Hill. Oh, mamma! . . . Look at the naughty boys smoking! . . ."

Another Voice (in mincing tones).—"Have you curled your golden locks and manicured your nails this morning, darling?"

P.L. of Eagles.—"Can we lend you a hand, clearing up, or getting wood or anything? We've nothing special to do this morning."

P.L. of 4th Blanktowns (in sullen growl).—"Mind your own business, and clear out."

Eagles retire and go away across field.

P.L.—"They're the 4th Blanktowns—an open Troop. Had no Scoutmaster for a year now; just carrying on, on their own."

Second.—"By Jove, I remember now. I heard my uncle and the County Commissioner talking them over. Said they were a disgrace to the Blanktown district. If caught with a dirty camp again this year, would have warrant withdrawn and be disbanded."

No. 3.—"Blooming good thing, too."

P.L.—"No, it would be a rotten disgrace. After all, they've made their promise. Some chap might take them on and be their Scoutmaster. What about your cousin, Fatty? Said he'd like to take on a Troop now he is home. He used to be a jolly good Patrol Leader; and he's belonged to the Scout Club at Oxford ever since."

Fatty.—"Yes, I'll tell him."

Second.—"Poor chap."

Next morning. Eagles cooking dinner. Sudden appearance

of County Commissioner and County Secretary, doing a tour round neighbourhood, seeing camps. Delighted with Eagles' camp. Before going, ask their way to several other places where camps are being held, including 4th Blanktowns' field. Eagles exchange glances. Patrol Leader presses Commissioner to stay to lunch—no decent inn near; such a ripping stew, and peaches and cream to follow; bad roads—might get puncture miles away from anywhere. Commissioner agrees. Patrol Leader stays to supervise dinner, and Second and Fatty creep unseen out of camp, and sprint by short cut to 4th Blanktowns.

Announce imminent visit of County Commissioner—"who's a perfect fiend about clean camps." Tell about overheard conversation *re* withdrawing warrant. 4th Blanktowns get wind up. The two Eagles offer to help. 4th Blanktowns accept. Fatty rushes around collecting rubbish and helping to wash up. Second directs operations in constructive line, and shows how to camouflage hacked hedge and fence with blankets that need airing. Tent brailed up—bedding got out. Food scraps buried. Good fire started. Potatoes put to boil. 4th Blanktowns tactfully advised to wash. Everything transformed.

Second and Fatty get back just in time for the peaches and cream, and unable to explain their condition of perspiration and grime.

P.L.—"An anonymous good turn, sir. We'd rather you didn't ask about it."

Commissioner pleasantly surprised by 4th Blanktowns' camp. That evening, 4th Blanktowns, very shy and awkward, arrive at Eagles' camp.

P.L.—"Jest wanted to say thank yer fer yer 'elp. Sorry we spoke a bit uncivil."

Eagles all offer left hands, and there is much solemn shaking. Three tins of peaches opened, and another tin of "Libbys"!

Earnest powwow about finding a Scoutmaster and reorganising the 4th Blanktowns. Next day Fatty's cousin induced to come over and have a look at them. He takes over, and the 4th Blanktowns become a Troop Blanktown is proud of.

N.B.—This story can be told other way round, if more suitable: Good town Patrol visit untidy camp of Prep. School Tenderfoots, who would bring serious disgrace on their school if caught by County Commissioner, who is also Headmaster of neighbouring public school. Appropriate conversations can easily be invented.

30291 THE RULES OF THE GAME

5. *A Scout is courteous*

Jerry, a Scout of eighteen—very tall, and has somewhat outgrown his shorts. This brings occasional jeers from small urchins and smiles from superior grown-ups, but Jerry not the sort of chap who lets it bother him.

One Bank Holiday finds himself, in uniform, near the station of small town where he lives. It is very crowded, as an historical ruin in neighbourhood and a good river for boating bring crowds of trippers for the day. Finds several good turns to do for holiday parties making for the last train, with heavy picnic-baskets, large bunches of flowers, and squalling babies. His good turns necessitate his passing several times by a group of young men and girls who stand awaiting the train. One of the girls makes remarks about Jerry's bare knees and long legs and "dustman's hat," and produces shrieks of giggles from the other girls and guffaws from not very pleasant young men. Jerry blushes, but passes on. Each time he goes by fresh remarks are made, always led by the same girl. Jerry far from happy.

Train comes in: hilarious party gets in. Rather long wait. Girl who has been checking Jerry suddenly announces that she left her vanity bag in refreshment-room: she *must* have it: men say no time to get it: girl says plenty of time—people still arriving—and darts off. As she returns with bag train starts moving. Porter slams door and tells her to stand clear. Her friends shout, "We told you not to go." Train vanishes into tunnel; girl left weeping on deserted platform. Jerry very much tempted to go his way: serves her right for making a fool of him. But remembers 5th Scout Law.

Jerry.—“Can I help you?”

Girl (sobbing).—“That’s the last train for London—I—I—I—can’t get home to-night (*sob*) and I’ve g-g-got no money left. I do-do-don’t know wha-a-a-t to do!”

Jerry.—“I expect your people will come and fetch you tomorrow.”

Girl.—“Mother and dad don’t know I’ve come. They wo-wo-won’t half be on a line.”

~~Jerry~~.—"What about your friends you were with?"

Girl "Rotters, they are. I only came with them to have a

little fun. They *aren't* proper *friends*. Don't care tuppence if I-I-I'm left behind." (More tears.)

Jerry.—"They're sure to let your people know. They will fetch you to-morrow."

Girl.—"And where can I sleep to-night? Oh, it's *awful*."

Jerry.—"Look here, my aunt lives quite near here—she lets rooms. She'd put you up, and you can write from there. Come on." Leave word with station-master.

They walk in silence along streets, girl sniffing loudly, and Jerry trying to look as if he's not walking with her. Aunt very kind, and agrees to keep girl till she's collected by her people.

Tuesday morning. Jerry, who is out of a job, is sitting in his small back garden resting, after practising high-jump for the Association Sports. Is oiling his precious cricket bat. Motor-bike stops outside gate: tall young man in flannels comes in.

Young Man.—"Are you Gerald Keen?"

Jerry.—"Yes."

Y.M..—"I've called to thank you for looking after my sister."

Jerry (wonderingly).—"Your sister?"

Y.M..—"Yes. It *was* you, wasn't it? Got your aunt to keep her. . . ."

Jerry.—"Oh, the girl who missed the train—yes."

Y.M..—"What a jolly little putting-course—did you make it?"

Jerry.—"No, that's my young brother's hobby—golf's too slow for me."

Y.M..—"What's your game?"

Jerry.—"Rugger and cricket." (They talk about test match, on at the moment. Young man is going up on last day.)

Y.M..—"High jump. . . . You haven't jumped *that*, have you? . . . By Jove, that's a good jump."

They go into house, and Jerry shows cups and things he has won, and photographs of sports days.

Y.M..—"I'm forgetting my sister—must get back. I say, Keen, whatever made you be so decent to her? She tells me she'd been making a fool of you, before those asses she was with, and can't imagine why you took pity on her."

Jerry (rather shyly).—"Well—if you really want to know—I didn't want to break the Scout Law—the rules of the game, you know."

Young man nods. They go out to the bike. Just before starting, young man asks if Jerry is out of a job. Says he is the sort of chap his father is looking for. Father, groundsman

at a public school, and pro. for some of the games. He (young man) has been his assistant, but now has been offered a good job abroad, with big prospects, and is off. Father wants a chap who will live in with family. Young man asks Jerry to come next day and see his father. Jerry goes. Gets the job.

Y.M.—"I'm awfully glad you are coming. One reason is, that perhaps for the sake of the 'rules of the game' you'll give an eye to my sister."

Jerry.—"Girls aren't in my line."

Y.M.—"No, I know. But you might put a few of your Scout ideas into her. She's a little ass—look at the way she went off with those bounders on Bank Holiday! I've been worried as to how she'll get on when I'm off."

Jerry.—"Righto."

Job as assistant groundsman proves fine. And it turns out village Troop has no Scoutmaster. Jerry takes over. Pack needs Assistant, Cubmaster, and he gradually trains Gladys to have enough Scout spirit to offer herself. Accepted, and Pack turns her into quite a decent girl.

Next time Gladys' brother comes home he says, "The rules of your game are evidently the right stuff. But what was the particular rule that covers the point about lost girls on platforms?"

Jerry.—"No. 5—A Scout is courteous."

THE COSTERMONGERS

6. *A Scout is a friend to animals*

The Wolf Patrol, young ex-Cubs, with Cub instructor as Patrol Leader, going along a road in search of adventure. See a small boy leading a miserable-looking old pony, and making it trot. Notice that pony has large sore on its side, and is slightly lame. Wolves all indignation: some cruel man has let shaft rub pony till it's in that condition. Lame, too, and underfed. Suggest going to Dumb Friends' League or police. Patrol Leader stops boy and asks about pony. Boy explains that it belongs to his old grandfather, who loves it very much. Two weeks ago pony got kicked by horse in same field with it, and sore won't heal. No, pony not been in shafts since. Boy exercising it. Grandfather says *must* try it in the cart to-morrow—can't afford to miss going to market a third week. He grows fruit, vegetables, and flowers. Drives them into town each Saturday, goes about

streets selling them: this, his only livelihood. Lame, so can't manage without cart.

Patrol Leader gets name and address of grandfather, and Wolves go off to find him.

Dear old man—nearly weeps about his pony—terribly hard up, and all his garden produce wasting. Wolves persuade him to believe that Scouts can be trusted. Promise to call round early next day (Saturday) and pull his cart the three miles into town, and sell his stuff, and bring him the money in the evening. This will save the pony having to go.

Old man agrees. Wolves duly turn up. Cart very heavy when loaded. Three miles seem very long, specially up the hills. Sun very hot. But keep saying, "It would have been much worse for the poor little pony with the sore."

In town great sport. Go about, Second shouting like costermonger, Patrol Leader looking after the scales, rest of Patrol pulling cart, and carrying the stuff into people's houses for them. Everyone—specially the ladies—charmed by cheery young Scouts, with Cubby grins, and nice manners. Buy, just to please the Scouts. Scouts explain about pony, and ask people to pay a bit more for the stuff to make up for two weeks lost. They do, willingly. Go to big house, just outside town, as hear lady there always had fruit from old man. She is a great animal lover—had often noticed old pony. Very sorry to hear about kick. Says he's too old and unhealthy for it to heal up. Tells Scouts to tell old man to send pony round, and it can end its days happily in one of her meadows, and do no more work. She has a strong young donkey he can have for his cart. Scouts delighted—go back with good news.

Old man sheds tears when pony goes: but each Saturday calls round to see it, and brings it some lumps of sugar and a carrot.

Wolves are very taken with being costermongers. Beg fruit and vegetables and flowers from the allotments of all their friends and relations, put them on the trek-cart, and go to town on several Saturdays.

Make £5 for camp funds. This becomes an institution, and happens every year. And all thanks to the day they kept the 6th Scout Law and took pity on an old pony.

THE SCOUTMASTER'S BET

(To illustrate Scout Law 7)

Scoutmaster having tea with Squire, who is allowing him to bring his Troop to camp on his land the following week. Squire's eldest son, Mr Horace Hallibut, comes in—cynical person who always believes the worst of human nature and loves to prove himself in the right.

Stares rudely at Scoutmaster's knees for some time, and as soon as an opportunity occurs says: "Of course, what I can't stand is the *cant* of you Boy Scout people. Just listen to this (*takes up pamphlet Scoutmaster has sent Squire*): 'A Scout's honour is to be trusted.' If a Scout says a thing is so, then it is so. Rubbish! Do you or I dream of speaking the truth unless it's perfectly convenient?"

Scoutmaster murmurs something about the great game of Scouting.

H. H. (reading from book).—"A Scout obeys orders.' They probably do when you're there, horrid little prigs; same as they salute and do 'good deeds' when anyone's looking at them. But I've been a schoolmaster, an officer during the War, and I employ three hundred men and boys in my works, and I never saw a boy who *obeys orders* unless somebody *made him*."

S.M. (trying hard to keep 5th Scout Law).—"Ah, but you've never been a Scouter. Honestly, the chaps *do* keep those laws—sometimes quite splendidly. We love the affirmative way they're worded."

H. H.—"Absurd conceit—or just bunkum, like the advertisements. 'A Scout obeys orders'—pshaw!"

S.M. (smiling and restraining from whistling in case it might seem rude).—"Look here, sir, I don't mind betting you my last five pounds that my chaps *do* keep that Law about obedience whether I'm there or not. You can put them to the test when we come next week."

H. H.—"Done. I take it on. Under proper test conditions—no warning from you that it's a test?"

S.M.—"No warning, *on my Scout's honour*" (*winks at Squire's younger son, who seems rather sympathetic*).

H. H.—"I've thought of a good test, but I won't tell you, or you might prime them up."

Scoutmaster reddens, but grins, and soon after takes his departure.

A week later. Troop has been in camp two days. Patrol Leaders and Scoutmaster seated round Council fire devising a Scouting game across country. Rest of Troop, clad chiefly in mud, scooping out stream to make bathing-pool. Footman from Hall comes up with note. Scoutmaster reads it to himself:

"DEAR LISTER,—I am keeping my promise to test your boys. Please give orders to your Patrol Leaders that none of the Troop are to leave the field during your absence. Give them no reason. Say that they are to give the order to their boys without mentioning that it is *your* order. Say my father has sent for you and you will be back at 6 p.m. Give this order in the presence of the footman who brings this note and then come right along.—Yours truly, HORACE HALLIBUT."

Scoutmaster does as laid down in note, sends a Patrol Leader for his hat, and departs for the Hall.

Half an hour later. Stoutish gentleman, in Trilby hat and white spats, enters field accompanied by Indian in feathers and war-paint. Patrol Leaders are still planning out game with map. Jump up and look with eager admiration at splendid Indian get-up.

H. H.—"Well, my lads, I want your assistance. I'm the manager of a filming company. We are taking pictures of a thrilling episode three or four fields away beyond the wood. Can any of you swim?"

P.L.'s (all).—"Yes, sir!"

H. H.—"Any ride a horse?"

Herrick (senior).—"Yes, sir, I can."

H. H.—"Any got bikes?"

P.L. Jones.—"Yes, sir; my Patrol's the Cyclist Patrol."

H. H.—"How many of you altogether?"

Herrick.—"Thirty."

H. H.—"Well, I want thirty cowboys. Will you take on the job?"

Herrick.—"Yes, sir, rather—at least, we'll tell the Scoutmaster you've asked us. He's sure to agree."

H. H.—"Where's the Scoutmaster?"

Herrick.—"Out just now, sir. But he'll be in by six."

H. H.—"By six, eh? But I want you *now*. Get all those lads out of that mud, and bring them along at once. It'll only take half an hour to run the thing through."

Patrol Leaders look at each other.

Herrick.—"Sorry, sir, the Scoutmaster left strict orders that no boy was to go out of the field while he was away."

H. H.—"I can't help that. And anyhow, he won't know you've been—I shan't tell him, and you needn't. You can be back by five. Look here (*pulls out purse*), it's going to mean half a crown for each Leader and a bob each for the other performers."

Patrol Leaders all stare at him so that he feels quite uncomfortable. Herrick looks disgusted, Jones angry, O'Farrell astonished, Terry wounded dignity, and little Tompkins thinks the gentleman is being funny, and laughs politely.

Herrick (gruffly).—"Nothing doing. Come on, chaps, let's finish our map." (*Turns away.*) H. H. notices absence of "Sir" and feels nettled.

H. H.—"Well, let me speak to the lads myself."

They walk down to the pool.

Herrick.—"I say, kids, stop squelching in that muck and come here. This chap wants to ask you to go somewhere with him. But we are sorry, as your Patrol Leaders, we can't give you leave to go out of the field while the Scoutmaster is out."

Scouts crowd round, staring at Indian. Mr Horace Hallibut repeats his invitation, produces handful of shillings. Scouts all eagerness. "Oh, let's go. The Scoutmaster wouldn't mind. Why not? Oh, Herring's head; don't be an ass. . . ."

Patrol Leaders remain firm. Awkward silence. Mr. Horace Hallibut thinks he is winning, and remarks: "We don't want the Patrol Leaders. You lads come with me. I'll square the Scoutmaster afterwards. Let the Patrol Leaders stay behind and do the Casabianca stunt. . . ."

Sudden tension. Scouts like pack of young wolves bristling at scent of an enemy. Stare in silence at Mr Horace Hallibut. Suddenly big hooligan, generally in trouble himself, shouts: "Keep yer blinking dough. We're Scahts, not (something, something) movie stars. Come on, kids." Jumps back into stream with large splash.

Some Scouts go pink and look uncomfortably at Patrol Leaders and Mr Hallibut; the rest smack Porter on the back and shout: "Good old Porky! Come on, lads.

"We're the Troop that means to win,
We've got no band, but we can't half make a din . . ."

and shout the rest of the Troop song, till Patrol Leaders join in,

too, and somehow Mr Hallibut fades away. Herrick has a funny feeling inside, knows that Scouting is the best game in the world, and his own chaps the best that ever were.

The Indian seems in good spirits on the way home. On reaching the garden gives a whoop and runs to Scoutmaster, who is watching tennis with crowd of people. Tells story graphically, ending up: "By Jove, Lister, I'm not going to rest till I've got a crowd of kids like that myself. How d'you start?"

Mr Hallibut, having gone indoors and mixed himself a stiff cocktail, feels a little better, comes out, and gracefully hands a five-pound note to the Scoutmaster.

Six p.m. Camp. Scoutmaster hears whole story, as he crosses field, from two recently-moved-up Cubs, and again, after campfire, from the Patrol Leaders, sitting solemnly in Council. "Some day," he said, "perhaps I'll tell you why I forbade you to leave the field."

But he hasn't told them yet, and never will. A week or two after camp the Troop had a glorious and unexpected bust-up which cost exactly five pounds. "A Scout is thrifty?" Yes, but this was sort of blood-money—the price of disappointment and triumph, and couldn't have been spent in any other way.

THE UNDERSTUDY

8. A Scout smiles and whistles under all difficulties

Kilgreme Castle. Lord Kilgreme very keen on art, music, drama, etc. His son runs a Troop in the village. Troop headquarters up at the Castle: Troop work consists chiefly in practice for orchestra, rehearsals for plays, and elaborate leather-work, poker-work, copper-work, etc. Troop has great fame for its dramatic productions—all the county comes to the annual Christmas play. Lord Kilgreme writes it and stage-manages.

All the sons of the men employed on Kilgreme estate are, of course, Scouts—understood thing. Latest recruit is a great trial to Scoutmaster—stepson of under-gardener: so must be admitted. His stepbrothers good Scouts. This boy—Alexander—lately come from London: his aunt kept him when mother married again. He's sixteen, but his ways more like quite small boy—and yet little old wizened face, and abnormally sharp in some ways. Slightly hunch-backed, and crooked legs. At school was considered M.D. At work, always popular,

because of his cheery spirits, but always a bit of a joke, and rather a butt for ridicule. Inclined to be dirty and untidy. Aunt died: obliged to come and live with his mother and stepfather. Keen to join Scouts, like his half-brothers. Scoutmaster couldn't refuse. Alexander looked grotesque in uniform: Scouts ashamed to have him on parade: and let him know it. Not much Scout spirit in Troop, too much high art.

Alexander mucked up any handcraft given him—got shouted at by Patrol Leaders and handcraft instructor. Sang loudly out of tune at all sing-songs—given orders never to open his mouth at camp-fires or concerts. No part for him in plays, of course—M.D. would never learn a part, or be able to act with expression: besides, that frightful voice and accent.

No one knew—but Alexander very sensitive and very observant. Knew he was disliked and despised. But having made Promise wouldn't fall out of Troop: took Scout Law desperately seriously. Made up his mind that he could excel in two Laws at least—No. 3, "A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others": he would always find the dull jobs, the dirty work, the things others shirked, and do *that*. And he would always smile and whistle, and never show it when things hurt him, or even made him angry—for he had his pride and his ambition and his self-respect.

Gradually won a sort of popularity—everybody's fag: could always be asked to do anything that was boresome: useful, worth having about. And often his cheerfulness was infectious, and a quaint humour in his jokes made everyone laugh. Always bustling about doing something busy, the harder and more unpleasant, the bigger grin on his face; and a not very tuneful whistle announced a very difficult job.

At camp, became washer-up-in-chief, paper-collector, and grease-pit digger. At Troop meetings cleaned up behind the artistic handcraft workers; and in the Troop theatre excelled specially as scene-shifter. Always there at every rehearsal, pottering about behind scenes; tidying up green-rooms, collecting properties. Didn't often wear uniform: overheard people saying he looked like "a monkey dressed up in Scout kit," and was practically told he let the Troop down, and the Scouts were ashamed of him. Usually wore a cast-off suit of his father's, two sizes too big, and boots to march. Still always cheerful. But sometimes longed to excel at something—to win a prize (like the chaps who exhibited at the Local Arts and Crafts), to win the high jump, like Patrol

Leader Cox, or the King's Scout Badge, like Troop Leader Brown; or to be *encored* like Francis, who played the violin, or Joe Fitch, the Troop comedian, or Basil, who, always played the part of the handsome hero. Just for once to be in the lime-light, to be praised and admired. (Alexander once asked the Troop Chaplain if he'd still look like a monkey in heaven—or be an angel-like.)

Second winter after Alexander joined the Troop, great excitement: Wainwright, a professional actor, staying at the Castle, very taken with Lord Kilgreme's latest play, *Byeways and Hedges*. He has lately made a hit, in London, as Cockney impersonator. Strange, excitable little man, full of his own ideas. Loves his art—wants to try out new effects. Hopes some day to own a theatre. Asks Lord Kilgreme to let him play the chief part in new play. Likes acting with boys, they act naturally: realism. Comes and stays at Castle for first few rehearsals and gets it started as he wants it; promises to be back for dress rehearsal. A friend in neighbourhood acts as understudy. The Scouts play all the other parts. Wainwright's part is that of a little old working man—the very making of the play.

Great day comes at last. Dress rehearsal in the afternoon, with mothers' meeting and school-children as audience. The whole county coming in the evening. Wainwright's understudy rings up in the morning to say he has very bad cold—need he come? Told he needn't—Wainwright already arrived—in great form. Dress rehearsal goes off splendidly—Wainwright excelling himself; other actors playing up to him well.

That evening all is ready. Theatre beginning to fill. Much discussion by audience about Wainwright and his ideas. Troop very proud to think professional actor, already well known, is playing with *them*. Behind the scenes all is ready. Lord Kilgreme himself managing things. Awfully bucked about his play. Curtain goes up. Audience seem pleased. It's only in Scene II that little Cockney makes his appearance. Curtain already up again, and Scene II begun, when—!!! Somebody has left a plank lying about, one end on a bit of wood. As Wainwright steps quickly forward to speak to Lord Kilgreme, a few minutes before his entry, he trips over it, tries to save himself, and falls sideways. Sits up, clutching his foot, and swaying from side to side with the pain.

Lord Kilgreme (anxiously).—“What the dickens is the matter, Wainwright?”

Wainwright (hoarsely).—"It's sprained—I know it is. It's happened before. It leaves me helpless."

Lord Kilgreme.—"Get up, quick. See if you can walk."

Wainwright tries, but goes sickly green, and sinks back, faint with the pain.

Lord Kilgreme.—"The play's ruined; your understudy rang up to say he couldn't come. . . ." Looks wildly round. Clapping from the audience makes it worse. Curtain will have to be rung down. Nothing else to put on. And all the county there.

Then Alexander steps forward. "Le'me go on. I don't want 'o make-up. I don't want no learning of the part. It ain't a real 'part'—it's just one of us he is—*real*." Picks up old bowler that has fallen off Wainwright's head, and crams it on. "Don't even want no red paint for me nose—Nature's seed to that."

Lord Kilgreme (gasping).—"But you don't know the part."

Alexander.—"Beg pardon, m'lord, but I've 'eard it done at hevery re'earsal. I pretty well knows the words—and where I don't, I can just gag. It's natural he speaks—it's just what any bloke 'ud say."

Lord Kilgreme.—"But you'll never make yourself heard. . . ."

Alexander.—"Oh—I'll shaht all right."

Mad enterprise—forlorn hope.

Lord Kilgreme.—"Come then, quick." They go to flies. Next moment Alexander steps on the stage. Lord Kilgreme fairly sweating. Thunder of applause—they think it's Wainwright. Alexander is fairly living the part. Knows words very imperfectly, but he gags better Cockney than was ever in the book of words. Cues not always there, but other actors, being Scouts, play up splendidly. Alexander in his element. Always loved to cause a laugh. Always longed for an admiring audience—to be the centre of attention just for once. Made his points with emphasis, worked himself up into passion; melted once into real tears. His old baggy suit, dirty collar, enormous boots; his genuine sniff, and lack of a handkerchief—all beat any make-up. Assurance of a born Londoner—no nervousness or self-consciousness.

As he comes off, Lord Kilgreme wrings him by the hand. "Splendid—splendid. You've saved the show. By Jove, you can act."

Alexander.—"No, I can't, m'lord, I just be'aves natural-like; I lives the part, as you might say."

In the next two scenes he excels himself. But Alexander dying was what really did it. The ladies wept real tears and the men cleared their throats. Lord Kilgreme himself wept; and the curtain came down amid thunder of applause. Six times they called Alexander out.

After "The King" had been played Lord Kilgreme stepped in front of the curtain and explained. And Alexander had to go down among the audience and shake hands with all the posh ladies in their pearls and diamonds. "Thought I was in 'eaven," he said after. But, better still, he had the Troop's respect. They sang, "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and drank his health in pop. And ever after, Alexander had a "part" in every play. But he seldom wore uniform, and never tried to sing or do leather-work. He'd found his vocation, but he also knew his limitations.

"And it all come of me keepin' that there 8th Scaht Law, and smilin' and whistlin' when I felt more like cryin'. If I 'adn't a kep' me end up, and done good as a scene-shifter, I wouldn't never of knowed I was a' actor."

FISH AND CHIPS

9. *A Scout is thrifty*

Small new London Troop, just formed. Two Patrols. Ted, of course, chosen as one of the two Patrol Leaders—obviously the best boy in the whole crowd—born Scout—rejoiced the Scoutmaster's heart.

Everybody keen to get uniform: all poor. Scoutmaster determined not to spoil them by giving anything gratis—Scouting not charity or clothing club. Supplied everybody with a money-box—got them each to make one according to their own taste, in the Troop workshop, in his basement—and thought to himself it would be good test of character to see who could save the money himself, and get over temptation to take it out for sweets and pictures. Often talked about 9th Scout Law. (Never lived in a slum home himself, so didn't know difficulties of keeping cash.)

Ted always a thrifty boy, and already had 5s. in hand when he joined Troop. But from day he joined bad luck began. His mother, a widow, with whom he lived alone, got i'': unable to work. Ted's small earnings all needed and the 1s. 6d. weekly pocket money not given him as usual. Mother got worse—must

send for Ted's sister to come and nurse her and look after house. Sister, cook-general in the country. Came home. All her small savings soon used up. One more to feed. Something wanted urgently for mother—Ted's 5s. given. "Lucky you've got a boy who saves—that 5s. may have saved your life," said doctor, later. Ted felt it was well spent.

Weeks drag by—Ted saves what few coppers he gets—but every time he has a shilling or so, something urgently wanted, and out it comes. Most of the Scouts have uniform now: Ted, a Patrol Leader, the shabbiest looking in his Patrol. Great Troop beano—parents' night and display fixed for six weeks ahead. Scoutmaster urges *everybody* to try and get in uniform by then.

Ted's affairs begin to brighten. His mother gets a little better, and sister begins to look for a job. Great piece of luck!—lady in posh London house, in a square not far from Ted's home, engages her as cook. Liked her cooking, when lunched at friend's little house in the country. Wages three times what sister has ever earned before—but great responsibility—lady very fussy, gentleman very bad-tempered, and impatient with servants: sacks anybody at once who fails to please in smallest point.

Sister's first week's wages go to pay rent—landlord getting impatient. Doctor still to pay; and bills at baker's and grocer's. But promises that out of second week's wages Ted shall have 3s. He has now saved 3s. This 6s. will buy him shirt, necker, and belt—he will be in uniform for Troop beano!

Sister's pay-day only on very day of beano. Ted to call round at kitchen door on way home from work—collect money—go to Scout shop—get uniform—mother sew on badges—to Troop beano in uniform!

Sister had money ready: but no time for thoughts of Ted; cooking for her first big dinner-party that night. Twelve guests, including a "ladyship." Mistress very fussy and excited. Long menu—soup, fish, pheasant, etc. etc. etc. If sister cooks dinner successfully, she proves herself: if she spoils a single dish, or is a minute late, she may expect her notice the next day—so says the butler.

Sister works very hard all day, making jellies, cream merangues, cheese straws, etc. etc. When Ted arrives at door it is almost time to dish up—frantic moment. Cold, snowy night—kind butler says he may come in and sit in corner of warm kitchen, but cook far too busy to attend to him just now. Ted sits and

watches. Soup is all ready to be poured into big tureen: cook is frying great dishful of filleted plaice—turning it a beautiful golden brown, in a saucepan of deep fat. Nearly finished—and being kept hot on big dish on rack above fire.

Time to dish up. Butler pours soup into tureen: footman stretches for hot plates from rack. Clumsy wretch! he jogs his elbow into dish of fish—it falls in golden-brown shower into the ash-box in front of stove.

Utter consternation in the kitchen. Tears start to the eyes of cook. Butler swears eloquently at footman. Kitchenmaid tries to retrieve fish, but it's smothered in ashes. "It'll lose you your place, Miss Jones," says butler gloomily, "and maybe mine too, when I have to announce to the missus that there isn't no fish course—and it's writ down on the menu and all. I'll sound the gong, and you'd better get the pheasant out of the oven ready."

"Don't worry!" suddenly cries Ted, jumping up. "Give me that 3s. quick." Sister, with tears running down her cheeks, finds her purse and gives it him. He dashes out. Along square, down side street, out into noisy, blazing thoroughfare. Into fried fish shop—fat lady there knows him well. Just brought in a fresh, steaming dish, a perfect golden brown. "Five bobsworth? Whatever for?" "Never mind, give it me quick!" It's wrapped in newspaper, and Ted runs like a hare, back along snowy streets, and down long steps of area. Bang on door—kitchenmaid opens it. Ted opens parcel of fish on table—all smoking still. It is quickly put into silver dishes—parsley added—sauce-boats filled—and fish course goes duly upstairs, just as last guest gulps down last spoonful of soup.

Butler (coming down, after handing it round).—"You're saved, cook. Missus looked pleased as Punch when she tasted the fish."

Cook embraces Ted—and so does kitchenmaid, to his extreme embarrassment. Everyone is too excited and thankful to notice anything. Ted says he must be off, and goes out into the snow, fingering his solitary shilling.

It buys him a necker, and he goes back and has a wash, and turns up punctually at beano.

S.M. (inspecting Troop before its entry into room, where parents are already assembling).—"What—Ted not in uniform, after all? I thought it was a cert for to-night."

Ted.—"Sorry, sir—I did have the money, but had to spend it on something else."

Piping Voice from small Recruit.—“Please, sir, it was fish an' chips what he spent it on—I seed him. He mustn’t ‘alf ‘ave ‘ad a blow-out!”

All look at Ted, and, alas! he blushes from ear to ear.

Next time there is a powwow on Scout Law, and thrift is mentioned, and Scoutmaster says it’s a waste of money to buy sweets when there’s camp to be paid for, etc. etc., someone murmurs, “Fish an’ chips,” and Ted blushes again, and everyone laughs.

It wasn’t till two years later that Ted—now a 1st Class Scout, in weather-beaten kit—told his Scoutmaster the story of the fish. “And it seems to me, sir,” he added, “that proper thrift isn’t just hoarding your money, and then spending it on something you want. It’s being a chap who always has a bit of money in hand to get himself or other people out of scrapes with. It *pays* in the long run, too. Be ready to spend a bit when it’s really wanted, and you get it back, and more, later. That five bobsworth of fish kept my sister her place, and she got us out of all our difficulties, and I had my uniform six weeks later, and now they wouldn’t sack her for *anything*.”

S.M.—“You’re right, Ted. I’ve noticed that about you—but I didn’t know what had taught you the lesson.”

BUILD FOR THE FUTURE

(*To illustrate those Laws which especially build character and make for future health, happiness, and success*)

Once a builder: very hard up: large family—two nice boys of twelve and thirteen and lots of small children: lived in poor, overcrowded little house, with high rent. Nice wife trying hard to make ends meet.

Kind, rich friend wants to help. Gives him a job. Build a house to cost about £4000. Leaves design to him—but best material and best work to be put into it. Builder has free hand.

Wants to make more than his fair profit—takes advantage of over-trusting friend. Employs second-rate workmen; uses cheap material; charges as for the best. House finished. Goes to rich man and tells him. Rich man pays the bills, and then says, smiling, “The house is yours, my present to you and your family: go and live in it as soon as you like.”

Builder wished he had known it was his own house he was

building: or that rich man hadn't left him a free hand to do as he liked. Every time the windows jammed, the floors creaked, the doors wouldn't shut, rain came through the roof, the paint on the front door blistered, the wallpaper got discoloured and the chimneys smoked, he couldn't grumble—he could only say, "What a fool I was!"

Taught him a lesson. One day called his two boys. "I want you to give up the pictures and watching football, and so much sweet-eating and reading of 'bloods,' and, instead of loafing with those good-for-nothing pals of yours, join the Scouts."

Boys.—"Why? The pictures and all the rest are more fun."

Father.—"I dare say, but God has given you bodies and minds: you may think they are yours to do as you like with, that you've got a free hand. So you have, but those are the bodies and minds you'll have all your lives—not to mention the souls you'll have for all eternity. You've got to build for the future, or you'll repent it bitterly when it's too late. What I see of Scouting makes me think it'll make you build right." And he told them bits out of the Scout Law, especially the tenth, and about camping, and the healthy, happy sort of work and play and training.

So boys joined up. Found it a bit hard, after their slack ways. But got to love it, and grew up the right sort of men. Father never tired of telling them "to build for the future," and reminding them that God had trusted them with their bodies and souls. God the great architect. Boys grew up into Scoutmasters and passed the idea on to their Scouts, but never guessed how their father had learnt his lesson.

CHAPTER III

CUB STORIES

THE CUBS, THE BATH-CHAIR, AND THE VICAR

THE Browns go off for the day on a "good-turn quest." Reach a village they have never been to before. Look about for good turns. Can't find any. At last notice a house with *very* dirty windows. Knock. Cross-looking lady in black comes to the door.

Bernard (Sixer).—"We have come to ask if we can clean your windows. They need it badly. We will do it free of charge."

Cross Lady.—"Impudent little boys, go away!"

Shuts door in their faces. Very sad.

Peter.—"Dirty old—"

Bernard.—"Shut up, Peter. Cubs don't call people names even if they *is* ungrateful. Let's try somewhere else!"

Turn into High Street. See a greengrocer who has upset a barrel of small apples. Cubs rush across road to help him.

Greengrocer.—"Nah then, little varmints, be off, before I get the police arter yer!"

Cubs are already scrambling to pick up apples. Greengrocer catches little Arthur and cuffs his head.

Bernard.—"Come on; it's no use trying to help him."

Cubs retife, very hurt. Walk on sorrowfully. Come to a little old grey church, surrounded by churchyard full of graves.

Peter.—"Let's do a good turn for the dead people, if the alive ones are so beastly ungrateful."

Others doubtful. Peter explains he means they might tidy the graves.

Bernard.—"They *are* a bit untidy."

Bud.—"Perfect disgrace, I think. Look at that 'un—' Anne, wife of 'Erbert 'Addon'—she's all overgrown with long grass, and her daffodils are all faded."

Cubs (running between the graves).—"So is this one!—and this! Come on, boys—this'll be a proper good turn."

Bernard.—"We'll start with Anne—Mrs Haddon, I mean—she's the worst."

Long morning's work—cutting grass, emptying faded flowers and old water, etc. etc. The Twins washed tombstones with their handkerchiefs and a jar of clean water; little Arthur puts wild flowers on what he called the lonely graves—ones without flowers or tombstones. At last well-earned rest. Got dinner out of haversacks, and had it. Collected all rubbish and paper and buried it in bank. Bud made a special little grave for his, and stuck a marguerite on it, saying, "Here lies my banana skin. May he rest in peace." Sternly reproved by Bernard.

Dinner finished, walk round church. In a little side porch find something interesting—a bath-chair chained to the wall, and padlocked, and a little notice to say: "Presented to the parish by Mrs Molesthorne for the use of sick persons. Call at the Vicarage for the key."

Bernard.—"Boys, here's the chance of a good turn. What if we took this here carriage round the village and gave sick persons rides?"

Peter.—"Good idea!"

All rush off down the road to house labelled "The Vicarage" on the gate.

Bernard.—"Stop! Fall in properly. We must show we can be trusted."

Cubs fall in and march up to front door, and ring. Door opened by small maid—very frightened-looking, because she's new to the place.

Bernard.—"Please, we've called for the key of the bath-chair."

Small Maid.—"Vicar's out. So's housekeeper. Don't know as I oughter give you the key."

Peter (who sees she's the sort who can be easily browbeaten).—"Of course you can give us the key. The Vicar would be only too pleased for us to have it."

Maid still hesitates.

Peter (in his most ordering-about voice).—"Hurry up, please—we're waiting." (Threateningly:) "I don't know what Mrs Molesthorne would say if she knew you'd refused to give us the key."

Little maid bolts off like frightened rabbit. Being new, doesn't know Mrs Molesthorne has departed this life, lamented by the mothers' meeting and (rather half-heartedly) by the school-children. Returns with key.

Cubs rush back to church and let loose the bath-chair.

Bernard.—“I wonder how we can find the sick persons?”

Search in vain for some time. At last a boy tells them there's a sick person quite handy, sitting in the porch of his house—sick of the palsy, like the man in the Bible. Cubs go up garden path. He's a very shaky old man.

Bernard.—“We've come to take you for a ride. We are so sorry you've got the palsy. A ride out in the sunshine will make you better.”

Sick Man.—“Wa-wa-what be you-you-you m-m-mocking of oi for?”

Bernard.—“We aren't mocking of you. We want to take you out in the chair that's kept at the church on purpose to give sick folks rides.”

But old man shakes his stick at them, and shouts for his daughter, and Cubs have to go off.

Bernard (sadly).—“Seems hopeless trying to do good turns.”

See a little girl carrying heavy basket of shopping, and crying bitterly.

Peter (kindly).—“What's up?”

Little Girl (sniffing loudly).—“My granny's been took all of a-tremble in her legs. She's had to sit down at the bottom of the hill with her basket. It's like she'll die (*sob, sob*) afore anyone gets to her. I'm going to tell my aunty; but I don't know how we'll ever get her home—she's so fat.” (*Streams of tears.*)

Bud.—“Is it palsy, like the old man there?”

Little Girl.—“No, not like 'im. I think it's—it's 'er 'eart.”

Peter.—“Well, don't cry. We'll go and fetch your granny in this bath-chair, and bring her home. You go on and tell your aunty, and say we're coming.”

Little Girl.—“Thank you. She's just at the bottom of Long Hill, a-sitting on a milestone.”

Little Arthur.—“Like Dick Whittington.”

Cubs spirits rise. Hurry off with bath-chair, and break into a run. Faster and faster—some pulling, some pushing. Just like a Roman chariot!

Peter (as they reach top of Long Hill).—“Whe—whoo!—I've got an idea!”

They stop.

Peter.—“The quickest way to get to the granny would be all to get into the bath-chair and buzz down the hill. I've heard of

this hill—it's a mile long. Then we shouldn't be tired for pulling her up. Remember, she's very fat, the little girl said."

Bernard.—"What if it went too fast?"

Peter.—"We'd brake with our feet. Two could sit on the bottom part, with their feet out."

Bernard.—"I don't know as we *ought*."

Peter.—"If we don't buck up the granny will be dead before we can get to her. And it'll be your fault, Bernard. Nice thing for a Sixer to be the fault of somebody's granny's death."

Cubs all look solemnly at Bernard.

Bud.—"Peter's right, Bern. We'd best ride down: it'll save a lot of time."

So all climb in: Bernard and Bud on floor of bath-chair, Peter with the steering handle, rest pack in somehow.

Start off, at first very slowly, but gradually getting speed up. Faster and faster, till wind whistles in their faces, and even Bernard shouts, "Isn't it *great!*!"

Cubs shout and cheer as they tear along, Peter skilfully steering clear of lumps and holes, chair rocking now up on one wheel, now on the other.

Bernard.—"I think we'd better brake a bit." He and Bud put their feet out. But chair far too heavy, and going far too fast for two small pairs of hobnailed boots rubbing along the road to have any effect at all.

Bud (*shouting, as they whiz past a figure near bottom of hill*).—"There's the granny!"

Peter.—"By Jingo! Look!"

Ahead road bends sharply to the right. On left, stones have been laid down and not yet rolled, and there's a little black engine for heating tar standing out in the road. Will have to round corner on *inside*, and going too fast to do that safely. Luckily soft bank of grass and shallow ditch on that side. Start to round corner.

Cubs, all shouting together, "Hi!" for a man is walking in their path! Jumps out of way in nick of time as bath-chair passes him, heeling over on its inside wheel, and next moment empties its cargo of Cubs neatly into ditch. Turns turtle and settles down on top of them, its wheels spinning in the air.

Man stands for a moment speechless with surprise. Then removes bath-chair and examines it curiously. For the man was none other than the Vicar.

Startled heads appear from the ditch.

Vicar (politely).—"Are you hurt?"

Cubs.—"No, sir." Climb out rather sheepishly.

Vicar (rather dryly).—"What were you doing with the bath-chair?"

Bernard.—"We wanted to give rides to sick persons, but they wouldn't. And then a little girl said her granny had been took all of a-tremble in her legs, and was sitting on a milestone at the bottom of the hill—maybe dying. So we were coming as quick as we possibly could to fetch her in this carriage."

Vicar.—"I see. Yes, you were coming very quick."

Peter.—"Are you the Vicar?"

Vicar.—"Yes, my child, I am the Vicar."

Peter.—"It was me got the maid to give us the key. Don't blame her—she didn't want to."

Vicar.—"How did you make her?"

Peter.—"I said you would be only too glad for us to have it—I really thought you would. And I said I didn't know *what* Mrs Molesthorpe would do if she refused us the key."

Vicar smothered a smile. Perhaps he was imagining how Mrs Molesthorpe would have looked if she could have seen her bath-chair rounding the corner at thirty miles an hour.

Vicar.—"Well, happily, none of you are hurt. And the bath-chair seems none the worse. Perhaps we better go and see about the old lady on the milestone."

Go back up the hill. Old lady very breathless and pale. Vicar helps her into bath-chair.

Bernard.—"Please don't help push, sir. This is our good turn. We want to do it all ourselves."

So Vicar walks on the path, and observes the profiles of the strenuous Cubs, growing each moment more red and shiny, as the hill gets steeper and old lady seems to grow heavier. Admires the goodwill, grit, and unflagging energy of them.

Vicar shows way to old lady's house. White-faced aunty waiting anxiously on doorstep.

Aunty.—"Oh, *sir*, how good of you! And fancy the little boys having the chair all handy-like just when mother needed it! It may have saved her life. I don't know how *ever* we should have got her home!"

Cubs swell with pride, and it takes away all the soreness of their earlier rebuffs.

Take bath-chair back and chain it up. Vicar kindly shows them little old church—down in crypt, up in belfry. Shows them

leper window and Norman arch, brasses, and effigy of knight and lady and their dog—knight lying with feet crossed, which shows he went to the Crusades. Even down through underground passage that comes out in Vicar's garden. Gives them a feed of new bread and loganberry jam made by his housekeeper. After that they catch snails all over his garden—partly a good turn and partly fun. After that they say good-bye and thank you very much, and sorry about having taken the bath-chair. And the Vicar says that's all right. And the Cubs go home feeling it has been a very successful good-turn quest.

HOW THE ROBIN HOOD PACK GOT THEIR HEADQUARTERS

FIRST INSTALMENT

Pack, with green jerseys and brown neckers, called the Robin Hood Pack, in little village on outskirts of a forest. Used to meet in big room in lady Cubmaster's house. Terrible sorrow; lady Cubmaster had to leave the place; house sold. Scoutmaster said he would carry on; took out Cubs alternate Saturdays.

Good Pack—true Cubby discipline—three Sixers, all well obeyed by their Cubs, called "Robin Hood," "Will Scarlet," and "Little John." Had Council in Robin's wash-house, and decided three things: (1) Not to rest till they had captured a lady to be their Akela; (2) to search with all cunning for a Den for the Pack; (3) to meet *every* Saturday in the forest, and let Sixers take them when Scoutmaster couldn't—and everyone to behave just the same as if Akela was there.

One Saturday—lovely day in autumn—red-gold leaves and bracken fern—took their tea, and went in direction never been before. Longed for a real, good adventure. Played a Robin Hood game. Had just partaken of their venison (bread and jam), when noticed that boundary to the forest was a hedge, and that through it could be seen a garden. A nice gap in hedge, as if someone often crawled through—someone nice and small—and a little trodden-down path. Across a space of grass could be seen a long wooden hut. Considering resolution of Council *re* Headquarters, Sixers felt it their duty to investigate. Left Pack in charge of Seconds, and crawled through hedge.

Looking through windows, hut was seen to be lovely place, with rusty fireplace, beams (suitable to hang ropes from), cup-

boards, shelves, and a few broken benches. *Extremely* dirty, and evidently unused. Just the very place for the Robin Hood Pack. Crawled back, and had a Council. While talking and peering through hedge, saw a little girl coming down long green slope towards hedge.

Robin.—“*Hist, my merry men! Hide ye!*” They all scatter, and conceal themselves behind hedges and trees. Robin is glad he put on his proper Robin Hood costume, with leather hat, long boots, horn, and bow and quiver, all complete. Strikes picturesque attitude (unconsciously), with ray of evening sun falling through the branches on him. Little girl, with brown eyes, and brown bobbed hair, and brown overall, and long brown arms and legs, peeps through hedge, staring at him with round, wondering eyes. He keeps still, but smiles at her.

Little Girl (in wondering voice).—“Who *are* you?”

Robin.—“Lady, I’m the bold outlaw, Robin Hood. I have a request to make of thee.”

Little Girl.—“What?”

Robin.—“That you come through and play with me.”

Little girl hesitates.

Robin (persuasively).—“I’ll give you this bunch of red leaves—there’s none near here. *And* this big lot of beech-nuts.”

Little Girl.—“Oo—what a *lot!*”

Robin.—“Come, then.”

She still hangs back.

Robin.—“I will also give thee this beast that I have captured.” Unknots neckerchief at his feet, and displays a hedgehog.

Little Girl.—“Oh, a hedgehog! I’ve always wanted a dear little prickly hedgehog!”

Robin.—“He’s yours; come and fetch him.”

Little girl crawls through hedge, and runs to hedgehog and kneels down. Robin winds his horn, and Cubs run out and make a circle round her.

Little Girl.—“Oh!” Looks very frightened.

Robin.—“Thou art my prisoner! Will you be Maid Marian?”

Little Girl.—“I—I don’t know.” Her lip quivers.

Robin (gallantly, holding out his hand).—“Do not fear us . . . (suddenly)—Oh, look, the hedgehog’s uncurled! Först time since we caught him. I think he likes you. Look, he’s coming to you.”

Little Girl.—“Oh, isn’t he a *darling!* Look at his little pointed nose—and his bright eyes—and his little hands.” (They all

squat down and watch the hedgehog walking round. Little girl touches him, and he curls up again into prickly ball. She laughs, and looks round at Cubs.) "What *are* they?"

Robin.—"My men; and we've captured you. And we won't let you go until you promise us *faithfully* that you will get leave for us to have that wooden hut for our Den, to meet in, every Thursday from six to eight."

Little Girl.—"But it belongs to my grandfather, and he's a very cross old man. I don't think he *likes* boys—or girls either."

Robin.—"Why?"

Little Girl.—"He says they're mischievous, and spoil things, and steal apples; and they're dirty, and noisy, and run wild all over the place. I know, because I wanted two little boys to come to tea with me, and he wouldn't let them."

Small Cub.—"What a horrid old man!"

Little Girl.—"He's not really so *very* horrid. Only he doesn't properly understand."

Robin.—"But *you'd* like to have us, wouldn't you?"

Little Girl.—"Yes! And could I come, too, on Thursday, and play with you? May I blow your horn?" (*Tries*.)

Robin (*standing up, to make a speech*).—"Listen, my merry men. I have an idea! Let's do a lot of secret good turns, and make *his* grandfather wonder who it is. And then tell him after, and he'll properly understand then, and let us use that hut."

Cubs.—"Yes, yes! Oo—*posh!*"

Robin.—"Tell us some things he wants done."

Little girl thinks. "There's someone comes in the orchard and steals his apples. He said he'd give anything to know who it is, and catch him."

Robin.—"Little John, you and your Six can take on the job."

Little Girl.—"I wanted to go in the hut, but *he* said it was too dirty, and he couldn't spare the gardener or the boy to clean it."

Robin.—"Will Scarlet, see you to this matter."

Little Girl (*sucking her thumb*).—"Oh—my kite!—it's stuck right up in the highest poplar; he wouldn't let the garden-boy climb up, because he's very heavy and the tree isn't very strong right up there."

Robin.—"I myself will fetch down your kite, O Maiden."

Robin's Six.—"But what'll *we* do?"

Robin.—"Think of something else your grandfather wants."

Little Girl.—"There's three of the hens laying away. He told

the gardener he *must* find out which, and the gardener *can't*, and grandfather was very cross to him about it this morning."

Robin Hood.—"Browns, you shall follow these hens and mark them."

Little Girl.—"I don't mind being Maid Marian, if you really want me."

Robin Hood (*taking her hand*).—"Cubs, this is Maid Marian, and ye shall be chivalrous towards her."

Cubs.—"We will." They give her a grand howl. And after that they play a lovely game. And then she runs in, with hedgehog and red leaves and beech-nuts in the lap of her overall, and a promise to be there again the next Saturday.

Going home, "Cubs talk over plans. Decide to prepare all the week, and do the good turns altogether the next Saturday, and burst them on the grandfather.

SECOND INSTALMENT

Greys have watched the orchard many days, in the early morning, and after dusk. At last see two big boys slip in by a certain gap—jumping across a deep ditch to reach it (at 6.30 a.m.), and then climbing the trees. Hear them decide to come on Saturday morning. Greys come on Friday evening, after dusk, and dig a deep pit just in the bit of bank where the boys land on jumping across ditch. Cover this with thin branches and twigs, and then long grass. Fine trap. Agree to lie in wait at 6.15 a.m.

Whites go early to lane outside farmyard. See three hens walk out at different times, and go off along lane or into fields. Hear them cackle after laying their eggs. Surround them, catch them, and tie piece of red cord round one of their legs.

Browns borrow camp dixie, mothers' scrubbing-brush, floor cloth, soap and soda, window leather, and stove polish. Creep out from home at 5.30 on Saturday morning. Light a fire outside the hedge, in the forest, and boil large dixie of water from a pool. Climb into hut through window, and manage to unbolt and open door one end.

Two scrub the floor, benches, etc.; one cleans windows, one blacks grate and dusts room. Robin creeps off, and throws little pebbles at Maid Marian's window, as arranged. She looks out very sleepy; but hurries up and gets dressed, and comes and shows him tree, with kite stuck up in it. He climbs—very

dangerous and difficult. Brittle poplar branches snap, and he nearly falls more than once. She stands below with clasped hands, praying for his safety. At last he gets it, and climbs down. They return to hut, and help clean it. Decorate it with red and gold leaves, and hips and haws and old-man's-beard.

Meanwhile, Greys have been lying in wait, armed with thick sticks. Rough boys duly creep up; jump across ditch, and both fall through twigs and branches into pit. Try and climb out, but Cubs hit them (not *very* hard) with sticks, and keep guard. Every time boys put hands on edge to try and climb out, get knuckles rapped!

Whites arrive at hut and report about hens. Robin goes round and sees boys in pit. Hut is now all clean and beautiful. Grandfather always goes for a walk round garden and farmyard at eight o'clock, before having his breakfast. Cubs go through gap into forest. Maid Marian waits for grandfather to come down.

Glad to see he's in very good temper this morning. But says some naughty words when gardener passes and mentions a tree was nearly stripped of apples on Thursday night.

Maid Marian leads him to farmyard. "See those hens with red cord on leg—it's *them* that lay away."

"Who caught them?"

"Ah—it's a secret."

"Look—my kite's been fetched down!"

"Who fetched it? Very dangerous."

"Ah—that's *another* secret."

Walks him round past hut; door wide open; he looks in.

"Who's cleaned it? Looks very *nice*. Grate blacked—windows cleaned. Really—what's the meaning of all this?"

"Ah—it's a secret. Come and see the prisoners."

"*Prisoners?*" As they approach orchard, Maid Marian gives secret call—sound of a horn through her fist. Cubs creep off. Just as grandfather comes up, boys try and climb out. He raps their knuckles with his walking-stick, and shouts for gardener, who comes and locks them up in tool-shed.

Grandfather.—"I *must* know the meaning of all this. Who has been doing these things for me?"

Maid Marian.—"Some boys."

Grandfather.—"Boys! boys! Boys only do mischief—damage property, steal, and make a noise."

Maid Marian.—"Not *these* boys. They worked so quietly, you never heard them, nor cook, nor the gardener, nor nobody."

And they don't do mischief; they do *good turns*." She has led him back towards forest. Gives another call like a horn. Cubs all come running in through gap, very pink and shiny, having had a wash in pool, and combed their hair. Make a circle round astounded grandfather.

Grandfather.—"Well, well, well. So it really *was* boys did all this. I never would have believed it. And they seem clean and tidy too." (Robin steps forward and salutes.) "Well, my little man, what do you want?" (Fumbles in pocket, and produces some sixpences and shillings.)

Robin.—"We don't want payment, sir, thank you very much. Scouts and Cubs don't take tips. We only wanted to show you we could work hard and be quiet, and do useful things."

Grandfather.—"Well, you've certainly shown me *that*."

Robin.—"Then can we make a request?"

Grandfather.—"Well?"

Robin.—"We have no room for a Headquarters, and when it gets too cold and dark and rainy to go in the forest, our Pack will have nowhere to meet. Sir, could you let us meet in this hut—we wouldn't muck about, and we'd do good turns for you. Our Scoutmaster is Mr Herron, at Mill House."

Grandfather.—"Herron's your Scoutmaster, is he? A good chap—a good chap. Well, you've proved yourselves so well-behaved that I feel inclined to grant your request. Tell Mr Herron to come and see me."

Breakfast gong rings, and grandfather and Maid Marian say good-bye to Cubs, who all crawl out through gap and go home in high spirits.

That afternoon Maid Marian's mother—young and very jolly—comes to stay. Hasn't been able to find a house, so decides to accept grandfather's offer and come and live in a cottage in his grounds.

Mr Herron calls, and stays to tea, and hears all the story of the Cubs. Tells about their lady Cubmaster having gone. Mother says she used to have Cubs years ago, before she was married.

That evening, Cubs come up to the forest, and Maid Marian takes her mother out. Cubs surround her, and say she's their prisoner, and they won't let her go till she promises to be their Akela. So she has to promise.

And that's how the Robin Hood Pack captured its Cubmaster and found its Headquarters.

THE NEW YEAR'S EVE BURGLAR

A friend of the Cubmaster's visits Pack Headquarters several times, and is very taken with Cubs—especially Danny. Tells Cubmaster that he has a most objectionable young godson called Clarence, who dresses in plush suits and lace collar, *à la* little Lord Fauntleroy. Son of a man who got rich quick in the War making sausages out of—well, no one knows what—and selling them very dear. Bought a big grand house, a Rolls Royce, diamonds for his wife, a Shetland pony and a plush suit for Clarence, and is now "one of the county." Clarence badly needs his head smacked; or, failing that, to play with a Cub, and catch a bit of the right spirit. Would Danny's mother let him go to Meadthorpe Court for the Christmas holidays as a companion for Clarence? Can assure plenty of jollifications.

Danny not frightfully keen, but agrees to go as a good turn.

Clarence even worse than he had imagined; and Clarence's fond mamma . . . !!!

Big house, great fun. Danny tries to teach Clarence to slide on the parquet floor of hall. Clarence falls down and hurts himself, and then tells on Danny and gets him into trouble. Same *re* tobogganng down great flight of stairs on a tea-tray.

Danny, in shorts and a white sweater, is looked down on by Clarence in his beautiful attire.

Boys go out riding: Clarence afraid to be let off leading rein. Very cross because Danny canters rather large pony over the fields. Never will try and learn to do things—but always jealous because other people *can*. Hopeless case. Danny tries games—make-believe; dressing-up; telling stories. Nothing will get Clarence interested in ideas of Cubbing. Danny tells his own detective adventures, and Clarence pooh-poohs them, and tells him not to tell lies.

Heavy fall of snow—Danny delighted. Clarence has to be buttoned into gaiters and gloves before allowed out. Cries when Danny snowballs him. So Danny falls back on making a snow fort, at side of house in front of servants' quarters.

Clarence tired of digging, so they go for a walk.

As they go along a path on outskirts of estate, they see a man standing by stile. He has astrakhan collar to his coat, patent leather boots, and a waxed moustache! Danny distrusts the look of him at once. Clarence says what cheek of the man to trespass,

Stranger smiles at Clarence in a strange, unreal sort of way, and says, "Good-morning, Clarence. What a lucky boy you are to live on this magnificent estate! Why, your father must be one of the richest men in the county!"

Clarence purrs. Stranger goes on: "How nicely you ride your pony—I saw you out yesterday. Soon be taking to hunting, eh?"

Clarence begins to explain about the horses and motor-cars that belong to his father. Danny nudges his elbow, and whispers, "Come on." But Clarence is enjoying himself.

Stranger.—"And I hear you're having a splendid New Year's Eve party to-morrow."

Clarence.—"Yes. It's the biggest party anyone is having. We have invited a hundred children. There will be a giant Christmas-tree in the hall, with presents for everybody—and all the servants. We have twelve servants in the house and six outdoors, you know. They all come in, and stand one end of the room, and have presents."

Stranger is duly impressed, and says, "Well, I'm looking forward to it very much: I'm bringing my little niece. Very kind of your mother to have sent us an invitation. I'm specially looking forward to seeing your ma in her diamonds: I hear there's no jewels in the county to touch 'em."

Clarence (with scorn).—"She doesn't wear her diamonds at a children's party! She only puts them on for grown-up dinners and dances."

Stranger.—"Oh, I see. What a worry it must be for your dad, her having such valuable jewels. Isn't he afraid of them being stolen?"

Clarence.—"No, of course not. He keeps them in the safe—a big steel cupboard in the butler's pantry, where the silver spoons and forks are kept."

Stranger.—"Ah, I might have guessed your dad was a careful man. I suppose he carries the key with him everywhere."

Clarence.—"No, the butler carries it. He used to have it in his pocket, but ma said it might get lost. So now he has it on a little thin chain, round his neck, under his clothes."

Stranger.—"Very wise, very wise. Ah, well, now I must be going. Looking forward to the party to-morrow. Bye-bye." (Goes off, picking his way through the snow on his little patent leather feet.)

Danny tells Clarence off for talking like that to strangers—he

had been whispering, "Pack it up—come along," all the time. Says for all Clarence knows, man may be a burglar getting information.

Clarence indignant—as if his ma would send an invitation to a thief! Danny gives up hope of finding a spark of intelligence in Clarence; but turns over the morning's conversation in his mind. Feels very suspicious.

Next day. Guests are arriving. Danny stations himself near front door. Sees stranger with waxed moustache arrive in a taxi, get out, go to gentlemen's cloakroom, and then hang about, until a small girl arrives, with her nurse carrying small brother. Stranger takes little girl's hand, though she tries to pull away, and goes into crowded hall, murmuring a name to butler, and shaking hands with hostess, who is receiving guests. Once past hostess lets go of little girl, and mingles with crowd.

Danny follows him everywhere, and has tea near him. Then comes the Christmas-tree. Blaze of lights, ornaments, and presents. Guests crowding round; servants come in, in long line, and stand along one side of hall. Danny keeps close to stranger. Presently sees him stealthily pushing his way through crowd. Tries to follow him, but gets caught by a tiresome lady, who wants him to help her get a present off the tree. Does so, but keeping an eye on man from far. Sees him go up to butler and touch him on shoulder, saying something to him in low voice. Butler starts; nods his head; starts towards door, man following. Danny struggles to follow, but again gets hung up by people. At last is out of door, and in empty hall, with heat, and noise, and glitter left behind in dance-room.

Makes straight for heavy swing door that leads to servants' quarters. Goes through. All is still—not a soul about. Tries door of butler's pantry—bolted on inside. Smells strange, strong smell coming from beneath it—reminds him of having an operation in hospital—chloroform! Puts his eye to keyhole. Can see butler lying on floor, large silk handkerchief tied round his nose and mouth, his shirt-front torn open—broken chain lying across it. Sound from side of room by door, which can't be seen—someone at the safe.

Danny rushes back into dance-room calling, "Help, help—a burglar in the pantry—butler lying unconscious."

Master of house and crowd of men-guests rush out. Burst door of pantry open. Safe stands wide open—master gives one

glance, and cries, "The diamonds are gone!" High window of pantry stands open. Butler lies unconscious on floor.

Men turn from doorway and rush out into garden through side door—scatter, along the various drives, making for the gates.

Danny stays behind, and takes handkerchief from butler's face. Runs and gets help. One of the guests is a lady doctor. Comes and takes over.

Danny now free to follow burglar. Says to himself, "Silly asses—to think they can catch him like that!" Goes upstairs and fetches flash-lamp—from master's bedroom. Works his way round outside of house, walking silently on fresh fall of snow, till comes to pantry window. Turns on light cautiously. Yes, there are two heavy footprints where man has jumped from window. Danny shines lamp ahead for a second, and sees direction of tracks—then follows—feeling for them with his hands in the dark. Suddenly they come to an end. Danny flashes on light for a moment—yes, no more tracks. Then he sees what has happened—the fort he and Clarence made is a yard ahead. Man must have leapt into it!

Danny goes softly round wall of fort on hands and knees—*no tracks lead away from fort*—man must be inside.

About to creep away when voice whispers, "Stay where you are—don't move an inch—or I fire." Sees dark form against snow—hand up as if pointing revolver. Danny sure man *wouldn't* fire, because it would attract attention of everybody to his whereabouts: would be safe to make a run for it. But if he did that, man would probably take the opportunity of getting out of fort, and making a dash for freedom, and, being so dark, would probably escape. Better stay and keep watch—his Cub duty.

Rotten, sitting in the snow, quite near burglar. What if he jumps out and attacks? No, wouldn't dare—because Danny's shout would bring people. Moments drag by—what's to be done?

Danny has idea. Sits down with his back to man. Unbuttons his overcoat, and holds electric flash-lamp against his chest, so that if turned on man won't see: coat on each side will prevent light showing: points it upwards a little so as not to reflect on snow. Waits.

Presently sounds of visitors arriving back towards house, after fruitless search. As soon as come to clear space and can see, Danny starts flashing lamp . . . - - - . . . (S.O.S.). Goes on repeatedly. Wonders if man behind can see; and if so what

he will do? But "Cub does not give in to himself"—duty first. Sound of men's voices: "Hullo! Did you see? S.O.S." Start running across the snow towards Danny. •Man guesses what has happened. Makes angry exclamation under his breath, and jumps out of fort, running towards wood. Danny at once gives chase, shining lamp on running figure, and shouting to men behind, "This way—this way—it's the burglar." Into wood—Danny follows—light and voice guiding men. They catch up. Stranger bad at running, and doesn't know wood—gets among holly bushes—can't proceed. Turns, at bay. Doesn't try and shoot—outnumbered—no use adding murder to his crimes. Men tie his hands behind him with own muffler. Search pockets. Find revolver. Loaded. Press muzzle to his back and tell him to walk quietly back to house. •Does so. Taken in by back door. Mr Buggins fetched. Man searched. Case of diamonds found on him. Shut up. Police (who have been telephoned for) arrive, and arrest him.

Meanwhile, Mr Buggins announces to party in hall that all is well—man caught—diamonds recovered—and all due to smart action of Cub, who first gave alarm; then saved butler's life; tracked down man; signalled for help; kept burglar in sight.

Everyone cheers, and says Cubbing must be jolly good training. Even Clarence is impressed.

Next day Clarence asks his father to let him be a Cub. Danny gives all particulars. Mr Buggins promises a hut in his garden, and orders from Headquarters a Wolf Cubs' Handbook and complete set of Cub uniform, most expensive quality stocked.

Clarence's godfather comes to stay—very pleased at Danny's success in converting Clarence. Takes boys out; calls on young man of his acquaintance in village; he promises to be Cubmaster.

Eleven other small boys collected together—nice little Pack started. Danny stays all the rest of holidays, enjoying himself teaching new Cubs, and training Clarence between whiles in not giving into himself. Clarence's ambition to be become a detective! Becomes quite a good Cub; and a new Pack is added to the Brotherhood of Scouts.

• THE CHOICE

A Sixer, out one summer afternoon searching along hedge-rows for a rabbit's skull for Cub museum. While thus occupied, hears in distance laughter, and, wondering what may be on, he

makes in the direction from which sound is coming, suddenly catching the smell of tobacco smoke carried to him by the breeze. Stealthily he creeps along, till he spies two rough-looking boys of his own size seated on a stile smoking cigarettes—one of them having a bird in his hands, and teasing it with the smoke. Sixer goes up and tells them to let the poor creature go, but they tell him to clear off and mind his own business. Sixer sets about them, and in the struggle the bird escapes, but he gets a rough time. Eventually the two boys bolt, and the Sixer goes on with his search for the skull, determined to look out for those boys. He meets one shortly after, and tells him he can either take a good licking, or come with him to Cub room—he chooses the latter. So this boy became a Wolf Cub, and soon became a real good boy. He becomes a Sixer, and when his Six wins the totem pole one quarter, he asks Cubmaster if he may take it to show his mother, to which Cubmaster agrees. On his way home he hears awful yelling, and sees a boy running towards him, closely pursued by a dog. Grasping the totem pole with both hands, the Sixer faces the dog, which he keeps off with the pole, until it gives up and clears off. Sixer then turns and recognises his one-time chum, who has now learnt a lesson. The Sixer persuades him to join the Pack, and proudly takes him and the scarred totem pole to the next Cub meeting.

SFBOYGO.

THE TWO P.'S

(Twin Cubs, Peter and Paddy Murphy, exactly alike—red hair, bad stammer)

Peter hears Mrs Williams of Hazel Hall has lost a dog—decides to find. Paddy in bed with cold. Goes to Hall—hears description. White hair, rough, left front foot only three claws. Hunts about. No clues. Afternoon sent by mother to farm—lane muddy, follows dog tracks—notices left front foot three claws. Hole in hedge—tracks disappear. No signs in field, hunts round edge, by rabbit-holes, just giving up, when tuft white hair on briar. Searches on—hurrah! paw tracks by rabbit-hole, loose earth. Ear to ground—sure hears whine. Runs to farm, gives message, asks for spade. Farmer's youth comes too, digs little, 't'en too hot for work. Why fuss?—only dog. Peter ~~won~~^{mp} on, tired out, coat off, waistcoat off. Will not give in. Whines nearer—leaves spade, uses hands.

Ground heaves, seizes stump, pulls—dog's tail! Dog and boy both exhausted—both black. Dog can't walk. Peter staggers to Hall with him. Maid won't let in—too dirty. • Mrs Williams hears—runs out—clasps in arms. Thanks Peter, will fetch ten shillings reward. "No, thanks, a Cub, don't want money for good turn." Mrs Williams asks name. "P-p-p-peter"—runs off before she can give reward.

Mr Williams comes in. Mrs Williams tells—decide to find Peter and give ten shillings for Pack funds—only know what look like, and Christian name.

Next day, Paddy in town meets Mr Williams, asks name. "P-p-p-p—" Guesses rest, thanks on behalf of wife. "B-but I h-haven't d-d-done—" Mr Williams thinks being modest. Gives ten shillings for Pack funds as will not take himself, jumps on bike and off.

Peter, in another shop, meets Mrs Williams. "Peter, been looking for you. Ten shillings for Pack funds, as you will not take—" Gives, won't wait for thanks.

Mr and Mrs Williams meet, each tell, think each given same boy. Disgusted—a scoundrel. Call at Pack Headquarters to tell Cubmaster. Cubmaster calls for two P.'s. Mr and Mrs Williams think seeing double. Apologise for thinking a Cub dishonourable. Become interested in Pack, offer to lend farm barns and field for summer camp.

E. H. S.

HOW JOCK EARNED HIS LICENCE

Cub Reg Clarke hugging big yellowish-brown mongrel named Jock. Trying to hide tears. Reg had rescued the starving stray pup a year ago. Devoted pals. Last night together. Reg and invalid widowed mother cannot afford licence. No one to pay. Police-constable has called several times for money. Threatens summons. Jock to be taken next day to farm three miles away. Jock seems to know something wrong, whimpers, stays close to Reg. Next day Reg sets out with him. Half-way, near a little brook, Jock rushes on, barking. Reg arrives at water breathless. Sees little Myrtle, Squire's daughter, clinging to branch of tree in water, held up by Jock. Bridge had given way. Reg and Jock pull her out. Reg goes to Manor House and tells Squire, who comes at once in a car, and takes all three back to Manor House. Offers Reg a pound. Reg retires the money. Says he is a Cub. Cubs do not take money for good turns. Then remembers

Jock and the approaching parting, and says: "Please, sir, Jock really saved Miss Myrtle. Will you give him seven and sixpence to pay his licence, as he is not a Cub?" Squire produces three half-crowns, and gives them to Jock, who is used to carrying things in his mouth. Wags his stump of a tail to say "Thank you." Reg ties money in handkerchief, and lets Jock carry it himself to police-station. Squire promises to pay it every year as long as Jock lives. Then they go home together in triumph.

E. M. C.

CUB ROLPH MAKES A FRIEND

George Rolph, a Cub of eleven, son of a sailor, playing on sea-shore, building boat of sand. Mother calls him to tea. Goes at once. After tea, allowed to play again on shore for an hour. Goes on with boat. Anxious to finish before tide comes in. Finds leather note-case dropped on sand. Inside it is a ten-shilling note. Also a letter addressed to Mr Harry Dale, 6 Ivy Road. Thinks "finding's keeping." Remembers Akela teaches Cubs to give up at once anything found. Thinks he will finish boat and take case back to-morrow. Why give up playtime? Goes on playing. Remembers Cub Law. (*Repeat same.*) Waves, horses on road, everything seem to keep on repeating Law. Thinks, "Akela not here, she won't know when I found it. To-morrow will do." Then thinks, "Must keep Law even when Akela not here. Perhaps ten shillings all the man had." Leaves his boat unfinished. Goes to address on letter. Asks for Mr Harry Dale. Shown into room where jolly schoolboy of fifteen is. Asks if his father, Mr Harry Dale, is in. "I am Harry Dale; my father is at sea." George gives him case. Harry delighted. Had saved ten shillings for mother's birthday present—her birthday to-morrow! Case given him by father before he sailed last time. Finds George loves boats and rowing, but too poor. Promises to be his friend and take him out often in his own boat. Rolph has many jolly adventures, and Harry joins the Troop.

E. M. C.

THE PAIR OF CRUTCHES

Very poor Wolf Cub, friend Tommy, belonging to —— Pack, hears with delight that ~~is~~ ^{is} going to camp in summer, but as parents cannot afford, determines to earn and ~~save~~ money.

Cleans old bikes, turns over gardens, begs boxes and breaks up and sells for firewood. (*Can describe Cub making money and life with Pack.*) Camp-time approaches. Cub when out one day down back alley hears child crying. Enters dark room devoid of furniture, and on old bed in corner finds little boy of own age, but a cripple, who tells him that he hasn't been able to walk for over two years, and how his mother promised that for his birthday he should have pair of crutches. Birthday next Saturday, but mother been ill and money gone, and rent owing. Tells how he'd love to get out and see the trees and flowers, and get out of dark alley into park and lanes and pick flowers to make room brighter.

Tommy goes home very thoughtful. Can't forget the crippled boy. Thinks that he can play football, cricket, run, jump; swim, and go into lanes round home. Decides to send money for boy's crutches instead of camp. Sends money with no name.

A week later calls and finds crippled boy wild with delight. Has got crutches. Two boys become great pals, and go into woods and lanes together.

At Cub meeting Cubmaster takes names of boys intending go to camp, and is surprised when learns that Cub Tommy isn't going. Tommy cannot explain. Says he couldn't save. Cubmaster can't understand. One day Cubmaster sees Tommy out with cripple and makes friends with him. Visits house of crippled boy, learns about mysterious present of money for crutches. Suspects then true reason for Tommy not going to camp. Visits him; tells him he knows all. Cub Tommy confesses. Cubs declare Tommy must go to camp. Old gentleman hears about it, and insists on Tommy and crippled boy both going to camp at his expense, and is so impressed by story that grows interested in Cubs, and lets them have his stables as Headquarters, and always helps the Cubs and Scouts.

M. P.

THE "SAVE" JACK MADE

Ted Brown, Sixer of the Black Six, and his Second, going to take a message-stick from Akela to the Commissioner. They wait in Akela's house, their bicycles standing outside against the rails. Ted, gazing out of the window, sees a boy playing about with the bikes. Has let the air out of tyres of one. Goes out to him, but the boy runs away. Ted gives chase, but the boy is too fast for him, so he returns, and when he and his Second

go with the message-stick, talks about the boy. He is well known as a rough boy in the village, and always up to some mischief. Ted thinks it might do him good if he was in the Pack, and he is inclined to try and get hold of him.

Ted is captain of the Pack Football Team, which is one of the best in the Wolf Cub Football League. There is only one Pack they fear, and, to get into trim for the big match, propose a practice game with the village boys. A team is made up to play the Pack, and when they meet on the field, there in the village forwards stands the boy Ted wants to get hold of. It is a hard match, and the boy who let the bicycle tyres down is at any rate an excellent player, and gives the Cubs a hot time. The Pack team wins, but as soon as the game is over the boy is gone, before Ted could get near him. Akela has acted as referee, and he mentions the boy's excellent play to the Sixers. Ted tells him he should like to get him into the Pack, as he might turn out a rattling good Cub. Akela willing to give him a chance, so Ted decides to look out for him.

Ted wanted some leaves to take to Cub meeting, so one Sunday he goes for a stroll, after dinner, to search for different kinds. Walking along a hedge-side he comes to a stile, and a little bridge over a brook. As he steps on the bridge a boy came on to it, the other end.

"Just the chap I'm looking for," said Ted. "You're one of the best football kids I've seen."

In a few minutes the two were sitting by the brook-side, talking over the match they had played, and then Ted tells him about the Cub Pack, the games they play, and soon the boy wishes he was in the Pack. He is sorry for the foolish trick he played when he saw the bikes outside the rails, and he promises to turn up at the next Cub meeting. So the two boys walked home together. At the next meeting Jack Grey is placed on probation.

It is the end of the football season, and the last match has come. The Cubs were confident of victory, for Ted Brown and Jack Grey were both picked for the forward line. The visitors have arrived, and some time is spent in friendly chatting and playing. Three minutes to time, and the teams separate and go on the field, waiting for the toss.

"Jack Grey hasn't turned up—young Jim Taylor is reserve, and he'll have to play—~~Jack~~ Jack will be here in a minute."

The whistle blows, ~~Jack~~ Jack hasn't appeared, and the game begins. The home team breaks through the visitors' and Ted

Brown scores. Then, after a lot of hard work, the visitors score. Half-time blows, with the score one-one.

"If Jack hadn't let us down we should have had two or three by now," says Ted quietly to his Second.

The whistle blows, and the game begins again in earnest. Several good shots were made on both sides, but no goals scored, but towards the end of the match the visitors were pressing hard. "Corner!" and two minutes to go. Every boy watches eagerly, the whistle blows, and the corner is taken. Right in front of the goal-mouth. What a scuffle, as defenders and attackers press in! Someone kicks the ball out a few feet, to side; the goalkeeper rushes out to grab it, but one of the visitors kicks it from under him and he slips over. Open goal! Like a flash Ted Brown is there, runs with the ball, beats his man, and kicks it up the field as the whistle blows.

"Well saved, Ted," shout his Cubs.

The Packs have tea together in a barn, and then Ted makes his way home.

"Pity Jack let us down," he thinks. "I don't think the Cubs will want him in the Pack after this."

The house was silent when Ted got home—no one about. Where could his mother be? He heard sound of someone talking upstairs, so he crept up, and peeped in one room. There stood father and mother and the doctor, while in bed lies his little sister. Quietly Ted enters and goes to his mother.

"What's the matter, mother?"

"Hilda has been nearly drowned, Ted. She would have been, but for a little boy who jumped into the river and managed to get her to the bank. He couldn't get her out, so he clung on, with her, half out of the water, and shouted till someone came and rescued them. He's in the next room, and doctor says he'll be all right in a day or two if he's kept warm. His mother's with him now."

Ted crept along, and peeped in, and he knew that Jack Grey had made a better "save" than he had that day.

SHEBOYGO.

BOB AND BUSTER

Between the Chiltern Hills, far from main roads, and where the Great Western trains can only be heard on a still day, lies a little village, well wooded, and old-fashioned. In one of the cottages lives an old man and his wife—quiet and secluded.

People in the village think this old couple are lonely, but really they have many friends. The house is surrounded by a big garden, grassy banks, and a small plantation joins the garden. On one side is a high hedge, and round the garden, forming its boundary, runs a brook. Many are the inhabitants of this garden—some wear feathers, some fur, but all are happy together, and know the old couple in the house are their friends. Crumbs thrown out of mornings, and warmed up scraps too, in the winter.

One day no smoke comes from chimney—no scraps thrown out. The old man has gone to his rest. The wild creatures miss their friends, and are sad, for they love humans, especially kind ones. Time goes on, and then one morning little sparrow sees smoke curling up from the chimney. Flies away in haste to tell all the garden dwellers that someone has come to live with them again. The sun has risen, and the birds sing merrily, for they are glad that someone has come to live with them, and feel sure now of food in the hard months.

Out into the sunshine come two boys, strong, hardy lads of ten and eleven summers, both dressed up as Indians, and with spears in hand. "I say, Buster," says one, "this is a fine place. Look, there's our river, and forest too. What times we shall have!" A squirrel bounds away to break the news. The two boys walk down the garden path—a lizard darts across in front of them. On they go, along by the brook, past the old pigsty, down a slope, and then up into the plantation. Birds sing in the bushes fearlessly. "We shall have good hunting," says the older boy; "let's follow the brook to the end of the plantation." As they creep along, spy a rat sitting at the edge of the water, drinking. Buster picks up a stone, takes careful aim, and the next moment there is a squeal as the rat topples into the stream. "Good shot," says Bob, as the poor creature sinks, leaving a patch of red on the top of the water. The first blow has been struck, and a little, prickly chap creeps up the hedge-side to tell his family what he has seen. The news soon spreads among wild creatures, and they feel that a change has come over their garden.

Buster and Bob build a hut in the plantation with sticks, and grass, etc. See them throw out crumbs. Perhaps they want to make friends now. A robin comes boldly down, and—snap! he is struggling on the ground. "That's got him," says Bob, as they run from their hut. The robin lay with his leg broken.

"Puss!" shouts one of the boys, and a moment or two later, in the jaws of a cat, the robin's misery is ended. But a jay up in a tree has seen all, and talks loudly about it to the dwellers in the plantation. Others were to suffer as well as the birds. "Here's a bumble-bee's nest," says Buster. Gets a stick and beats ground around the hole. A bumble-bee crawls out, humming loudly, and rises in front of them. Bob hits it down with his cap, and then they carry the unfortunate little creature out into the sunshine. Buster has a magnifying-glass in his pocket. Holds it over the bee, with the sun shining on the glass, laughing to see the dazed insect kicking. The next day an unlucky newt drags himself into the stream, bleeding from where his tail has been, to tell the dwellers in the brook of the cruelty of the boys. They think this is the way to play at Indians! So the war goes on, and there is not a creature in the garden but has learned to dread the boys. As they walk in the plantation the birds flee to the highest branches, and the reptiles and other little creatures bolt.

"We shall have to make catapults," says Buster. So catapults are made, and the two boys practise.

One afternoon, creeping through the "keck" (cow parsley), they spy a blackbird in the hedge. "Now, Buster, see me shoot." Ping! and the blackbird falls to the ditch. "Hurray! We'll hang him up in the garden, Bob," and the little villains carry the still warm body and hang in the garden, as a trophy. There the other creatures see it, and many leave the garden for safety.

Buster and Bob get up one morning to find Mother has gone. "Your poor Aunt Etel has died," Dad tells them later. Mother returns a few days afterwards, bringing with her a little fellow about eight years old. "This is your Cousin Rupert," says Mother, "and we're going to make him one of the family. You must look after him, and take him round the garden." Little Rupert is shy of these wild-looking boys, but he soon makes friends. When he unpacks his kit, they see a jersey with badges on it. "What's that?" says Buster. "My Cub jersey. I'm a Wolf Cub. I joined the Pack a few months ago. I'm so sorry I've had to leave it, but my Cubmaster told me to go on being a Cub, and do my good turn every day, and if I could, to join a Pack here." Tells his cousins about Cubbing, but they have never heard of Wolf Cubs, and make fun of Cubbing.

"We play at Indians," says Buster; "and we'll fit you up with some clothes, and bow and arrows."

Rupert is delighted. "I know what we'll shoot at," he says. "I've got a big toy tiger called Sherekhan."

The brothers laugh. "We don't play baby games; we shoot at whatever we can get near. We're real hunters."

Hunting expedition. Rupert not very keen, but goes with them. See a pigeon in a tree. Buster draws his catapult. Rupert grabs his arm. "Please, Buster, don't hurt him." Buster tells Rupert to go back indoors, and do some sewing! Ping!—the pigeon crashes to the ground. Rupert turns away, sick of the sight, and goes off on his own. Throws himself down on a grassy bank, feeling miserable, and wishing he was big enough to fight Buster and put a stop to the cruelty. Adds a petition to his daily prayers—"Please make Buster and Bob different, and stop 'em being cruel. Amen."

Next day, as they are along the plantation, Buster sees a bird in the hedge. "Look, Bob, there's a thrush. I bet I'll hit him first shot." Lets fly, but as he does so, Rupert emerges from behind a tree. Falls to the ground. "Oh, Buster, you've hit him," shouts Bob. Buster turns pale, and then turns and runs off. Bob goes to his little cousin. The pale face is turned to the sky, and a little red stream trickles down his forehead. Bob fetches water from the brook and bathes his head, and ties him up with handkerchief. Rupert looks at him. "I'm sorry Buster hit you, Rupert," Bob begins. "I'm not," says Rupert. "You're not! Why?" "Cos he meant to hit my thrush." The words sank into Bob's heart. Hadn't thought, before, of making friends with the birds. After all, perhaps more fun than killing them.

When the first autumn winds begin to blow, little Rupert has grown quite a lot. He has tried hard to carry out his Cub Law and Promise, and really, although he has a tender heart, he is not a coward. Bob has begun to like him, and would go over to him entirely, but he is afraid of Buster. They are playing in the plantation, among the falling leaves, when Buster shouts, "Come here, Bob, I've found a hedgehog." Bob goes to see. There it lay, in a crack in the ground, curled up, asleep, and smothered with dead leaves, which hung to its quills. "What shall we do with him, Bob?" "Please don't hurt him, Buster," says Rupert; "he's asleep." "Then we'll jolly soon wake him." Bob is for leaving it alone, but Buster makes fun of him, saying

he is getting as big a baby as Rupert. Drags the hedgehog from its nest. Rupert darts forward and tries to stop him. Hits him hard, but Buster pushes him over, and goes off, taking the hedgehog with him. Rupert leans against a tree, very sad, for he is not strong enough to defend the poor little animal. As for Bob, he looks first at Rupert, then towards his brother, not knowing what to do. Finally he goes across to his little cousin, and puts his arm round him. "Never mind, Rupert, I'm going to be your pal, and we'll play together." So Rupert wins his first victory.

Winter has come. The three boys are sliding on a pond. They hear a dog barking and yelling. Run to see what is happening. Man holding dog by collar, and thrashing it. Bicycle lying on road. Buster and Bob stand, watching, but little Rupert throws himself over the little dog. Several blows descend on his shoulder. Another man comes on the scene, and asks what's the matter. Sees the little fellow and the dog. The man says that the dog fetched him off his bike. Other man threatens to give him a thrashing, and the man with bike makes off. The newcomer stoops down. "Has he hurt you, youngster?" "Not much, sir." "Well, you're a brick. Here, take this." "Thank you very much, sir, but I'm a Wolf Cub, and I only did my good turn." The man is very pleased with the boy, and promises that if he can ever do him a "good turn" he will. When Rupert is stripped to the waist, washing, Buster sees several purple marks across his shoulder and arm. He goes quietly to his cousin, and tells him how sorry he is for the way he has treated him, and promises to give up being cruel to the animals. How pleased is little Rupert! So much so, he forgets about his arm.

So once more the birds and beasts in that garden were able to live in peace, and they became friends with the boys.

One day Rupert says to his cousins: "I've got a fine idea; come out with me to-night." They wonder whatever is on, and, when night comes, he takes them through the village. They stop at a house. Rupert asks to see "Mr Robinson," and they are then invited in. Then Buster sees the man who had talked to Rupert when he protected the dog. The man is pleased to see Rupert again, and asks what he wishes to see him for. "Please, sir, I've come to ask if you'll start a Cub Pack, and let my cousins and me join." The man knows something about Scouts and

Cubs, but not a great deal, but he cannot refuse such an appeal. So it is that not long after yet another Wolf Cub Pack comes into existence, and little Rupert is delighted to see his cousins doing their best to keep the Cub Law and Promise.

SHEBOYGO.

RODEO, OR BREAKERS OF THE CUB LAW

Good Pack of Cubs in camp. Lady Cubmaster takes them out for jolly day exploring woods and paddling in stream. Day spoilt for her by two big Cubs who always do the thing that is mischievous, and even when told not to, don't give in quick. She has to watch out all the time—spoils all her fun. Hates saying "don't."

On way home, pass field full of cows, with two Shetland ponies grazing among them. Boys offer bread, and ponies come up and nibble, and let themselves be stroked. Cubs sitting on fence: talk about riding. "Wish we had ponies. Miss, may we get on them?" "No." One of the disobedient ones climbs quickly from fence on to pony's back. All laugh. Akela looks sad. "I thought I said 'No'?" "But such fun, Miss! We could play rodeo with the cows!"

Akela.—"It would be very cruel. Very bad for cows to be chased; sometimes makes so ill, they die."

Pony starts jumping about; Cub slips off and over fence again.

Akela (very quietly).—"I'm afraid next time Philip and George will have to stay behind in camp with Baloo. It has spoilt the day for me, anyhow, and perhaps for you others, having to hear them be scolded so often."

Sixers (in chorus).—"Yes, it has. Leave 'em behind next time."

Philip and George walk home in sulks.

Their Sixer: "Now you're breaking the other Law, and giving in to yourselves."

Philip and George then lag far behind, and make a plot.

Next day. Game of cricket. Philip gets out, l.b.w. Argues and says it isn't fair; throws down his bat in temper. Shouts to George, who's fielding, "Come on, George—leave this lot of cheats to their own dirty game." They both run off.

Fetch trek-cart ropes, that they aren't allowed to have, and start off along lane (out of bounds, except leave granted). Reach field. Climb fence. Call ponies. Give them bit of bread

taken from store. Climb on ponies' backs—give yell—whack with ropes, and off go ponies round field. Cubs cling on to long manes and grip with knees. Shout, "We're cowboys!" and wave trek-cart ropes. Ponies frightened. Rush in all among cows. Cows terrified. Tails up, and all start tearing round field, jostling each other. Cubs yell the more, and let out with ropes. One cow runs into barbed-wire fence, and gets nasty wound on shoulder. Ponies galloping wildly—Cubs very frightened now, but can't stop them. One kicks, and Philip flies over his head: George, in terror, falls off sideways. Both stand up, and find themselves face to face with furious farmer and his son.

"Aha, I always said them Scouts was rogues and scoundrels pretendin' to be young angels, with all their precious talk o' good deeds an' all. Now I knows. Take that—and *that*—and *that*." (Yells from George, as farmer's switch cuts across his back. Farmer's son holds Philip, bent over in convenient position. Gets his tanning too, and howls like a baby. Farmer swears a lot.) "My best Jersey's shoulder ripped open the day before cattle show!" (*Nearly sobs with rage*) "All my best milkers run till they're in a fair sweat—nothing's too bad for you, you young limbs of Satan. I'll give you a lesson you won't forget in a hurry, nor your bloomin' lady-officer neither." (Farmer and son each pick up one howling Cub, and carry them across two fields to a big black barn. Put them in and lock door.)

Cubs lie and blub for some time, feeling very sore. Then get up, and look round for way of escape. Strong door firmly locked; no window, except little door among rafters twenty-five feet up. Give up trying, and lie on straw miserably silent, and wishing they hadn't broken Cub Law. Only thing to do, wait till farmer lets them out.

Hour after hour passes. At last get very hungry. Start shouting for help. Shout till they are hoarse and tired. Must be tea-time. Feel faint with hunger. See the glow of sunset. What must Akela think?—probably hunting all round countryside for them. Poor Akela! Does farmer mean to leave them all night? Sounded as if he did. Ugh!—all alone—pitch dark—rats. George starts crying.

Philip.—"After all, we *are* Cubs. Don't give in to yourself. Let's *make* a way out."

George dries his tears, and they look round. Try and smash boards with big stones—no use. "If we could reach the little

door up there, perhaps signal to someone, or find way to climb down outside."

Find old bit of iron and wrench a lot of long nails out of big packing-case. Nail bits of wood on to wall, like steps of ladder. Climb on these and nail more on, higher. Philip, at last, up at window! Dusk by now. Shouts and waves. Not a soul about. Looks down: ground seems a long way below: impossible to jump. Nothing to climb by. George comes up too. Desperate. They *must* get down. *Make a rope?*

Descend, and look about. Find a piece of cord five feet long. Join their four stockings together and tie to cord. Still too short. Twist neckers together and tie on. Braces added. Still too short: afraid to drop too far, and break legs. Take off shirts—tear in strips—twist into rope, join on. Still too short. Take Cub jerseys: tie together by sleeves. Climb up, and fix improvised rope to window. Very frightened—nearly dark—"A Cub does not give in to himself." Slide down, and reach ground. Only shorts on—bare from waist up: have to hold shorts up—no braces. Start miserably for camp.

See glow of camp-fire: creep up outside hedge and look over. Cubs sitting round fire, alone—Sixer in charge.

1st Cub.—"Poor Akela—she looked dead-tired when she came in: hadn't had no dinner nor no tea."

2nd Cub.—"Well, I made her a fine cup o' tea, anyhow."

3rd Cub.—"Wisht she hadn't gone out again. It's their own silly faults if they're lost. They're always rotters—serves 'em right."

Sixer.—"Akela isn't like that. Said she minds just as much if they're lost or in danger as if it was the two *best* Cubs in our Pack."

4th Cub.—"Bet their mothers won't half shout when they hear. Poor Baloo—it's her they'll shout at for bringing the news."

5th Cub.—"Spoilt our camp-fire an' all. I wasn't half longing to hear that story. Haven't no heart to sing, with Akela not there, and thinking of her wandering about in the woods and fields."

6th Cub.—"D'you think they're drownded?"

Sixer.—"No; I'dare say they're hiding, and doing it all just to be a beastly nuisance. If they are, I'm going to give them the biggest tanning they've ever had."

George and Philip crawl away, and look at each other miserably. "What shall we do?"

George.—"Wait here till Akela comes back—she won't let them tan us or shout."

Philip.—"I'm cold." (*Nearly weeps.*) "Let's go in our tent."

George.—"Yes—and get caught there by Jack! I tell you, he can't half hit you when he likes. They're all against us."

Philip.—"Then let's go in Akela's tent—they won't find us there."

Creep off, and get into Akela's tent, and wrap themselves in her blankets.

Before long Akela returns, white and tired, having put the matter in the hands of the police. Her tent near gate, so goes in on her way to camp-fire. Surprised to find two half-naked, weeping Cubs sitting on her bed with her blankets round them. Quite forgets to scold them because so thankful they are safe. Sits down between them, and hears awful story. Goes and fetches two mugs of hot broth and big chunks of bread.

Sound of two worried mothers arriving. Hear story, and say, must take Cubs home. Very angry. Akela goes in tent and whispers that she forgives them, and they must try and make up by being extra good Cubs all the rest of their lives.

When meetings start again George and Philip are quite different—always trying to please Akela. Very difficult to keep Cub Law, but do try very hard. At last have improved so much that they get stripes as Seconds, and pass their second Stars as well. Great day when both become Sixers—having learnt not to give in to themselves, and to think of other people first. Often look back on the dreadful day when they got tanned and were shut up as prisoners, and when Akela showed how much she cared for them. And they both know that it was on that day that they began to be real Cubs.

BILLY AND THE TWINS

Mrs Gubbins, mother of two terrible twins, commonly known as 'Orace and 'Erbert, hears that her daughter, Liza, has met with a bad accident, and been taken to the hospital, straight from work. Very worried—wants to go to Liza, and yet doesn't like to leave 'Orace and 'Erbert alone in the house with Emyrtrude, the baby. Always get up to mischief. Has sent to ask if Mrs Binks, a neighbour, can come in.

Mrs Binks arrives, saying very sorry, obliged to go to town.

but has brought her nephew, Billy, a Cub, who is spending holidays with her. He will mind her house, and be more useful than *three girls*, and keep the twins in order.

Mrs Gubbins very impressed with Billy's appearance—he is in uniform, a Sixer with lots of badges. Says she will be back by seven, and has left out things for tea. Just as going, sees heavy storm coming on—turns back and tells 'Orace and 'Erbert that if they go out and get themselves struck by lightening she'll get their dad to give them a tanning as they won't forget in a hurry. Goes off with Mrs Binks.

Billy has an awful time, but by running games, telling stories, and showing twins all sorts of Cubby things (e.g. book-balancing and hopping figures), manages to keep them good. Heavy storm comes on—downpour of rain. All have to stay in the house. Twins tease Ermyntrude till she howls. Billy takes her out of high chair on his knee and tries to quieten her. Twins take advantage of his attention being occupied to fetch large jar of jam, and eat it with large spoons. Billy tells them they are greedy little pigs, and if his Cubs broke the Cub Law like that he'd give them a good tanning.

'Orace.—"Ain't broke anything."

'Erbert.—"What's a Cub Law?"

Billy explains: and tells about Akela, and about making the Cub Promise, and doing good turns. Kettle boils, and he makes tea. Table laid, and all about to sit down, when twins look out of the window at the pouring rain and lightning.

'Orace.—"Look—an old man coming in at our gate. He's sheltering in our summer-house!"

'Erbert.—"Blooming cheek."

Billy.—"Well, look how it's raining. Wouldn't you let a poor old man shelter from the rain?"

'Orace.—"I 'spect he's a tramp. Mother says people hadn't ought to be tramps."

Billy.—"No, he's not a tramp. Look, he's got posh clothes. And the rain's all coming in through the roof and making him wet! Poor old man—he's very old. See his white hair. And he's all bent. I expect he's got rheumatism."

'Erbert.—"Billy, if we was Cubs, what would we do?"

Billy.—"You'd ask him in, to shelter from the rain."

'Orace.—"And would we give him any of our tea?"

Billy.—"Yes. You'd do all you could to make him comfortable."

'Erbert (going to door).—“Hi, mister! Come in and shelter.”

Old gentleman comes in—very lame. Billy takes his hat and coat, and 'Orace bustles forward with a mug clutched in both hands. “'Ere, Mister—have a drop o' hot tea: it'll warm up your inside: Billy says you have rheumatics.” Old gent sits down, and they all have tea, during which he asks Billy about his uniform, and what the badges and stripes mean, and what Cubs do. Billy tells him everything—and about camp, and games, and all Cubs do. Twins listen open-mouthed, murmur to each other, “Wisht we was Cubs.” Old gent asks if twins are two of Billy's Pack. He says no, but they are starting to behave like Cubs, and do good turns for others. Twins look pleased and important. Old gent says now it's stopped raining he must go. Offers Billy a tip, which he refuses, of course, to twins' surprise.

When old gent has gone, Billy says now they have seen how nice it is to help other people, what about getting room all tidy as a surprise for their mother. Twins jump at the idea. Billy carries away the tea-things to wash up, and 'Orace sweeps the room and cleans the knives, while 'Erbert peels the spuds for father's supper. As they work they talk.

'Orace.—“Wisht we was Cubs. Let's go down town and join up.”

'Erbert.—“I'm wiv yer. Wouldn't it be posh to have clo'es like 'im?” Tears his collar off, and seizes a yellow duster. “I'm going to have a neckerchief.” 'Erbert gets another duster, and they put them on, and solemnly salute each other with two fingers. Billy comes back and sees that their jobs are done, and all is tidy. Suggests they hide under table, and see how surprised their mother is. And so, as her step is heard, they hide.

She comes in with Mr Gubbins. Great astonishment at tidy room, knives clean, potatoes done, no mischief or mess. “Whoever can it be?”

Twins jump out, shouting, “It's us! It's us!” And they add that they want to be Wolf Cubs.

Mrs Gubbins.—“Let 'em be wolf cubs, or bull pups, or lion whelps, or anything else they likes, if it's going to make them behave so helpful and orderly.” Sits down in his chair, and 'Orace runs up with his pipe and 'Erbert with the matches. Mrs Gubbins starts getting supper.

Knock at door. Billy answers it. A page-boy from the Hall

comes in, and hands a note to Mrs Gubbins, saying that no answer is required. Mrs Gubbins gets the wind up. It's evidently from the landlord: she owes him several months' rent; Eliza ill—dad out of work—and now this is to turn them out of house and home. Weeps into her apron. Opens note, and asks Mr Gubbins to read it out. So he does:

“DEAR MRS GUBBINS,—In gratitude for the kind hospitality afforded me this afternoon by your little boys, I have much pleasure in stating that no rent will be required of you for the rest of the following year.”

Great rejoicing in the Gubbins family; and they all think that there can be nothing like the Cubs for teaching boys what's what, and 'Orace and 'Erbert shall certainly be sent to town to-morrow to join up.

A KNIGHT OF ST GEORGE

Introduction.—Cub, Tim; ordinary boy, Tom; on way home from school, St George's Day. Tom asks why flag flying, etc. Loiters behind.

SCENE I. *The Dragons' Attack*

Enter in turn, with growls and hisses—

- (a) Green Dragon, tempts T. to go to forbidden field.
- (b) Red Dragon, kicks T.'s ball into church, mocks, makes him wear cap.
- (c) Yellow Dragon, scorns Union Jack, makes T. fetch it off flagstaff, commences to eat it.
- (d) Purple Dragon, makes T. upset old woman's basket, steal purse, and frighten little boy.
- (e) Blue Dragon, encourages T. to cry and pity himself.

SCENE II. *Appearance of St George*

T. wishes St George were there, groans from dragons. St George appears, gives swords with words written on to 'I', who cannot pick them up or read words. Enter Cub, reads and uses swords.

SCENE III. *The Dragons Vanquished*

1st *Sword*.—"I promise to be loyal and do my duty to God."—Red Dragon fought and killed.

2nd *Sword*.—"I promise to be loyal and do my duty to the King."—Yellow Dragon fought and killed.

3rd *Sword*.—"I promise to do a good turn," etc.—Purple Dragon fought and killed.

4th *Sword, 5th Sword (buckled together, on buckle)*.—"I promise to keep Law of Wolf Cub Pack."

The Cub gives in, etc.—Green Dragon fought and killed.

The Cub does not, etc.—Blue Dragon fought and killed.

SCENE IV. *St George Again*

T. thanks Cub, runs off to restore purse and flag. St George appears to Tim and knights him.

(*Suitable also for acting*)

E. H. S.

· NEDDY'S "THANK YOU" ·

Farmer, with his little boy and girl (Wolf Cub and Brownie), driving home one summer evening. Overtakes a man with donkey and cart. Man thrashing donkey. Farmer stops and asks the man why he beats donkey. Cub and Brownie have a look round cart, and stroke Nddy. They hear man say he would take a pound for the wretched animal. Farmer tells him to treat the poor thing kindly, and it will be all right. Farmer and children drive home.

Cub and Brownie plan to try and get the donkey. Search out all their toys they can spare, and clean them up, sell them and so raise a pound. Cub had kept the address which was on the cart, and they go to the man and offer him the pound. So surprised he cannot refuse, so they take Nddy home. Farmer hardly knows whether to laugh or be angry. He allows them to keep the donkey. Nddy provides great fun for them, and they take turns in riding him. When haytime came, Cub went into the fields to help his father, and Brownie brought their food out on Nddy's back. The last rick is finished, and the workers return home. Brownie trots round the farm on Nddy, to see the ricks,

and, coming to one at the far end of the fields, climbs on to it from Neddy's back, and reaches the top. Sits gazing all round, till she drops off to sleep. Road runs close by. A man comes along, and sits him down against the rick for a rest. After a while he departs, but a small thin line of smoke crept up the side of the rick. The man had lit his pipe, and carelessly thrown the match down. A puff of wind causes a crackling noise, and a few minutes later the fire had got hold. Brownie slept, but Neddy scented the danger, scrambled about, and then bolted.

Farmer and his wife and the Cub in the house, just wondering why little girl had not returned, when there came a crash on the door. Cub opens it, and there stands Neddy, looking very frightened. Cub calls his father, and, going out into the yard, see the rick on fire in distance. Cub jumps on Neddy's back and away. Reaches burning rick, and tries to climb up, as he sees his sister there. Slips down, but getting on Neddy's back, reaches top, after a struggle. Smoke and heat terrible. Little girl frightened. All one side of rick ablaze. Cub wonders how to get down with his sister, as Neddy has moved away from the rick. Must do something quickly, so decides they must slide down. Just then his father came round the corner, with men, and they catch the children as they slip down. Neddy proudly carries the little girl home, while the men are left to deal with the fire.

SHEBÓYGO.

HOW LAURIE EARNED HIS CAMP

Laurie Downey, Wolf Cub in town Pack, longing to go to summer camp with Pack, but father out of work and several young children to keep.

One day local newsagent says Laurie can take morning papers round, but must be punctual every morning. Laurie goes home, greatly excited, and tells mother, who consents, and says he can keep money he earns for camp.

For some weeks he takes papers round, and gets up at six o'clock every morning, never misses nor is late. He tells his Cubmaster, and takes money each week to her to keep in camp bank for him. Cubmaster very pleased, and tells Pack about it.

Two weeks before camp Laurie's mother seriously ill. He has to give up taking papers and attending Pack meetings, and look after little brothers at home, as father now in work. Father

expects a week's holiday at August, so tells Laurie he will be able to go to camp.

Laurie thinks camp-time will never come. Very excited, first camp ever been to. Gets all things prepared; kind neighbour does sewing for him and mends jersey, also lends him soldier son's kit-bag.

A few days before camp father finds he will have to work all August week, putting in boiler at works while men have holiday. Tells Laurie camp off; mother and children cannot be left all day, as mother still too weak to get up.

"Sorry, old chap," said his father. "It's real hard luck, but if I don't go in I shall lose my job; you had better go round now and tell Miss Moreton you cannot go."

"All right, father," he answered, and rushed upstairs to own room, tears very near. He felt very rebellious. Why should he always have to give up these jolly things? Had to miss Rally because he had no uniform, and the babies had measles when he was invited to the Cubs' Christmas party, so couldn't go; and now camp. Other boys always went; it wasn't fair.

A knock at the front door. Cubmaster to see mother. He heard her go into mother's room with father. When she came out she came straight to Laurie's room. She found him lying on bed, crying.

"Come, Laurie," she said. "This will never do; remember Cub Law. Don't give in like that." Then she sat down and had long talk with him, about duty to mother first, and other things. Before she went he was himself again, and promised to be real Cub and think of others before himself. Unknown to Laurie, Cubmaster finds woman who will look after mother and children during holiday week.

Laurie keeps his promise and tries very hard to be always cheerful, even when all the Cubs are talking about camp and all they will do when there. He minds babies, looks after mother well, and does housework. Cubmaster says he will gain his House Orderly Badge.

Parents very pleased with Laurie's behaviour, and day before camp they tell him of arrangements made, and the ten days Laurie spent in camp were the happiest he could ever remember.

CHAPTER IV

ALL SORTS OF STORIES

THE MAN UNDER THE STAIRS

FAMILY in New Zealand. Mr Harding is reading newspaper. He relates to family how an unconscious Frenchman has been picked up by a schooner and brought to Auckland. He has since disappeared, and now there is a hue and cry about a convict escaped from a French penal settlement in New Caledonia. From descriptions given by the master of the schooner it transpires that the rescued man must have been the convict who had been doing life-sentence for murder. His description is given as a big, pleasant-faced Frenchman, Gaspard Huguet, and Mr Harding thinks he must be a man they all knew and liked in Tahiti years before, when Jack Harding was a tiny baby. All the family think it impossible he should be a murderer, and wish they could do something to help him. Jack all ears, decides he would love to meet Gaspard.

While this is being discussed, a neighbour bustles in asking for keys of an empty house which is to let and which she wishes to inspect. Jack is sent with her to bring back the keys. The house is gloomy and old-fashioned, and Jack prefers to moon about downstairs. Opening a cupboard under the stairs, he finds himself gazing into wild, glaring eyes. They belong to a tall man who is kneeling down. He is very dark, with bushy eyebrows, and there is a long sheath-knife on the floor. Jack is held spellbound by the eyes. From above is heard Mrs Merrill calling Jack to wait for her. Hearing her voice, the man thrusts Jack into cupboard, holds him tight, and places huge hands over his mouth. Mrs Merrill calls again, and Jack is trying to cry out. The man hisses, "*Tais-toi!*" ("Shut up!") The man is French, and in a flash Jack realises he is in the grip of Gaspard Huguet, escaped convict for whom all the police are searching, and from wild beating of man's heart knows he, too, is terribly afraid.

As Jack remembers his father's praise of the man they knew in Tahiti, he is afraid no longer. Mrs Merrill angrily calling him, finally bangs door and departs, thinking Jack has been rude enough to go without her.

The man releases Jack, and is heard wearily wondering what to do with the boy, as he will betray him. Jack speaks up boldly and says, "Oh no, he won't, Monsieur Gaspard. He is not that sort."

In amazement, the Frenchman very puzzled, they smile at each other, and Jack explains how Gaspard has nursed him many a time. He recalls the pleasant days in Tahiti, the good Monsieur Harding and the pretty wife and baby. Jack explains that father still remembers Gaspard and wishes him well. The Frenchman is very much touched. Jack offers to help Gaspard escape, as he could do more than a grown-up, because his comings and goings would not be questioned, and if he were caught it would only be boy's mischief, whereas his parents might get into trouble. Gaspard demurs, but is won over by Jack's determination and belief in his ability to help, also thinks God must have had hand in it, or why should it have been Jack out of all the people in Auckland. Says it is *le bon Dieu*, and agrees to trust Jack. They tell each other about their adventures, and Jack hears all about the prison and the escape and struggles to get on a schooner to America. Gaspard only knowing French is badly handicapped, and dare not risk detection. His great height combined with his French would be enough to give him away. Jack gets through scullery window, goes home. Family think he has been with chum. Doesn't tell family, who also would want to help. They might get into trouble; besides, he wanted this adventure all to himself.

Then followed a really exciting time. Every day takes food to Gaspard, tells him latest news of various clues, over which they laugh, then follows a lesson in English by Jack. One day Jack reads a story, gets splendid idea, buys stuff from chemist to make Gaspard fair instead of dark. He is very amused, but tries the stuff, and it acts. At home, family complain that Jack spends all his time from home. At school, chums complain, he is ignoring them and neglecting games. Thinks this is the best game he has ever played. One boy, Detective Griffiths' son, is very high and mighty, always talking of his father's clues and how he will get Gaspard soon. Jack longs to tick him off and give game away, but doesn't give in to himself. Very aggravating.

After a fortnight of this, one evening Gaspard greets Jack with news that agent has been to house and new tenant is coming in. Jack in despair, but Gaspard says look at him, does he resemble gaunt, unkempt wretch of fortnight *ago*? Is now tall, smiling, fair ~~man~~, decently shaved, and dressed in old suit of Mr Harding's. Not at all like description of hunted man in hands of police. Could go anywhere without risk of detection. Jack remembers a friend of his father, captain of the American barque, *Belle of Honolulu*; has steward down with typhoid. Would Gaspard become a steward? *Ma foi*, could be steward, cook, anything. Says: " *L'audace et encore l'audace et toujours l'audace*," meaning something like " Boldness carries the day."

While Gaspard clears up cupboard, Jack dashes home with school books, gets his money from box and returns. They both walk out of front door. Jack stops to tie bootlace while Gaspard walks on. Jack feels hand on his shoulder, turns round. It is Detective Griffiths. Next-door folk have complained of lights in the empty house. Accuses Jack of trying to frighten people with tricks. Jack denies this. Says only had keys a week or two ago to show Mrs Merrill over the house. Detective says go and get keys. Sudden thought. Empty house would be a good hiding-place for that French scoundrel. Jack very uncomfortable, says is out with friend of father and cannot stop. Detective looks after Gaspard, notices his great height; still thinking of convicts, looks very suspicious, then notices fair hair, says very well, can get keys himself.

Both hurry down to *Belle of Honolulu*, where captain, knowing Jack, agrees to take on Gaspard, thinking father has sent him. Jack makes Gaspard take his savings and they go out to buy kit. Wish each other good-bye, Gaspard calling Jack best friend he ever had. Jack goes home feeling very down in mouth now friend gone. Father waiting with strap because Jack has stayed out during tea-time. Quite forgot tea. Bursts out with all news. Family very glad he has been able to help old friend, would like to have hand in it, perhaps best they did not, but call Jack interfering young jackanapes for presuming to know what is best for parents. Jack dying to tell Mat Griffiths and say what price your father's clues now, but restrains himself.

Later on is able to tell him, because news comes from Gaspard. His family have written him to return home, as young brother Alphonse has died, and on his death-bed confessed to the murder. Being a weakly sort of chap and his mother's idol, Gaspard has

shielded him all these years. French Government now declare him innocent and restore his estates. He goes back to Normandy and is feted by all his old friends. He always writes to Jack and sends him lovely presents—the first was a topping motor bicycle. Says he is coming over to New Zealand for a holiday and have some exciting times, but Jack knows his most thrilling time was when he was doing his good turn to a hunted fugitive in a deserted house.

M. M. A.

(The Editor of the *Boys' Own Paper* has very kindly given permission for this and the following outlines of stories from his paper to be published. By A. Ferguson.)

A RACE WITH SIOUX INDIANS

One September day a band of Sioux Indians attack Potter's Ranch, a lonely farmhouse in Northern Texas. They get the worst of it, as a party of six men had stayed at the ranch the night before. Indians retire about a quarter of a mile away and encircle the ranch in a belt of trees. The ranchers discuss possibilities of another attack. One Englishman in the party thinks all is over, but is informed Indian method is to wait until dark, then creep up and smoke them out. Only hope would be to make a dash for it, but as there are a woman and six children, escape is impossible. If only soldiers from nearest fort would come. Hours pass away, all gloomily scanning horizon for possible relief. None comes. At last Englishman suggests a runner be sent to summon help from fort five miles away. All agree this is only chance, but all are heavy, slow-moving men, and could not run. Englishman says he will go. Ranchers try to dissuade him, but he confidently states he is good for hundred yards to five miles. They think he is boasting, and remind him that Sioux can run all day without tiring. In England he is known as an all-round athlete; every schoolboy knows how he won the Great Northern five-mile ~~handicap~~, as well as being one of the fastest "three-quarters" at Rugby.

The men arrange to cover his dash through the line of Indians, enabling him to get a start. He strips down to vest. Takes off heavy boots, puts on soft deerskin shoes, cuts off ~~trousers~~ above knee, and laughs to think it is like old times. Ranchers beg him

to take six-shooter, but he says this is a race, not a fight, and besides, every extra ounce of weight tells. Promises to bring back soldiers before sunset.

Opening the door, he quietly steps out and makes a dash across the clearing, straight through Indians, who rush to intercept him before he arrives at the belt of trees. The rifles of the ranchers in front of the house keep Indians at bay, but Englishman goes on undaunted through shower of arrows.

The main body of Indians start off in pursuit; they are dressed in heavy deerskins, and carry bows and tomahawks in their hands, with quivers full of arrows across their shoulders. As the Englishman notices all these details and hears their ear-splitting yells, he thinks he has them on toast, as they are wasting energy and breath. However, they gain on him, and, in spite of all, come to within a bowshot. They settle down into the long swinging pace for which their race is famous. The Englishman becomes anxious; one mile passes, two miles, still the positions are the same—hunter and hunted within a bowshot of each other.

Half-way to the fort the Indians drop off, and the Englishman sighs with relief and thinks the race is over. Scarcely does he congratulate himself than he sees a fresh body of Indians, seven in number, emerge from a clump of trees. They are scouts from the main body, and yell between the two parties send them in pursuit. Poor Englishman! But he is not beaten yet, and he sees they are coming for him in an oblique direction, and will cut him off about half a mile farther on. So he swerves a little and puts on a spurt, running along one side of a triangle as it were, the Indians running along the longer side. One young brave, whose fleetness has earned him the name of Running Deer, oustrips the rest, and the Englishman sees that they will meet at the apex of the triangle. A dozen yards away Running Deer flings his tomahawk and grazes the Englishman's shoulder, drawing first blood. As they come within grappling distance, Running Deer opens wide his arms and bounds forward, but the Englishman with his rugger training is ready for him. He resorts to a method which would be hooted on the footer field, but is quite permissible in a case of life and death. He raises his right arm, leans well over to the right, and puts all his strength into a half-blow, half-push, and gets his palm under the other's chin. As they are going at great speed and meeting at an acute angle, the blow is just timed right, and the Indian falls over with a dislocated jaw, spraining his ankle in the fall.

The Englishman runs on again, a shower of arrows falling round him—one pierces his arm. The pain of his wounds and the distance he has run tell on him—his breath comes in gasps, but his eyes shine with an unbeaten light—he will not give in. He is nearing his goal now. If only he can hold out the next mile, he will descend a slope which will bring him in sight of the fort, and the Indians dare not follow. On and on; but meanwhile, the Indians are gaining, they are no more than twenty-five yards behind. At last, with one desperate effort, he gains the slope, and pursuer and pursued come in sight of fort. He hears the crack of rifles and knows he is saved.

His rescuers are mounted men from the fort. A party quickly ride up. It is short work to tell his story, and within half an hour he is on his way back to the farm with a squadron of mounted men. They reach Potter's Ranch before sunset. Not an Indian in sight, they are all scared away, and Potter wrings the hand of the Englishman, and guesses he has saved his wife and children, while Long Pete adds, "I guess you're real grit right through."

M. M. A.

(From *Boys' Own Paper*. By permission. By William Glover.)

THE LAST OF THE HORSE-THIEVES

Cowboys of Jake Binning's ranch are toughest crowd between Regina and the Rockies. Nothing too bad for them, spirit-smuggling, horse-stealing. Jake is worst of all. His cronies are Seth Scott and Rob Harley, two of the finest rough-riders in the West, and an old Indian tracker nicknamed "Daisy Bell." They are adepts at horse-stealing, and so far no one has been able to bring a case against them. Their latest exploit has been to annex fifty fine broncos belonging to two young Englishmen named Gilbert. All the settlers around are indignant at the theft, and, with the older Gilbert, ride to Binning's ranch and ask to see his stock. Gilbert recognises all his horses, but, being a new-comer, has failed to brand them; they are now marked with Binning's brand. Jake assumes an air of virtuous indignation, and warns settlers they are trespassing. They retire amid jeering laughter of Jake's crew, knowing themselves again outwitted.

Returning home, the elder brother relates to Wilfred how he could swear to all their broncos, and bitterly regrets not brand-

ing them. Wilfred says cheer up, we are not full-blown ranchers yet, but before we are, the Binning crowd will be full-blown gaol-birds. Has an idea he wants to carry through; says keep your pecker up and leave it to me.

One week later, Binning's crew are sitting in front of log shanty, when a weird specimen of humanity comes riding up trail: brand new cowboy, hat new, belt new, lariat new, gun-cases new, everything shining yellow except kid, who looks "green." He is riding a sorry-looking nag. Rider is a fair-haired, blue-eyed, soft-cheeked youngster, evidently got up to look like a story-book cowboy. He gets off horse awkwardly, nearly spiking Jake with spurs. Asks in very polite but mincing tone if there is a restaurant near, as he and his horse are needing refreshment. Cowboys mock at him and horse, say there ain't no rest-your-aunts nor rest-your-uncles, but guess they can find a tub of hog food. Even roughest Westerners are hospitable. Blue-eyes asks to be allowed to wash hands. Says he has come from West Kensington, and they do not have hog food, but is sure it will be very nice. During meal they chaff him about his get-up; he appears not to notice. Daisy Bell asks if his name is Mary or Flossie, and is informed it is a good old English one, William Algernon Marmaduke, but mother calls him Willie. Daisy in ugly tones says mother must he as green as him. Even greenest tenderfoot cannot fail to understand the gibe. In less time than it takes to tell, the youth rises sharply, plants his closed fist on Daisy's chin, and he goes down like a felled ox. Before he is up again Willie is sitting admiring spurs, while others say serves you right, Daisy, and bravo, Marmalade.

The conversation becomes general, and Willie lets out he has stayed at the Gilberts' ranch the night before. Jake wants to know what they think of him, and Willie says, oh yes, he has heard Mr Gilbert praise Jake highly. Jake delighted, asks what was said. Willie very innocently repeats that Mr Gilbert says Jake Binning is the finest horse-thief in the North-West Territories, and would one day prove an ornament to the scaffold. White with passion, Jake springs up, and says that before the Gilberts are a day older he won't leave a living creature in their homestead. Willie tries to warn him that he has heard they are branding all their horses and are taking special precautions. Brand or no brand, Jake vows to have every animal in his corral with brands altered and unrecognisable within twenty-four hours. Willie listens with open-mouthed admiration, and begs to be allowed to

join in. Would love to fire revolvers and lasso broncos, knows he is cut out for that sort of thing. Seth objects, says don't want babies, but Jake decides Willie shall go to teach the Gilberts not to talk before strangers.

Shortly after midnight the party of five ride up to wooded side of Gilberts' ranch, where horses have been bunched. They carefully fit felt pads to riders' steeds to reduce sound and leave no distinguishing tracks. They open out in three directions, forming points of a triangle, thus permitting their prey to be gently closed and driven between the two wings and the rear. So far all goes well. Willie the Tenderfoot is placed at right wing with Harley, Seth has left wing, and Jake and Daisy share task of setting herd on move.

Willie now feels talkative, exclaims in loud voice how he wishes his people could see him now. Harley tells him to "cut the cackle," and not get scared or nervous either. Scared? Why, Willie has a revolver, a brand-new shining one which flashes like a lamp in the darkness. Harley tells him to put the toy away. Sudden change of Willie's mincing tones. Hands up, Harley, you're covered, and Harley finds himself looking down the barrel of the toy. Willie blows a whistle, and in the darkness is heard a commanding voice, "Hands up, the lot of you, you're surrounded with police and if you move you are dead men. You know me Sergeant Donovan, and I'll keep my word." That is all, caught in the very act, led into it by a greenhorn tenderfoot who, as you can guess, is none other than young Wilfred Gilbert. They are soon on their way under escort to be tried at Regina.

One of them turning King's evidence enables all the settlers to regain their stolen property, and in gratitude they present the Gilberts with a hundred broncos, thankful that at last the North-West is cleared of the last of the horse-thieves.

M. M. A.

(From *Boys' Own Paper*. By permission. By Argyll Saxby.)

EDDIE'S PERILOUS RIDE

Low plain, silver river Camford. Little village of Camford. About 2 miles out along the rough road lies Ashford Farm. There lived Eddie Garner, a brave, hazel-eyed, fourteen-year-old boy. He loved the lovely wind-swept farm, and preferred to ride farm pony rather than play with nine-year-old Matthew and little sister Annie.

One gusty November evening, purple clouds rolling, almost seemed to blow stars out. Grandfather Ashford came from house, carrying lantern, Eddie at elbow.

“Are you going to be very late, Grandfather?”

“Yes, very late, midnight maybe; it’s a long way I have to go, and I must put this business through. I am going to take Polly, not Donovan. I am going to be sure, though I may be slow.”

They go into stable. “Donovan goes awfully well in the light trap,” said Eddie.

“Yes, but I want daylight for Donovan. I really think I shall have to sell that horse; he is no good to anyone but me; even Hudson can’t manage him.”

Eddie muttered under his breath, “I believe I could manage him.” He longed to try great black horse, safe only for Grandfather Ashford to handle.

Grandfather harnessed Polly, boy held lantern. Grandfather goes to stable-door and glances out into darkness. “Where is Hudson? He ought to be back before now.”

“He has just started to go to Parsonage for the children,” replied Eddie.

“He had better be quick or they’ll be starting without him, and it is a nasty, lonely road for those children at night.”

Polly was now harnessed and led out of stable. “I shall overtake Hudson and hurry him on. Eddie, shut stable-door and go in to your Mother.”

Eddie obeyed and returned to kitchen. Mother ill, upstairs with Grandmother. Very lonely in kitchen with wind howling round. Footsteps sound outside, door opened, in came Joe, twelve-year-old neighbour.

“Hullo, Joe, what has brought you here at this time of night?”

“Where is your Grandfather?”

“Gone away.”

“Then I must tell you all about it.”

“What?” said Eddie. “Quick.”

“When I was up at the station just now, I saw that old John Thompson come off the train. You know who I mean—he used to work for your Grandfather, and he turned him away because he was so cruel to animals. You remember when the Alderney cow died and the black mare was lamed?”

“Yes, I remember,” replied Eddie. “About two years ago. Go on.”

" Well, as I was coming out I saw Hudson, and I asked him if he was coming up to our place for those chickens which your Grandfather had bought, and he said no, he couldn't, as he had some more errands to do, and then had to hurry on to Parsonage to fetch the children, and as he was saying all this John Thompson passed by and heard it all."

" Well, what then? " said Eddie.

" He went round by the road and I cut across the field, and just as he was passing I heard him muttering, ' I'll have my revenge, I will. Now's my chance. Them children shall suffer for their Grandfather's treatment of me,' and he shook the stick he had in his hand. I think he's mad. Hudson was so late that they are sure to start before he gets there." Joe very pale.

Eddie desperately, " What can we do? Grandfather's taken Polly, and there is only Donovan in the stable."

" Where is your Mother? " asked Joe.

" She's ill—she couldn't do anything; it would only worry her to know."

Eddie reached down lantern and took coat and dashed out, followed by Joe. They went to stable. Eddie determined to ride Donovan. Joe horrified. Great struggle to saddle Donovan. Eddie had to mount old chair to put bridle on, nearly gave in, but Joe's remark, " I am afraid he'll get there before you," made him desperate. At last succeeded. Donovan obeyed the rein, but when out of stable not inclined to move. Eddie clenched fist and hit shoulder. Donovan angry, and darted off down cart-track, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles short cut to Parsonage. Very dark. Splashed through ford, then up hill, horse still galloped on. Eddie realised strength of horse and his own weakness. On, on, through marshy meadow and cart-track, ended in Parsonage barnyard. Eddie dismayed to see gate shut. Donovan went straight for it. Eddie had often ridden Polly, but never jumped. Settles himself firmly with good grip. Suddenly felt as if on winged horse, then came to ground with a jerk which almost unseated him. Gate behind, twinkling lights of farmhouse ahead. Would he be able to stop horse? Donovan snorted, tossed head, pricked ears. Eddie tightened rein, firm voice. Donovan slackens pace and stops at door. Is he too late? Door opened. Matthew and Annie clad ready to start, with Parson's boy, aged thirteen. Parson and wife bidding visitors farewell. Great surprise when they see big black fierce horse and pale little rider. Eddie slips off horse and cries joyfully, " Oh, I'm in time! " then explains

all to wondering group. Parson looks grave. They wait for Hudson to arrive. He is very surprised to see Donovan, the horse that no 'bne but Grandfather could manage. When hears about Thompson, more excited still. Has just heard that police are searching for him; met them going in other direction. Thompson must be hidng along the road between Parsonage and farm. If only police knew!

Donovan standing quietly, knows Eddie has conquered him and is his master. Eddie says, "I'll go. Donovan and I will overtake them." Mounts again and rides off, while Parson protests in horror. Catches up police and explains. Police return and cautiously search road. Thompson is caught, hiding in hollow tree on roadside, and taken to police-station. Hudson sees children home. Eddie rides back. Grandfather has returned early, after all. Amazed to see boy on great black horse. First scolds, then, when all told, praises for pluck. Decides to keep Donovan. Eddie looks after him and, when sixteen years old, Grandfather gives him the great black horse for his own. Eddie gets name for being best rider in the county, but always remembers the perilous ride to the Parsonage as the most exciting gallop he ever had.

E. K. C.

Adapted from *St Nicholas' Magazine*.

BROKEN ADRIFF

Boy called Tony Hamilton. Home a barge, Betsey Jane. Built when Tony was born. He had hardly ever slept ashore. Cargo-carrier, Buffalo, Lake Erie to New York, partly canal, partly river. (Boat length, 97 feet; width, 18 feet; depth, 8½ feet.) Raised deck at bows, stables for two horses, draw barge along canal. Stern cabin and state-rooms, Tony's home. (Cargo in centre below deck.) Two windows look for'ard, three each side, green blinds, lace curtains, with blue bows, stove, table, and four chairs, round filled-up cabin, lockers and drawers. Two state-rooms aft, one for Mr and Mrs Hamilton and baby boy, the other Tony's. Raised deck over cabin. Often had meals outside.

Barge travelled to and from New York from April to November, winter months in dock, moored to other boats with plank to shore. Many other families, plenty of playmates. Children only attended school in winter, summer home always moving. Mothers gave children lessons.

Time of story, 2nd June; voyage from Buffalo to New York. Tony just had twelfth birthday. Horses drawing along canal. Sometimes Tony rode them and sometimes steered, while Father had dinner, etc. At last reached Troy, river broadened, collection of boats, formed tow, drawn by tug, thirty-nine in all. Connected tow-lines and planks, moving village, biggest boats first, four in line, five rows. Then eighteen in pairs, last one single on the right. *Betsey Jane* last boat on left side. Good journey, all went well. Tony had many friends to play with—whole length of tow.

One evening, a concert on one of the boats. All excited. Tony hoped to go, and made preparations, but Mother had tiring day, needed rest. Tony had to look after boat and baby brother. Watched Father and Mother go. Mother, remarked, as she crossed plank, "Tow line is shaky." Father replied, "Yes, going to see to it to-morrow," and passed on. Tony returned to cabin, found interesting book and soon deep in it, hatchway opened, strains of concert. Presently deep drone of tug's whistle, answered by another; big swell, large steamer. Tony glanced to see if baby woke; all right, used to rocking. He went on reading: seemed late: he looked at clock, 10.30, so went on deck to see if Father and Mother were returning. Not a light to be seen. Very late? But last boat always carried a light. He shouted and called. Not a sound. They had broken adrift and were all alone.

What did Tony do? Hide in fright? Fall down and cry? No, brave heart; though voice trembling, said, "Mother will come back to me, and perhaps if I do my best to take care of the boat, the baby, and the horses, God will take care of me."

Being captain's son was accustomed to boats, and knew there were two dangers—drift to shore, and be wrecked; or run down by passing steamer. Must keep moving, headway to breeze. He went to locker, drew out large sheet and fixed corner to boat-hook, tied down opposite corner and jammed boat-hook in hatchway, tied rope to third corner and fixed to side of barge—"leg of mutton" sail.

Next he went to helm. The *Betsey Jane* obeyed and was soon gliding downstream; they kept to side. Lights of town behind: must be Newburgh. Shadows of high mountains in front; tow must be well ahead. Went round West Point and then saw light coming towards them. What? Kept away, and rumbling train dashed by. "Thought it was a steamer, sure."

he said to himself. "If only I had a light I could signal." Echoes of train died away: all calm and still; wind gone down? No, got in quiet bay; must get out. Pushed with oar, came very near rock, but managed to get boat into deep water. Drifted sluggishly: wind sprang up. "Ah, there's the lighthouse! Must risk it, and get past ~~across~~ to other bank." He managed it, shifted sail, hugged the bank just in time; red and green lights of steamer coming up: kept well out of the way.

Concert very enjoyable; many encores: late when finished. Hamiltons chatted with friends as they passed along. Mrs Hamilton stopped to take a cup of tea with a friend, and Mr Hamilton went back to look after boat. Mrs Hamilton chatting gaily, when suddenly shouts are heard from boats astern. Mr Hamilton dashes up, breathless, cries, "Man on last boat asleep and *Betsey Jane* adrift, lost." What was to be done? Mrs Hamilton didn't wait long. She seized a lantern and made for boats forward. People asked, "What are you going to do?" "Get the Captain to go back for the boat," she answered. "He'll never do that. They will be all right if you get a boat and go back for them." "They have no light, and a steamer might run them down." The crowd followed her. Soon a hundred people on front boats shouted and called in vain. Tug 200 feet ahead, and they could not attract attention. At last Mr and Mrs Hamilton and two men got into a boat and drew themselves along the tow-line, boarded steamer and went up to bridge. "The boat is lost, Captain," said Mrs Hamilton. "Can't help it, Mam," he replied; "the man must look after it." "There is no man on board, only two children." The Captain looked round as if searching, and said, "Can't stop here, must go on to Packskill." "Can't you take the steamer back and look for them," she asked. "That's just what I am going to do, but I must wait till we have rounded the Point and passed the island." It took fully one hour to get to quiet bay, another half-hour to anchor tow. At last search started. Two men at bows and four on deck. Father and Mother on bridge with Captain and others: engineers busy. Some way up, Mother drew attention to something dark close to shore. Captain said, "No, she can't be down here; probably broke adrift when passed heavy steamer near Newburgh. We'll find her up by Highlands." They crossed and re-crossed the river till near Newburgh: nothing to be seen. They hailed the night steamers coming up and questioned them about the boat adrift. They had seen nothing. The weary search

was continued, blowing whistle, shouting and listening for reply; but no response. At last, daybreak. Steaming back, now. But not until they had passed the Point round by the island did they spy the *Betsey Jane*, close in shore with leg-of-mutton sail stretched out to catch the breeze, "Captain Tony" bravely steering straight for anchored tow, now in sight. Tug soon got up to her. Father and Mother and others hurried on board. There was tremendous cheering, blowing of whistle, ringing of ships' bells, those on tow near enough to see all. Captain looked out from window, wiped a tear away with his red handkerchief, and remarked to engineer, "Stiffest voyage old steamer had made for many a long day." All said that Captain Tony was a splendid navigator. He had brought his Father's boat in safety down the river. Little baby brother never so much as awakened until safe in his Mother's arms.

"Hitch on the tow-line," sang out the Captain to the deck hands; then he rang the bell sharply, "Full speed ahead."

E. K. C.

Adapted from *St Nicholas' Magazine*.

HAWK EYE SAVES HIS TRIBE

White Eagle, a mighty and good Indian, loved by all his tribe. His son, Hawk Eye, a small boy, and lover of all God's creatures. White Eagle has an enemy, Black Hawk. Hawk Eye walks often in the forest, among his wild friends. He talks to the birds and beasts, and regards them as his brothers. One day, as he is kneeling down to stroke a little animal which came to him, stealthy forms spring out upon him, and he is carried swiftly away. He is taken before Black Hawk, who says he will keep him until he has also White Eagle, when they shall both die together. Hawk Eye is sent to a wigwam, under the care of an Indian, who carries a rifle. Often tries to plan a way of escape, but the Indian keeps close watch on him. One night, as he lies in his wigwam, with guard beside him, he sees Black Hawk and some of his braves, seated round a council fire, and engaged in serious conversation. Hawk Eye listens intently, and gathers that a plot is being formed against his father. White Eagle going hunting next day for bison. Black Hawk's men to lie in wait for return of tired men, and so slay them, capture White Eagle, and take the bison. Hawk Eye longs to get free, but dare not move. Morning comes, and he sees the braves preparing their weapons—he knows

their mission. Presently they depart. Hawk Eye must do something to save his father and the tribe. The sun is up, and the guard is seated on a log, with his rifle across his knees, while Hawk Eye plays on the ground in front of him. Lying in some grass he spies a bow and an arrow. Slowly he gets nearer to them, till he is able to reach, and draws them under his cloak. Works his way quietly back again, and guard hardly notices him, sitting with his head down. Hawk Eye draws the bow forth and takes aim, and the next moment his guard falls forward without a sound. Then Hawk Eye fled from the lodges of Black Hawk and hurried through the forest. All through the day he went on, for there was no time to be lost. Towards evening he was nearing home, and now he must go carefully, because of Black Hawk's men. Hears the sound of horses—knows it is his tribe returning. He must act at once. Shouts his tribe's warcry, as loud as he can, and the answer is raised from the returning band. Between the trees he runs, and several arrows fly past him, rifles ring out, but he reaches his father. He had warned them before too late, and Black Hawk will never again trouble the tribe of White Eagle.

SHEBOYGO.

HELPING A KING

Tale told of English King long ago. The King was hunting, rode hard after his stag and got separated from the rest. Lost in the forest, made his way to woodcutter's cottage for shelter. The woodcutter and his wife, greatly embarrassed by visitor of evidently high rank from Court, torn between fear of him and desire to win his favour and thought of possible reward, keep bowing and curtsying, making humble talk and compliments, etc., but don't do much.

Son of the house, youth, comes in, hands chair to King, takes his cloak and hat and hangs them up, makes up fire, puts pot on for supper, goes out, takes King's horse to water, then to stable, unharnesses him and gives oats and hay, and straw for bed. Brings in wood for fire, water for washing, etc., lays table, after meal clears away, then makes up bed in inner room for King—in fact, does everything for King's entertainment just as if all part of the day's work. Does not show that there is anything strange in it, nor that there is any reward coming for it. Simply gets on with it.

King going away next morning makes careful note of situation

of cottage, and later sends for the son. Parents wondering whether the King is pleased or angry, whether punishment or reward coming. On arrival at Palace, the son is offered a position in the King's household. "I need men who can be relied upon to serve me without thinking whether they are going to be rewarded," says the King.

J. J. B.

THE MOOR'S LEGACY

Broad, open space just inside the Alhambra, with deep well of cold water, built by Moors; meeting-place for gossips. Among water-carriers, bandy-legged little man called Peregil. Started by carrying jar on shoulder; rose in world and bought donkey; Peregil very busy and merry; streets rang with his cries; always smiling. But had load of cares—wife and large family of young children; loved his children and gave them treats when he could.

Peregil, late one hot summer day, on making last trip up the hill to well, found no one there but an old Moor, who feebly beckoned him. Said he was faint and ill, and wanted helping to city. Peregil puts him on donkey and holds him there on trip to city. Takes him to his house, as Moor is friendless. Puts him to bed on sheepskins; in little while Moor has fit and calls Peregil; tells him he is dying; bequeaths him a little box of sandal-wood; and dies. To avoid being taken as a murderer, Peregil puts body on donkey, and steals out to bury it. Is observed by inquisitive barber whose shop is opposite, named Pedrugo. Pedrugo goes to Magistrate and tells him he has seen robbery and murder done. Gives details. Magistrate hales Peregil before him and bullies him, thinking Peregil has the Moor's treasure. Peregil convinces him that the box is all the treasure Moor had. Magistrate opens it and finds nothing inside but parchment scroll covered with Arabic writing, and small yellow taper. Gives it back to Peregil, but confiscates donkey. Peregil now back at beginning again, carrying water on his shoulder. His wife continually reproaches him. Peregil gets despondent. Wife scolds him one night, and in anger Peregil throws box on floor; opens, and parchment scroll rolls out. Peregil wonders what writing means; takes it to a Moor in the town, who reads it. It is a charm which has power to open vault in the Alhambra where Moors have left huge treasure. The scroll must be read at midnight by light of wax-taper. Peregil and Moor go that same night; descend into vault at midnight, light

taper and read scroll. Noise of thunder and ground gapes, showing flight of steps. They descend, and find large chest of treasure and several jars. They have to keep taper burning, as flug closes when it goes out. They fill pockets and ascend. Quench taper, thunder again, and earth closes. Return home. Peregil's wife dresses up in the gold and silver jewels Peregil has brought, and barber sees her and runs to Magistrate with news. Magistrate sends for Peregil, and threatens to hang him. Peregil confesses all; Moor is sent for and evidence is same as Peregil's. Magistrate tries to bully him, but Moor says plenty of treasure for all of them, and if Magistrate will agree to share equally he will read charm for them. Otherwise no one will get treasure. Magistrate agrees; thinks that after treasure is recovered he can easily get rid of Peregil and the Moor.

All of them, including barber, go up that night to the Alhambra; Peregil holds taper and Moor reads charm. Earth opens as before. Peregil and Moor go down, and return each carrying large jar of treasure. Load them on Peregil's donkey, brought for purpose. Magistrate tells them to fetch up the rest. Moor refuses; says enough up for one night. Magistrate wants more, so goes down with barber to bring up chest. When Moor sees they are down, extinguishes taper, and earth covers them. Peregil and Moor climb out; Moor throws taper away, so that Peregil, who is kind and forgiving, can't let them out. Wicked Magistrate and barber are entombed for ever. Peregil, now a rich man, leaves Granada, and goes to Portugal, where he and his family live happy ever after.

M. J. A.

Potted from Washington Irving's *Alhambra*.

THE STOLEN COINS

A street in a Chinese city, space in front of the prefect's yamen (official residence and office), crowd of idlers listening to a story-teller. The story-teller, livid face, hoarse voice, great spectacles, hands darting in gestures as he tells the story.

A girl passing with basket on arm. Has been selling lard-cakes, is sold out, taking the money home; money in basket under a cloth. Listens to the story, becomes absorbed. A hand softly pushed into the basket—the money stolen. The story over, the girl finds her money gone. Daren't go home, cries "as if her mother were dead." Bystanders laugh.

Out of the yamen comes a spare man of about thirty, keen eyes, thin nose. Mr Li, the prefect. Sees girl crying, asks the reason, has her inside for the case to be inquired into. The crowd of idlers pours into court, joking. They think it is too trivial for the magistrate to trouble about; besides, there is no means of finding the thief.

The case is tried, nothing is found out. The crowd begin to talk and laugh. Mr Li speaks up: "People laugh at the 'father and mother of the people' for trying to help a poor girl. They laugh at an official for doing his duty. They must be taught better. Every man present must pay fine of eight cash before he leaves the court."

Silence and long faces now; feel in pockets, borrow from those nearby. One by one they come and pay their eight cash. Surprised to see the magistrate count it with his own hands. Suddenly pulls a man up: Greasy coins. Fine must be paid in clean coins. Contempt of court, must pay another eight. Man pulls out more cash, greasy too.

Angry Magistrate.—"Feel in your pockets; must have some clean money somewhere."

The man pulls out all he has, all greasy.

"Where did you get it?"

"From a man in the street, in change."

"Go and find him."

But the man doesn't move. Mr Li counts up the greasy money: 92 coins—and the 16 paid in fine make 108. That is the number the girl had lost. They are greasy from the lard-cakes she was selling. This man is the thief.

So the girl had her money back, carried for her by two police so that no one will steal it on her way home.

"The thieves had better clear out of this city while Mr Li is here," says a man in the crowd, "or else they will starve."

J. J. B.

TALES OF THE RABBIS

I

Hillel¹ was very anxious to study, and attended lectures at the Jewish College. Lectures were held in the evening for men who had to work in the daytime. Everyone, students and learned men included, were supposed to earn their living in the Jewish

Pronounce *Hill-ale*.

community. They had to pay for entrance to the lecture—not a fixed fee, but what they could afford. Hillel was a woodcutter and poor, but always managed to find a few coppers for the lectures.

One Friday evening he had not even that. Did not want to miss. Found a window with crack in, squatted on sill and listened-in. Winter, cold, snow, but Hillel so interested in the lecture he did not notice. Next morning the two chief Rabbis (professors) at the College. Very dark. How is that? They look around, and find Hillel frozen at the window.

On the Sabbath it is forbidden to Jews to light a fire, but in a case of life and death anything is permitted. A fire lit, and Hillel warmed and rubbed into consciousness. The door-keeper was told never again to refuse him entrance if he had no money. Hillel later became head of the College himself.

If anyone was asked why he did not attend the lectures at the College and said he was too poor, they would say, "Are you poorer than Hillel?"

II

Hillel was extremely patient. No one ever remembered seeing him in a temper. One day a man, drinking with some friends, bet he would make Hillel angry. Friday afternoon; the Jewish Sabbath commences at sundown; everybody busy getting ready.

The man comes to Hillel's house. Hillel is in the bath. "Where is Hillel? I want Hillel." Did not give him title of Rabbi—rude.

Hillel comes out of the bath, in dressing-gown. "What is it?" Most important question—Why have the Tadmorians weak eyes? Because they live in a sandy district—sand blows in eyes.

Man goes away. Soon comes back, shouting, "Where is Hillel? . . ."

Hillel comes again. Another "important" question—Why do the Africans have broad feet? Because they live in a marshy country.

Man goes away. Returns again shouting for Hillel. Another question. This time thinks he will succeed. Hillel was born in Babylon, so man asks: Why do the Babylonians have round heads? That is indeed important, and as I come from Babylon I can tell you. In Babylon when a baby is born the mother wraps up its head; that makes the head round.

Man sees he cannot make Hillel angry, begins to be ashamed. Says he has more questions, but fears to trouble Hillel. Hillel says ask away.

Art thou that Hillel who is called the Prince of the Israelites? I am so called. Then may Israel produce few like thee. And why? Through you I have lost 400 ~~azim~~ (ha'pence). Better that you should lose your money than that Hillel should lose his patience.

The man goes away, and thinks he had better be less foolish in future.

III

Through persecution of the Romans Akiba left his country, wandered across deserts. Had with him a lamp, a cock, and an ass. At a village he tried to get shelter, but was refused. He had to lie out in a wood. Hardly got camped down when a high wind blew out his lamp; he could not get it alight again. Then a fox ran off with his cock. Then a lion killed his ass. Each time Akiba wondered how he would get along, but did not grouse.

Next morning he went to the village to try and get another donkey. Surprise, village in ruins, no one there. Robbers had come in the night, taken the people away to sell as slaves, and smashed up the village. Akiba then saw that the accidents of the evening before had saved his life: the cock could not crow, the ass could not bray, nor the light shine, so as to give him away to the robbers.

J. J. B.

CHAPTER V

HISTORY AND HEROIC DEEDS

“ COURTEOUS CROYLAND ”

True Story of an English Boy of a Thousand Years Ago

YEAR 869. Fierce Danes marching southward from York, burning and plundering. Brave English leader with party of Lincolnshire men, attacks; bloody fight; defeat and massacre. Terrified messengers rush to great Abbey of Croyland. Arrive at midnight. Monks, peacefully chanting matins, hear terrified shouts, and go out. (*Describe the scene.*)

Abbot Theodore orders all treasures—relics, jewels, charters—to be placed in boats. Church plate is sunk in the water. All the younger monks told they must row across fens to thick' wood, and hide with the treasures. Morning. Distant shouts of enemy; smoke and flames of burning villages. Monks' sadly row away. Only aged monks and young boys remain; think Danes won't hurt the aged and children; Abbot starts singing Mass. Barbarians arrive; hear chanting; rush in just as Abbot has received the Chalice. Tear him from altar and kill him. Torture old monks and boys, to discover where treasures are hidden. No one will tell. All killed. One boy of ten—Turgar—stays with his tutor and sees him killed. Very beautiful boy—takes the fancy of Danish leader. Tears off boy's cowl and throws Danish cloak over him. Says, “Keep close to me and you will be safe.”

Danes sack and set fire to Abbey, and march on and sack Peterborough. During next journey Turgar seizes a chance of escape. Tramps through the woods all night, and at dawn reaches Croyland. (*Describe.*) Finds monks have come back. Place a heap of smoking ruins. Turgar tells whole story—shows where Abbot and old monks' bodies are. Monks bury them.

New Abbot elected—Godric. They go and bury the eighty-

four murdered monks at Peterborough, and then start to restore Croyland. Terrible times follow—their lands all taken away. Heavy taxes, and have to sell the treasures. At last only Godric and seven old monks left—one of these, Turgar. Godric dies, and also two old monks. Only five left, living in the ruins. Some say, “Better leave and go to another *monastery*.” Turgar—so loyal as a boy—still loyal; won’t desert the old place; still praying for its restoration. Two monks go, and two stay with Turgar. (*Describe three lonely old men—ruins—poverty—lonely fenland—vivid memory of boyhood—constant prayers.*)

Prayers heard at last. King’s Chancellor, Turketul, passing on his way to York. Three old monks press him to stay the night. Give him the best food they can prepare. Entertain him with stories of their Abbey’s history. Chancellor struck with their kindness and their terrible story. Promises to come, on way back. Did so; and on returning to Court talked much of treatment he had received from Turgar and companions, and their “courtesy,” so that the Abbey got the nickname, “Courteous Croyland,” which stuck to it for hundreds of years.

Turketul persuaded King to have Abbey restored. King agreed. Turketul announced his intention of joining the monks himself. King tried to dissuade him; but he insisted. So King went with him and saw to Abbey being restored. Turketul consecrated Abbot by Bishop of Dorchester. All lands and charters fully restored; buildings built up; beautiful new church; peasants made to return, with their families and cattle; many new monks joined. Turketul made all sorts of good rules; still extant. Note that they are full of consideration for *old* monks—who are given a very happy, easy life (probably remembering how loyal and courteous Turgar had been—after all his sufferings). And Abbot took special interest in the little boy monks at the school—daily visited school with a wallet full of figs, raisins, nuts, apples, and pears; perhaps thinking of the boys killed by the Danes because they wouldn’t tell about treasure, and the boy who bravely came back and carried on.

Finally, Turketul got Turgar to tell him the whole story again, and help him write a history of the Abbey; and that is how we know the story of “Courteous Croyland,” and the boy who was loyal to the end.

. From Lingard’s *History of the Anglo-Saxons*.

AXEMANSHIP

Bishop Wakelin building Cathedral at Winchester, can't get enough wood for the roof. Anxious to have oak from the forest of Hanepinges, on the road to Aresford. Asks William the Conqueror. William says he can cut as much as he can manage in four days and four nights.

William goes up to London; his business done, rides back to Winchester. Seems puzzled. Turns to attendant and asks, "What is that great building?"

"The new Cathedral of Winchester."

"But we haven't passed the forest of Hanepinges."

"No forest of Hanepinges now—Bishop Wakelin has cut it down—except for Gospel Oak, where St Augustine preached."

"But only four days and four nights! . . ."

"Yes, but he had all the axemen in this part of England."

THE STOLEN HORSE

In 1388, war between England and Scotland. The Scots army at Yetholm. The English want to know their plans, send spies as heralds, minstrels, etc.

A squire rides in, finds church used as Scottish G.H.Q., ties his horse to a tree and walks boldly in. Says he is servant to one of the Scottish Lords. Listens to the talk and hears their plans. Then away to tell the English.

Outside church finds his horse gone, decides to walk. But has been seen by two Scottish knights. Said one to the other: "I have seen many wonderful things, but here is one I cannot understand—a man has lost his horse and makes no inquiries." So they follow him up, find him to be a spy, and take him prisoner.

UNDER THE BRIDGE

Harold Hardrada had invaded England at invitation of Tostig Godwinson. Harold in the South, therefore Norsemen expect no opposition, march at ease, armour off. Approach to York and go to receive keys of city.

But Harold had heard, and marched forced marches, reached York first. The Norsemen, taken by surprise, know they will be beaten. Their banner "Landwaster" set up, square formed around it, in centre of square the King with bravest warriors in

ring to defend standard. Sing old war-songs as they fight, in Norse way. Fought on until dead around banner.

Other Norse soldiers fled towards their ships. Had to cross river Ouse, few planks the only bridge, where now Stamford Bridge. While others ran across, one man stood to keep the English off. Only one at a time could attack him, so he held them off while his companions escaped.

But English soldier crept down the river bank until right under the bridge, and thrust his spear up through gap between the planks. So Norsemen wounded and thrust off bridge, and defence ended.

THE JUDGE'S DEBT

At Westminster School, about three hundred years ago, two friends, Nicholas and Wake. Nicholas, shy and timid, idle, and not always truthful. Wake full of fun and straightforward.

One day the master went out of the room; all the boys began playing. In running past a heavy curtain, Nicholas gave it a tug; it tore. Nicholas very much afraid, as the master stern. They change the curtain so that folds hide the tear, then sit quiet.

However, the master found the tear in the curtain, asks who did it. No response, so he asks round the class. Nicholas, trembling, denies doing it. Wake wants to shield his friend. He did not say he had done it, but he kept silent, so making the master think it was he. He is flogged. Afterwards Nicholas goes to him very much ashamed; promises to repay him.

Forty years later. Cromwell has risen and fought the King and put him off the throne. Nicholas had studied law and is now a judge. Wake is a Royalist, has been captured, and is to be tried at Exeter for treason.

Nicholas is the judge. The Royalists are found guilty and condemned to death, among them Colonel Wake. Asks the judge: "Does anyone know this Colonel Wake?" Is told he was at Westminster School.

Nicholas remembers his former friend. After the trial he goes to the inn and calls for the swiftest horse in the stable, mounts and rides post-haste for London. Reaches, and calls on Cromwell. States his case: Wake tried and condemned to death for treason, That was his duty. But he owes everything to Wake. Tells Cromwell about the curtain. Explains that that showed him the difference between a coward and a brave man. Whatever is good in him he owes to Wake.

Cromwell agrees to pardon Wake, and signs his reprieve. Nicholas mounts and rushes off back to Exeter. "Only let me be in time," he keeps muttering; "only let me be in time." And he is. He has paid his debt, as he promised.

A CHIEF'S SACRIFICE

Chief of the Lung Chu clan in China, loved his people, and did all he could for them. As a mark of their affection, they had built him a hut at the top of a cliff, in which they had put everything they could find which was precious (e.g. spears, shields, etc., and spent months decorating it).

Chief Tsao Lung sat outside his hut one bright morning watching his people gathering shell-fish on the sands far below. Tide going out; as he watched it went farther and farther out, past the usual low-water mark—farther than he had ever seen it before—faster and faster (volcanic disturbance), till he from cliff-top could only see thin silver streak on horizon—it had disappeared to those down on the shore.

The people started to walk out to look for it, and were scarcely some distance out when Tsao Lung saw the streak growing bigger. People still could not see it. Tide coming in, in big waves—they would be overwhelmed unless warned.

He tried to shout—could not make them hear. Could never get round and down by path in time—a fire?—no wood near, except his hut. Hesitates—it is all he has—looks at tide and his people—decides, and kindles fire—as hut was dry, it burnt well.

One of the people sees. "Chief's hut or fire"—they dash back to help him. As the last one leaves the sand the tide dashes in at the foot of the cliff—but they are safe.

(Scene at top of cliff as people come running up and find Chief standing by smoking ruin—he points to the waves now covering the sand—they understand.)

AT POINT OF BAYONET

During the Seven Years' War a detachment of the French army—25,000 men—advancing towards Rheinberg. On the march encamped at Kloestercamp. Captain d'Assas of the Auvergne sent out to reconnoitre. Country wooded, the Captain separated from his men, still advances.

Suddenly feels prick of bayonet on chest. Starts to find himself

surrounded. German soldiers—the enemy. Voice whispers in his ear: "Make the slightest noise and you are a dead man." Realises situation: the enemy have advanced, intend to surprise French.

D'Assas shouted at top of voice: "Here! The Auyergnes! The enemy!" Was bayoneted, but the French heard and could not now be surprised.

Later, Louis XVI established pension for family so long as a male bore name of d'Assas, but since Revolution, at time book was written (1864), commemorated by name given to battleship.

From *A Book of Golden Deeds*.

By Charlotte M. Yonge.

A FIGHT WITH DEATH¹

Wilfred Grenfell

The Call.—Winter in the bleak Northland. Two fur-clad men with sledge drawn by dogs. All tired. Two days travelled sixty miles. Back in village mate dying. Just ahead, Missionary Doctor, Wilfred Grenfell, beloved by all, who by gallant deeds in Labrador won place among heroes of the Cross. Top of hill, team gathered speed down into St Anthony in Newfoundland. Easter Sunday morning, Doctor coming from church in hospital. Men give their message that friend, through lack of skill in nursing since operation in thigh bone, now dying, wound septic. Doctor did not waste second, got all necessities, harnessed own dog-team.

Race against Time.—Sledge loaded: snowshoes, rifle, compass, drugs, spare clothes, heavy oilskins. Sixty-mile race against time to save life. End of day twenty miles from St Anthony on coast. During night, fog and first rain of season. High wind, water in bay rough. Crashing of ice-floes. First ten miles next day on ice across bay, unless long way round. Morning. Rain falling. Heavy sea, smashed ice. Half mile out clear water. Doctor looked for way across. Narrow bridge looked like firm ice from shore to island, three miles out in bay. Managed to cross with dogs. Great risk, cracked many places. Nearest point of land four miles away other side of bay. Ice between badly smashed. Quarter mile all well. Wind changed from

¹ "A Fight with Death," p. 5, in *Yarns on Heroes of the Deep*. By A. E. Southon. Published by the Edinburgh House Press. Permission to publish this outline is kindly granted by the publishers.

on-shore to off-shore. Ice breaks, mostly "sish" ice (tiny fragments like porridge held together by thin surface-covering). Must try to get on large block solid ice. Slipped off oilskins. Whilst doing this, sledge sinks in sish, dogs unable to move. Doctor manages to cut dogs loose. Twenty yards awry ice-like raft, sish ice between. Not bear man's weight, too solid to allow for swimming. Must be crossed. Doctor racks brains. In flash he sees a way. Cuts traces into strips, knot together in two long lines, fastens to leading dogs, other end tied to wrist. Points to islands. Dogs not understand or will not go. Pushed them off, fell into sish, ~~scramble~~ back frightened. Tried little pet spaniel dog, Jack. He goes, shrill bark, struggle, safe on ice island wagging tail. Others now follow, one vanishes under ice. Doctor hauls on lines, dogs take strain, safe on ice. Not ice—snow-covered sish frozen into a mass. West wind blows them out seawards. Doctor lost all heavy clothing, wearing only football shirt and shorts. Cut legs off moccasins, and with bits of traces made jacket to protect back.

Night on the Deep.—Have to be hours on ice. To survive long night must have clothing. Only one way. Get it from ~~dogs~~. For long time cannot bring himself to kill dogs he loves. At last kills three. Twice bitten. Skins them. With bits of traces makes fur robe. Ten miles along bay. Dark. Huddles among five dogs. Manages to sleep. Even in sleep, brain planning how to escape. If anyone to see him must have flag. Uses football shirt, flagstaff disjointed bones of dogs lashed together. Rather crooked. During night drifts back opposite village. Waves flag.

The Rescue.—Four men see signal, attempt rescue in dark. Ice-floes defeat them. Wait for morning. No one slept in village. Beloved Doctor in peril. Could not be recognised, but know no one else would risk the journey. Day breaks. Five Newfoundlanders in boat. Many hours reaching him. Pull boat over ice. Reach Grenfell, white-faced, badly frost-bitten feet. No word of pain. Sunny smile, apology for trouble given. Villagers begged him to stay. Doctor fretting to get to patient. Even if brought to him, no good; drugs and dressings under water in bay. Must get back to hospital, St Anthony. Ate meal, fresh dog-team, back round bay.

Saved to Serve.—Providence which watched over Doctor cared for lad. Still alive. Break up of ice enabled friends bring him in boat across waters where Doctor had fought fight with death. Just in time for Doctor to save his life. Doctor still in Labrador,

has many adventures. Never forgot night of peril. Tablet in hospital: "To the memory of three noble dogs, Moody, Watch, and Spy, whose lives were given for mine on the ice, April 21st, 1908. Wilfred Grenfell. St Anthony."

I. D. B.

THE WRECK OF THE "ATALANTE"

The *Atalante*, off the coast of Nova Scotia, fog-bound, hears signal-guns of another ship in distress, is deceived by them, suddenly strikes on a reef. The ship breaks up completely.

The men scramble into the pinnace. Too many, the boat won't ride, twenty ordered out; they obey and cling on to the wreckage. The pinnace turns turtle, the men in it right her and take their places in good order. They get beyond the breakers and wait for Captain Hickey and the others clinging to the remains of the ship.

There are two other boats, but these will not hold all the men. They try to make a raft, but the waves beat too hard. The men in the pinnace are told to lie flat like herrings in a barrel; the two boats carry the rest through the surf into the pinnace. Some have to be dragged with ropes, others swim. But no one is lost.

The Captain is the last to leave the wreck; he leaves it just before the last timbers sink. All he carries with him are the Admiral's dispatches. The Captain's clerk saves the ship's chronometer, which is his especial charge. When guns are fired, or a ship sustains any shock, the clerk has to hold the chronometer in his hands so that its delicate mechanism will not be injured. This clerk had caught up the chronometer at the time of the wreck; he could not swim, but clung to the mizen-mast. When the ship fell that mast was nearly horizontal; he crept up to the mizen-top, later the spar gave way, he fell into the water, was picked up half drowned, but still holding the chronometer. Sam Shanks, the quartermaster, had a compass on his watch-chain; steadied on the chronometer it was good enough to steer by.

Got to land about 20 miles from Halifax. Fishing-station. Warmed and fed. The most exhausted and least clothed back in boats, sailed to Halifax; the others marched through half-cleared country. At Halifax the whole ship's company assembled in good order, as if nothing had happened.

From Charlotte M. Yonge, *A Book of Golden Deeds*.

A LIFE-LINE

The *Royal Charter*, with 490 on board, struck on rocks on the Welsh coast. Sea dashing over with great violence washed masts, spars, and other wreckage overboard, so that water covered with these things, to detriment of anyone trying to swim. Waves bursting on the rocks, pitch dark, terrible time.

Joseph Rogers, a Maltese seaman, took a line and swam ashore. Anxiety of those on board. Would he reach shore? Would he manage to keep hold of the line? And what chance of help? In time felt the line kept paying out and at last tightened—hauled up by those on shore.

Then a rope was fixed to line and that hauled ashore, and a cradle run on the rope. Made twenty-five passages, saving twenty-five lives, the ship striking on the rocks all the time and the people thinking everyone would be the last. Then the ship parted and went down.—(25th October 1859.)

IN TURKISH HANDS

A Scout-aged boy went to sea as a midshipman, long ago, to fight against Turkey. His first naval battle (*as much blood and thunder as time and imagination permit*). Finally, whole ship forced to surrender, utterly outnumbered. All men and twelve officers taken prisoners. Maltreatment at Turkish hands. Night in prison. Ultimatum delivered to Captain in morning. He announces that one of their number is to be shot that afternoon. They are to nominate him. Captain selects the "snottie"—as the youngest, no family, no career, most easily spared, etc. Other officers protest, but Captain interviews privately. No further complaints. Midshipman, though surprised, takes it like British officer and gentleman. Prepares to die (etc., *ad lib.*). Just before time, attack by British ships is successful. All prisoners released. Snottie does not repeat his share of adventure—till one day, grand ceremonial tribute to the Captain effected on board for his "exceptional gallantry on active service." The Turkish ultimatum letter is read. One officer only was to be allowed to be shot. The rest to be killed with slow torture in boiling oil.

THE WATER-BOTTLE

SCENE.—Flanders battlefield—beginning of '918—mud—shell-holes—screeching of shells—thuds of bombs and howitzers—

things going dead wrong—Germans advancing—grit of British troops—keep smiling—stick to it—one company left in trenches—nearly all wounded who survived—isolated—heavy barrage from both sides prevented any rescue attempts for three days—fourth day enemy and British gunfire slackened—padre resolved to go out—took water-bottle (1 quart)—found forty men still alive—gas, etc.—all craving for drink—padre crawled from man to man—cheering up—gave drink to first—but told him there were thirty-nine others—went to the next—told him to remember thirty-eight others . . . thirty-one . . . twenty others—shook bottle—still water in—remember nineteen others—eighteen—seventeen . . . ten others—and still water left . . . six others—would there be enough? . . . four others—three—two—and the last one had the longest drink.

J. W. G.

AMONG THE KOPPIES

The force is waiting orders to advance and attack the Matabele. 19th July: "Bake two days' bread and get as much sleep as you can this afternoon." Bedtime, the column parades, no trumpets, no noise. At 10.30 march off. Baden-Powell knows the way, is detailed to guide, goes mouching along alone—to avoid distraction and keep his bearings—with a dark square of men and horses behind. No talk, no smoking—the flare of a match would show up a long way in the dark. On the way a dog yelps, it is assagaied.

Midnight. They are now within a mile of the enemy. Halt and lie down where they stand. Jolly cold.

An hour before dawn, up and forward quietly. They are close to the pass among the koppies—the enemy in the valley at the other end. They leave reserves and ambulance, greatcoats, etc., and move on in order. B.-P. has the advance force of Cape Boys (natives from Cape Colony), two hundred friendly Matabele, twenty mounted white scouts, a Hotchkiss and two Maxim guns. Colonel Plumer is in command of the main force.

The advance force enters a bushy valley surrounded by rough, rocky cliffs and koppies. Spoor shows that hundreds of the rebels have been there recently. Where are they? Yonder on the east side of the valley, amongst the crags—thin smoke of fires rising, one seen after another—numerous fires, a large camp, many natives moving about. These soon become a dense mass of brown, glint of sun on assagai blades. The

English get their guns up, bang shells on the camp—not expected, the rebels startled.

B.-P. steals on with native scouts into the bottom of the valley. Another whisp of smoke, in the bush; they creep down—find an outpost of the enemy just leaving. Just there two valleys run off the main valley—to the south the rocky gorge of the Tuli River, to the east an open plateau circled by intricate koppies. Across this valley they see natives streaming from the shelled camp. They move leisurely, do not know they are seen, take up a position among the encircling koppies. B.-P. sends back word to the main force, then calls the native levy and attacks at once.

They work round the end of the main valley, enter the rocky strongholds at the end of the Tuli gorge. The inside of a native stronghold: all paths barricaded with rocks and small trees; the whole place honeycombed with caves—all entrances but one stopped up with stones; loopholes left from which they can fire in all directions. Across the valley they see the enemy taking up position in similar strongholds. Now and then two or three come out and do a war-dance on a flat rock—rehearsing what they will do when they catch the white man among their rocks, and hurling insults in his direction. The English put an end to the performance by a volley from short range, and quite unexpected.

They climb down the rocks, cross the river and up the towering crags where the enemy are. On foot, B.-P. leaves his horse tied to a tree, hangs coat and spare kit in the branches.

In the attack. The friendlies fire much, but do little—more firing than climbing. One or two get shot, the rest begin to take cover, and eventually stay in cover. B.-P. calls up the Cape Boys and maxims. Through the boggy stream, crawl up the dome-like rocks, clamber up the koppies. Llewellyn places his guns on seemingly inaccessible rocks; every chance the enemy gives he does his best for them.

The fight moves along the eastern valley. In the centre is a rock—good place for directing the attack, the enemy on all sides. The Cape Boys have the koppies divided between them; they crowd into the narrow bushy paths between the koppies and swarm out over the rocks whence the firing comes. Then the row starts. First a few scattered shot, then rattling volleys. The boom of the elephant gun inside the caves answered by the sharp crack of the Martini-Henry rifle. The firing gradually wakes up, excitement is in the air. The koppies stand still and

apparently harmless—but from each hole and cranny the enemy is watching, finger on trigger, for you to give him his chance.

The Cape Boys pry into the caves with their long bayonets before them, like picking winkles out of their shells. A spurt of dense smoke from the cave; the Boy fires, too late, he falls. Two or three others dash up past him into the cave, a couple of dull shots within, out they come, chattering and gesticulating, take the wounded one by the arms, drag him to where the doctor will find him, then off for more sport. They appear one minute like monkeys on points of rock—then like stage assassins creeping stealthily round corners.

The natives still fire from within the caves; one every now and again treats them to a volley of iron legs from native cooking pots—"Old Potlegs," they call him.

But their wounded. The native ambulance men have run off, they have no doctor. On the lee-side of the big rock they do what they can with field dressings.

Meantime the firing slackens, their parties return tired but cheerful. They signal the main party for stretcher-bearers for their wounded (white bearers, not natives), and make their way back to join them.

• • ONE-MAN BAND AT GALLIPOLI

(Exploit of Lieutenant Freyberg at Bulair, which was described by the Turks as a great attack)

The British are landing troops at night, the Turks are strongly entrenched. It is most dangerous.

Freyberg slips into the water from his destroyer, takes in tow a little raft with flares, swims towards the land.

Near the shore he lights two flares, then wades to land, lights flares at intervals along the coast. The Turks think there is a strong British force there, keep their own force at that position (Bulair) instead of moving them to where the British actually were landing.

Flares all gone, Freyberg moves inland, scouts around. Sees the Turkish force strongly entrenched. But he has no clothes. Makes his way back to the sea. Swims for his ship. Cannot find her. Swims several miles. Gets exhausted and cramped. At last is picked up almost dead.

Only one man—but the Turks report. "Repulse of great attack at Bulair."

THE TAKING OF THE JONG

Tibet, mystery land. The Dalai Lama intriguing with Russians against English, political tug of war. A mission sent under Colone¹ Younghusband. After marching on Kanba Jong and Gyantse, capital of South Tibet, and getting no results, Younghusband marches on to Lhasa.

In May, Younghusband heard the Tibetans fortifying Karo La, the next pass. Sent Colqnel Brander to stop them, necessary to act quickly. The enemy in a sangar, which must be enfiladed. Wassawa Singh, native officer, with twelve Gurkhas, climbed up 1500-foot cliff by the cracks and chimneys, loaded with arms and exposed to fire, at an elevation of 19,000 feet.

Gyantse jong again in hands of enemy. Brander comes back, finds new and efficient type of Tibetan army bombarding the British mission.

Neither force was able to storm the other, simply barrage to keep the other from getting out.

The Tibetans failed to cut the English communications—though besieged, had regular posts. English captured Naini, ~~battle~~ like mediaeval street-fighting, monasteries full of endless labyrinth. At every turn and under trap-doors bands of desperate swordsmen who would not surrender, had to shoot them at a few feet distance.

The jong had to be taken. Down the middle of the south-east face, which was precipitous, was a deep fissure. Walls had been built across. Decided to break these by artillery fire and then attack up the cleft.

While guns were shelling the walls, Lieutenant Grant of the 8th Gurkhas scrambled up with his men, masses of rubble pouring down on them. At last the guns cease fire. They climb up the steep face, where was no shelter from enemy fire. Now at the enemy's wall. Grant and another man over. Two men against the lot. The Tibetans could have picked off every man as his head appeared above the wall. But they did not stay behind their bastions. They were defeated and surrendered.

Grant was only slightly wounded, and got the V.C.

From *The Last Secrets.*
By John Buchan. Nelson.

(Permission to publish this outline is kindly granted by the publishers and author.)

A HIGH DIVE TO SAVE A FRIEND

A balloon race organised by the Aero Club of France started from St Cloud, near Paris: darkness, drifting out to sea, near Isle of Wight: dawn, balloon falling rapidly, two Frenchmen in it, MM. Boitard and Denis; they threw out ballast, balloon still sinking, danger of crashing into cliffs; Boitard seen from shore to climb to top basket, wave of hand, dive, balloon rose, cleared cliff, drifted inland; at Houghton, near Stockbridge, spectator seized trailing rope, secured balloon, M. Denis landed, rushed off to assist his friend.

However, Boitard had been seen by Dr de Mowbray of Milford Hospital driving along cliffs, rushed to coastguard, boat placed on car, taken to nearest point, rowed out, Boitard found, nick of time, quite exhausted, taken to hospital, friends meet. Boitard saved life of friend at great risk of his own.

“GREATER LOVE . . .”

~~Roger~~ Clayton, Troop Leader of Colchester High School Troop, King's Scout, holding hundred days' War Service Badge, represented Essex at garden-party given by the King to war-workers. Joined Merchant Service, promoted, 4th officer R.M.S. *Talma* of British Steam Navigation Co.

Cargo being unloaded in Calcutta, native sailor (lascar) collapses in hold. Roger hears something is wrong with man, runs to hold, goes down a few steps, up again, air unbreathable. Another officer runs for smoke masks, Roger can't wait, goes down to rescue, collapsed at foot of ladder, seaman goes down, also collapses, both lost lives. “Clayton knowingly and deliberately risked and gave his life to save an Indian seaman.”

THE KITE THAT BRIDGED NIAGARA

Homan Walsh, an American boy, living in New York State, within a mile or so of Niagara Rapids, was known as best kite-flier for miles round.

Niagara River forms boundary between America and Canada. The Gorge is 800 feet wide, and is impassable owing to rapids. Sixty or seventy years ago, only means of communication was by a little steamboat which plied backwards and forwards in a smooth patch of water immediately beneath Falls, where water

walling thunderously over the edge had not yet come to surface again to form rapids. This passage could only be undertaken in good weather. As trade increased between Canada and States, people began to demand that an attempt should be made to build a bridge. It was argued that if a suspension bridge could be put across Menai Straits, something similar could be put across Niagara Gorge. Plans were prepared and the contract placed, but the trouble was to establish communication in first place. Someone thought of the boy Walsh and his kites, and the contractors actually came to him for help. He was very enthusiastic about project.

One day, provided with kite and 1000 feet of string, he crossed by the ferry to the Canadian side. This was necessary to get wind in right direction. He walked for a few miles down river bank to spot where it was proposed to erect bridge. Strong, favourable wind blowing. Crowd gathered on both banks to watch. Kite went up, and soon was flying over spot where it was wanted to come down; but the wind did not drop in the evening as had been expected. Only thing to do was to stay there all night and keep kite flying. Never dreamt of giving up. Crowd get more and more interested and stay on too, and soon light bonfires for sake of warmth. Crowd on American shore do same. Homan could not see kite, but knew it was still flying by pull on string. Just before it was light, wind dropped, string relaxed, and he knew kite had settled somewhere. But where? Presently, above roar of torrent, heard sound of cheering from opposite bank, and knew that the Gorge had been bridged at last, though only by kite string. Soon Homan felt string being pulled, and then felt it snap. When it was light discovered that the ice had broken up higher up the river, and coming down in huge packs had caught the string and broken it.

Walsh very disappointed, but encouraged by being told that what had been done once could be done again. Attempt had to be abandoned for present owing to unfavourable weather. It was eight days before he could recross river to his home owing to ice-blocks.

Next time he tried; he succeeded with little difficulty; in sight of a large number of people connection between cliffs was made, which was commencement of first great bridge across Niagara Gorge.

Homan Walsh was living in Western America when he died nearly fifty years later. The American people asked that his

body should be brought to Niagara Falls for burial, and the train which carried his body passed over the bridge across the Gorge, which his kite-flying feat as a boy had made possible.

M. M. A.

(By kind permission of the *Boys' Own Paper*. By A. B. Cooper.)

LITTLE BOY MARTYRS

When, in 1874, the country of Uganda was discovered, and it was found to be inhabited by a race of intelligent negroes, partly civilised and having a King and Parliament, it was at once decided to send out missionaries to teach them the true faith. The King said he would be glad to welcome the missionaries; and at first he was very kind to them. But later on both he and his son, Mwanga, were turned against them by Moslem slave-dealers, and terrible persecutions took place. A great many of Mwanga's subjects had become good and faithful Christians, among them many little boys, some of whom were the King's own pages. The following is the story of how these little black boys suffered martyrdom, and showed themselves as brave in suffering for Christ as any of the glorious martyrs of the Church.

Here is the story of the first boy martyr. One day, as Mwanga was out walking, he noticed two of his pages sitting together, deeply intent about something. Wondering what it could be, he drew near to them, and saw that one of the boys was teaching something to the other. "What are you doing there?" inquired the King, scowling angrily at the boy, for he recognised him as one of the Christians. The boy knew, of course, that Mwanga now hated the Christians, and had sworn to kill them all, but, nothing daunted, he spoke up bravely. "I am teaching the Christian religion," he replied. Sudden rage filled the King, and, drawing his sword, he ran it through the brave young page, and left him dead at the side of his terrified companion.

This terrible deed gave the signal for the general outbreak of persecution. That evening the King sent for his Minister and gave orders for the slaughter of everyone of "the people who pray" (as the Christians were always called).

They were brought into the courtyard in front of the King's apartments, where they were greeted with jeers and yells, in which the King joined. After he had addressed them with bitter reproaches, he called, "Let all who pray stand apart." The

first to step out was Luanga, the head of the King's pages, hand in hand with a little page, Kigitó. All the other Christians followed. They were divided into two troops—young men of eighteen to twenty in one, and younger boys in the other. They were tied together so closely they could hardly walk—only with very short steps. Little Kigitó was seen to laugh at this as if it was all part of a game, though he knew well what was to follow.

Luanga was taken from them, in hopes that without their leader the rest would give in. He was put to death by slow burning.

The boys were then taken by the executioner, who tried to set free the three smallest. "Only tell the King that you will not pray any more, and he will pardon you." But the little boys said, "We will never leave off praying as long as we live!"

They were bound in bundles of reeds and laid on the ground. One of the boys was the son of the chief executioner. This boy's father tried to make him say at least one word against the Christian faith, but without success. They tried to take him away and hide him; but the boy refused: he must die with his young comrades, for the faith. The wretched father then gave orders to the other executioners to save the boy the terrible death of burning, by giving him a hard blow on the neck. This killed him instantaneously, and his body was put back in the bundle of reeds.

The bundles were set on fire, and from the flames and smoke came out the boys' voices reciting their prayers and singing their hymns.

These boys had the glory of being the first martyrs of Uganda, and we must not think of their death as a tragedy, but a triumph. In heaven they have had their martyrs' crowns, and have joined St George and all the rest of the glorious army of martyrs.

From *Stories in School*. By kind permission of the publishers, Messrs Burns, Oates & Washbourne.

CHAPTER VI.

RELIGIOUS IDEALS

THE PORTRAIT OF JUDAS

Leonardo da Vinci was at work on his great masterpiece—"The Last Supper." (*Describe it.*) Everyone interested—longing to see it finished and exhibited. (*Describe long hours of work in the studio; every Disciple so carefully painted, each different.*)

Leonardo had an enemy. Decided to take great public revenge. Would paint a portrait of his enemy in place of Judas. (*Remind about Judas's character and action.*) All the world would see—enemy would be humiliated. Painted it.

Picture nearly finished; but every time Leonardo tried to paint the face of Christ, he couldn't get on with the work; had to stop, and do another part instead. At last whole picture finished—all except our Lord. Everyone impatient to see it. Leonardo in despair.

One day holy old man visited studio. Told Leonardo that no one who has *unforgiveness* and *revenge* in his heart can have Christ's likeness (*i.e.* grace) in his soul; this was why he could not paint the picture of Christ. The great painter understood and was sorry. Forgave his enemy. Painted out Judas, and put another face instead. *Then* was able to paint a beautiful portrait of Christ that all the world has admired ever since.

THE BURIED ROAD

A little mountain village. All the carts laden with butter, cheese, eggs, honey, and vegetables start off for the market, along the narrow road—a steep cliff on one side, a precipice on the other. The first one comes to a sudden stop; road has been blocked by great fall of stones, sand, and earth from mountain side. No cart can pass.

Everyone gathers round; all say it's not *their* work to clear the road; quarrel; blame each other. No one will help, or work unpaid. All go home.

Julian, a little boy like a Cub, thinks it's a pity all the market carts are held up because no one will do a good turn. Consults his poor old grandfather, with whom he lives. They fetch their old barrow and two shovels, and start work. (*Describe.*)

All day work in hot sun; people think they're fools. At last, late in the evening, only one barrowful left to cart away. Knot of people watching. Julian suddenly calls out. Has unearthed a leather bag! All crowd round. Julian cuts cord, and pulls out handful of—*glittering gold pieces!* People start clamouring that it belongs to all the village, since it was found among the mountain stones.

All unseen, the lord of the village has ridden up. "No, no, good people," he says. "The gold is the unexpected reward of those who freely served their fellows. I caused that pile of earth to fall on the road; I placed the gold beneath. 'Twas to see which of my people were ready to serve. Even so God allows difficulties in the world to give His children the chance to serve their fellows. He, too, hides a golden reward—the riches of a *happy heart.*"

And so Julian and his grandfather became the richest people in the village, instead of the poorest; and everyone learnt the lesson of *the good turn.*

THE GIFT THAT REALLY COUNTED¹

A rich and proud nobleman, Albertus, decided to build a great cathedral, so that everyone would praise his goodness and generosity: but he gave no thought to pleasing God thereby.

Foundations laid: hundreds of carts coming, with stones, beams, marble pillars, etc. etc. Thousands of men at work. Artists, and architects busy. Going to be biggest church ever built. Everyone very interested.

Antony, little son of the cobbler, passes. Full of awe. Every day he sees walls growing higher, and more rich marbles and metals being brought. *Wishes* he could help in this great work for God; but too poor to give, too little to help. Thinks how pleased God must be that they are building Him such a big and magnificent house.

¹ Adapted from a legend about St Sophia.

One day sees some donkeys who have brought a load of marble, tied up out of reach of grass. Stops and gathers them a great armful. After that, every day, after school, feeds the donkeys who bring the marble for God's house. It's the one thing he can do to help. Sees the gold and ornaments added; the doors, statues, stained-glass windows. Feels he has a tiny share in it.

Great day when church is to be dedicated, and west door unveiled. Huge gathering of nobles and people, priests and the Archbishop. Procession; singing; trumpets—Albertus approaches, proudly, on beautiful white horse. Long ceremony. At last great door unveiled, with the inscription above it, in big gold letters, which Albertus has proudly put up to let everyone know he built the church.

As silk curtain falls aside, and five thousand people read the shining letters, all gasp in surprise:

“ THIS CHURCH WAS ERECTED BY ANTONY,
THE COBBLER'S SON ”

Albertus full of rage. Sends for architect and demands explanation. No one can explain. Antony, the cobbler's son, called for. Dragged forward by angry courtiers.

An old priest steps forward, saying he can explain. The gold letters have been changed by God to teach Albertus a lesson. He was only thinking of his own glory. He let no one else share in building the church. The only person who gave a *real gift* was Antony—who gave grass to the donkeys *for God's honour and glory*; and to help on the building of His House. God only accepts gifts given in this spirit. And so He wishes all to know that He counts the church as the gift of the cobbler's son.

Everyone murmurs, “A miracle, a miracle!” Albertus rides home, humbled and ashamed. The Archbishop orders that the Magnificat be sung—about how God has “put down the mighty from their seat, and hath regarded the humble.”

Antony slips away, unseen, and thanks God for accepting his little gift.

THE MINSTREL WHO DID HIS BEST

A great monastery in France, hundreds of years ago. Knocking heard at gates. A monk opens it, and is surprised to see a strolling minstrel, or tumbler, well known for his evil life. Says his songs and tricks and tumbling are not wanted *here*. But tumbler says

he has repented of his evil life, and wants to make up for it by becoming a good monk, and end his days serving God. Abbot allows him to come, gives him a habit, and tells him to do his best to join with the monks in their worship.

Minstrel soon finds that he does not know all the psalms and hymns and prayers that the monks chant, when they go to the church seven times during the day and night. He cannot join with them; becomes very sad, and blames himself, saying that he is here eating the monks' food, receiving clothes and shelter, and doing nothing in return to serve God.

One day, thinks to himself that if we do our best in what we know how to do, and offer it up to God, He accepts our offering. He has a good idea!

The cold, dimly lighted crypt under the church. As the monks file into choir, the tumbler has fallen out, and crept secretly down the dark stairway. He kneels on the step of a little altar, before a statue of the Child Christ in His Mother's arms. Then takes off his heavy habit, and steps out in his light tunic. He does all his best tumbling tricks: stands on his head, walks on his hands, turns Catherine wheels, does somersaults, till he is tired out. Then kneels and offers it to God, saying it is the best he can do—and as good as he ever did to please rich nobles and fair ladies in the world.

Seven times a day he does his tumbling, while the monks chant and pray.

After some weeks he is beginning to get worn out—for he always does his very best. One day, one of the monks chances to see him creep off down to the crypt, and follows. Hides behind a pillar, and sees him tumbling! Is very shocked, and hurries off to tell Abbot. Next time monks are praying, Abbot goes with monk to crypt, and watches. He sees the tumbler do his tricks, and hears him praying aloud, and saying that these are his best tricks—better than ever he did to please the world. The Abbot sees how worn out he is, and how at last he falls, fainting with exhaustion, and covered with perspiration.

Then he sees a wonderful vision: in a cloud of gold, and surrounded by angels, our Lady appears, bends over the tumbler, and wipes his forehead with a soft, white napkin: this seems to give him new strength. The vision departs.

Abbot in his cell. Sends for tumbler, who comes in fear and trembling, thinking he has been found out. Falls on his knees. Abbot raises him up, and tells him not to fear; he is very pleasing.

to God—more than all the other monks. He must go on doing as he has done, and tumbling in the crypt.

After some weeks more the tumbler is worn out with his exertions. He lies dying in his cell. The monks gather round him, chanting. Again the golden light appears, and all present see OUR LADY come, and lead his soul to heaven. And they know that God is pleased with those who do their best for His sake, in whatever they know how to do.

BETTER THAN SLAYING A DRAGON

About time of Crusades—band of men formed to help pilgrims, called Knights of St John, or Hospitalers. Badge of Order, eight-pointed gold cross round neck and black mantle, cross embroidered white. Special vow of obedience to Chief, called Grand Master. Built fortress on Isle of Rhodes. After been here about eighteen years and had name of friends of all in need, were menaced by a dragon. Ate up people who went to fortress for help. Knights went to kill it, they killed instead. Grand Master feared Order would die out, gave order that no one else to attempt the attack.

A brave young knight, Dieudonné, had noticed top half of dragon thick scales—underside bare—could not get near tremendous jaws and tail. Asked leave of absence—went home—made model of dragon—underside hollow—filled this with eatables. Got two fierce dogs—trained them to get at food—whilst Dieudonné charged at shape with sword. Went back to Rhodes, killed dragon—with help of dogs. Great rejoicings—Grand Master sorry—been unfaithful to vow. Made Dieudonné take off cross and mantle. Pleadings from other knights—Dieudonné heeded them not—turned to leave the room. Got as far as the door, Grand Master called him back—now learned the higher courage—not to give in to self, and to obey. Gave him back cross and mantle.

Adapted from *A Book of Golden Deeds*,

THE STORK

(*For Cubs*)

Jan—cripple boy of ten—son of poor widow. Lies all day on flat roof, in his little bed. No toys or books, except one little book—greatest treasure—coloured pictures, showing the life of

Christ from time He is in His Mother's arms, right through days of preaching and miracles, crucifixion, rising again from tomb, going up to heaven, and at last seated on a golden throne. Looks at the pictures every day, and keeps book under his pillow. Very beautiful pictures—they comfort him when in pain, and help him to say his prayers well.

Jan has only two friends—young doctor who attends him, and a *stork*. (*Describe storks.*) It nests each year on roof nearby, and has grown quite tame, and comes every day and perches on parapet of roof, and eats bits of bread, and lets Jan stroke its long, scaly legs.

Jan's great regret is that he can do nothing big and useful and splendid with his life, like stories he has read in books lent him by doctor. Ones he liked specially were about men who travelled through strange wild countries and told blacks about Christ—made them destroy their horrible idols, and no longer fear the cruel gods they worshipped.

One day, when the doctor has called, and is sitting by bed, Jan tells how he wishes he could do something big—best of all, go and tell the heathen that God isn't a frightening, cruel Being, like they think, but is our Lord, who's waiting for them in heaven. Asks doctor about those black people and their country. Doctor is just telling him, when the stork flies down and settles on parapet.

Doctor.—“This old fellow could tell you more than 1, if he could speak. He probably goes and spends his winter with your blacks.” Tells how, when the storks fly away in the autumn, they are going to warm climates.

After that, Jan takes even more interest in his stork. Wishes stork could speak, and take a message from him to the blacks.

One day great idea comes to him. He will write a letter and tell about our Lord, and tie it to stork's leg. Then when he settles on the black people's roofs, they will see it, and take it off, and read it. Spends many hours writing the letter. Only when finished, does he remember that black people speak another language—won't understand. Very sad. Then it occurs to him—they would understand the pictures all right! But can he bear to send away his precious little book? A big struggle in his mind—and at last decides to send it—the one thing he can do for other people and God.

Makes a little bag with a piece of waterproof stuff his mother gives him, and puts letter in (in case they could read it). Looks

at his book many times each day—won't have it much longer. Storks begin to fly away. His stork comes one day, and seems fidgety and restless. Jan feels sure he is soon going. Ties bag, with precious book, on great bird's leg. Stork departs.

Jan very lonely all the winter—no stork and no book. Often thinks about black people, and prays that stork may have a safe journey, and carry the bag all right. Somehow feels sure our Lord is pleased. Back gets worse, and overhears mother telling neighbour that doctor has said only cure a very expensive new treatment—unless this, won't live more than six months. Does not tell mother he heard, but lies and thinks about it. Hopes stork will get back before he flies away, himself; would like to know if bag has been taken off leg. But isn't frightened to die—believes he will have strong back and arms and legs in heaven. Our Lord will be there, and welcome him. *Glad* he did something for Him.

One fine spring day—a whirr of wings—and there is stork! Jan delighted. Looks eagerly at leg. Yes, his bag has gone—but there is a smaller one, of leather, in its place! Jan's fingers tremble sq. with excitement that he can scarcely undo the string.

Opens bag—out fall three beautiful jewels, red, green, and white, which sparkle in the sunshine! So the black men received his little book, and this is their thank you! At bottom of bag is a little roll of paper. Jan opens it out—it is a letter, in his own language! He reads it eagerly. It is from a missionary, and tells how the missionary came to a village where the people had always refused to listen to his preaching, and were very fierce and cruel. But now they welcomed him, and asked him to tell them about the great white God, who came to earth as a child, and healed the sick, and went up to heaven, and sits on a golden throne, and now uses storks as His messengers. Missionary can hardly believe his ears, till shown book and letter, which the King's little son had found tied to the leg of his tame stork!

Missionary reads Jan's letter to them, and they say they believe, and ask to be baptised and made Christians. After some more teaching, they are baptised. They wish to send a present to the boy who taught them by his book and letter. So ask missionary to write letter, and the King takes from his treasury three jewels, and sends them by the stork.

Jan is so happy he does not know what to do—and keeps thanking God, and praising his old stork for being such a faithful messenger.

When doctor comes next, Jan tells him the whole story, and shows the jewels. Doctor very excited. Takes jewels to be valued. They prove to be a diamond, a ruby, and a fine emerald, and are worth £2000! Doctor persuades Jan to let him sell them, and procure the special treatment.

Jan makes wonderful progress, and after some years in a special home, with doctors applying the new treatment, is able to walk about. Back gets straight, arms and legs strong—and grows up to be a man. Writes wonderful books, and does great good in the world—but always feels that the greatest good he ever did, the thing he will offer to God when he gets to heaven, was the converting of the heathen tribe by his precious little book when he was only a cripple boy.

THE MURDERER

(For Scouts)

Elderly gentleman travelling from his country house to London, gets into 1st class compartment, which he had thought was empty. Sees that in one corner a young man sits huddled—white face averted from platform, fingers twitching nervously, air of utter desolation and despair, haunted look in eyes.

After about a quarter of an hour has passed in silence, elderly gentleman can bear it no longer. Leans forward kindly: "I feel you are in some trouble. Can I be of any service to you?"

Young man looks at him like a hunted animal at bay. Sees kindly sympathy in eyes, and grave, thoughtful face—rather stern; no sentimentality or cheap pity—an embodiment of justice and mercy.

"No—no one can help me; but—but you're a complete stranger—we shall never meet again. May I tell you my story? It'll get it off my chest."

"Yes; tell me."

With complete frankness, and every detail admitted, tells of small embezzlements at business; of hardened rascal who led him on further than he meant to go. From this, trapped him into taking an unwilling share in a serious robbery. Two companions and himself got into grave difficulty. No way out but one—murder. By marvellous luck he escapes, and only other two taken. Probability that both will be hanged. Honour among thieves—they have not given him away. Bitter remorse: sleepless nights: can't bear to think of going scot-free—the other

two hanged, or long imprisonment. The second, only a boy like himself, drawn into it by unscrupulous scoundrel. But of course such things can't be explained; either guilty or not guilty—free or hanged. Going now to give himself up. Trial comes off to-morrow at —. Judge So-and-so known to be a hard man, who insists on justice and gives heavy sentences.

Elderly gentleman listens quietly. Young man sinks back exhausted.

Long silence. Elderly gentleman says: "It seems to me that you are *morally* 'not guilty.' Your only real crime is small embezzlements. And I believe Judge So-and-so would think so, too, if he knew all the circumstances. I most strongly advise you to tell him the whole story, just as you have told it to me."

Young Man.—"Ah, it was easy to tell you all—you are kind and just and sympathetic: I might have been talking to my greatest friend."

Train nears London. "Promise me, now, you will tell your story simply: and trusting that the Judge will show you mercy, take courage, go for a good walk in the fresh air, have a good meal, a good night's sleep, and then give yourself up to-morrow in time for the trial."

Young Man.—"I will. Thank you, sir." Holds out his hand—but drops it again, quickly. Elderly gentleman holds out his.

"Did you think I wouldn't shake? No, no: your story proves you are no murderer."

Court, next day. Young man comes into dock. Trembles: feels he will never be able to tell his story: at last raises his eyes to Judge's face—recognises the elderly gentleman of the 1st class carriage!

Tells story easily now, knowing it is already known, and omissions and falterings won't prejudice him: that a *friend* who *already understands* is listening—is his JUDGE.

So with us and God.

"AS WE FORGIVE . . ."

Between 1652 and 1660, famous Swedish warrior king, Gustavus Adolphus, was fighting in Denmark. After one battle, in which the Danes victorious, a burgher of Flensburg lay on battlefield. Very thirsty. Felt for water-bottle, unstrapped it, would take

good long draught. A cry from nearby, looked round—wounded Swede looking eagerly at bottle.

“The Dane creeps across, kneels over Swede to put bottle to his lips. Feels bullet in shoulder. “That your thanks? Well, I was going to give you all this water, now I will only give you half.” “Drank half himself, then let Swede finish the bottle.

When asked by the King how he came to spare the rascally Swede, he said he couldn’t kill a wounded enemy.

From *A Book of Golden Deeds.*

THE TORN GOSPEL

Time of war between France and Russia. Crowd of rough French soldiers seated round camp-fire, night before starting for the Front. Very ignorant—no religion. Never heard of Jesus Christ, except to take His name in vain.

Old man came by, with bag full of little holy books to give away. Men jeered at him—refused his gifts. One soldier mockingly accepted: “The paper will do well to light my pipe.” Tore out two pages, made a spill, and lit his pipe, and put torn book in his haversack. Old man passed sadly on, praying ~~me~~ might be forgiven and learn better some day.

Roadside in great retreat from Moscow. Wounded man lying in pain and weakness, cold and hunger. Nearly reached home, but has had to fall out. Comrades have tramped on. In despair: fears haunt him: he is afraid to die. To distract his mind starts reading little book he finds in his haversack, and which he’d forgotten till he found it, in searching for last scraps of bread. It is St John’s Gospel. Never heard Gospel story before. Gets deeply interested. Reads on and on. Believes all he reads of Jesus Christ—that He is God, loves men, will save them if they trust Him. Reaches part about Judas’s betrayal; Pilate’s condemnation; the scourging, crowning with thorns. Filled with surprise and indignation. Sure our Lord will conquer His enemies in the end, and come off triumphant. Reads on, about the carrying of the Cross, Death, Burial—and there the story ends: *the last pages of the Gospel are torn out.* Sinks back in despair. “Then it was all untrue, that He was God and had all power. The devil and wicked men conquered Him and killed Him: so they will conquer us; and He can’t help after all, since He’s dead and buried.”

For hours the soldier lay in agony, brooding on the terrible ~~terry~~ and his own fears. At last he fainted.

Inside a hospital. Ambulance party has found the soldier. He is in bed. His wounds dressed; well fed, warm. But nurse thinks he's dying—a man in despair, with no hope or courage—always brooding.

An old man, with little holy books, passes. Offers one to the dying man. Soldier recognises him. No; he wants no more sad books like that. Old man asks what he means. Soldier shows the book—he has been reading beginning again. Old man smiles. Sits by bed and shows another copy, with last pages in. Reads them aloud; and soldier hears of the glorious Resurrection. Christ among His disciples again, the Conqueror of Death; the Ascension to heaven, where He waits for all those who love Him. Soldier full of joy! He gets better and better. Old man comes and teaches him every day. He gets quite well, and spends the rest of his life doing his best to please our Lord, till he shall see Him in heaven.

SAVED BY AN ECLIPSE

Two missionaries land on an island, and are made prisoners by a cannibal tribe. Taken before Chief, who says they shall be killed at the great feast. They are imprisoned in a hut, and the next morning led out and tied to two trees. (*Describe horrible dances and yells, painted faces, spears and shields; the whole tribe gathered round.*) Seems that their last hour has come.

But one of the missionaries is keen on astronomy. He suddenly remembers the date, and that on this particular day there is an eclipse of the sun—almost total. They can speak the language of the cannibals. He suddenly cries out that his God—the true God—is more powerful than their false gods: He can make the sun grow dark at noonday. The dancing savages stop and listen. The missionary bids them wait and see if his words are not true.

Before long eclipse begins. Savages are filled with terror. As sun is almost hidden they fall on their knees, begging the missionaries to ask their God not to destroy the sun altogether, and promising to worship Him.

The eclipse begins to pass. The savages free the missionaries; make them a feast; listen to all they say of God; agree to learn the Christian religion and worship so powerful a God. All their idols are destroyed, and they become a Christian tribe.

ARTHUR'S CHALLENGER

When Arthur was first made King, before the troubles of the kingdom grew, he used himself to ride out in search of adventures. One day Merlin tells him to-morrow he will have an adventure. In the forest he will meet a dwarf who will challenge him to fight. He must fight and, when he has overcome the dwarf, must kill. Next day, Arthur riding in forest, lance at rest, up comes dwarf and challenges him to fight. Arthur thinks he will humouir him, and fights. Dwarf stronger than he looks ; can use sword well, but soon disarmed. Begs for mercy. Arthur remembers Merlin's warning. Merlin wise man, must be good reason. But dwarf pleads, and Arthur thinks he would spare a grown man whom he had at his mercy, surely a dwarf, so lets him go.

On return to castle is met by Merlin, who shakes his head and says he is running great risk by sparing dwarf, who will in time overcome Arthur if he is not killed. Warns Arthur to listen to him, and not be turned from his purpose by looks of the dwarf.

Next day dwarf appears again, this time rather bigger. Fight again : again Arthur disarms him—and spares him. This goes on day after day, dwarf growing bigger and stronger, until at last one morning Arthur finds a giant rush out to attack him, whom it takes all his strength and nerve to keep off, and who beats him down on his knee more than once and wounds him sorely.

In the end Arthur feels himself growing faint, and wonders how he can defeat the giant. He prays, and at once feels stronger and fresher, springs on his foe with renewed vigour, beats him back, with great effort swings his sword in air and cleaves giant's skull through. Then faints.

Merlin tends him, has him brought back to castle, his wounds dressed and face bathed. Afterwards Merlin explains that the dwarf was evil temptation, which must be scotched at once, or else will grow and grow until it overpowers the man. Easy to scotch at first, but nearly impossible later.

CHAPTER VII

SAINTS¹

ST DUNSTAN (925-988)

ST DUNSTAN was one of England's great Archbishops, friend and counsellor of kings, champion of justice and right. Lived through the reigns of six Saxon kings, the friend and adviser of most of them. The first of St Dunstan's royal friends was King Athelstane, who sent for him when he was quite a boy to come to Court, for he had heard how skilful he was in all arts and learning, especially in playing upon the harp, and in writing and illuminating manuscripts, as also in carving, metal-work, and modelling; and how, added to all this, he was very holy, ~~and~~ true lover of God. The King was delighted with the boy, and finding what a lot of common sense and good judgment he had, would even call him in sometimes to help decide some difficult case, when the King's vassals were up for judgment.

This made some of the courtiers very jealous, and they decided to murder the boy. Lying in wait for him by the side of a road along which he was to come, they rushed out on him, bound him, and flung him into a muddy swamp, thinking he would be choked, and would never be seen or heard of again. But Dunstan prayed hard, and God heard him. His feet found a firm foothold in the slimy mud, and he was able to stand up. But he was so covered with mud that he could hardly see or breathe. The murderers were horrified when they saw their victim was not drowned, and sought some way of finishing their cruel deed. One of them came and loosed some fierce hounds belonging to the King, and set them at the muddy figure in the swamp. As Dunstan heard them come rushing towards him, baying, he was not afraid, for he had long ago made friends with these dogs. He called them by their names, and they, recognising their old friend, jumped up

¹ All the stories in this chapter are reprinted from *Stories in School* (Messrs Burns, Oates & Washbourne, 5s.), by kind permission of the publishers. We strongly recommend this book to Scoutmasters and chaplains; it contains a large selection of outline-stories of the Sair¹ and other useful matter.

on him, licking him till he was clean, and able to see and breathe once more. He then struggled free, and managed to get out of the bog. But he did not go back to Court; he went to his uncle, the Bishop of Winchester, and after a time decided to give his whole life to God, and become a priest. Later he became Abbot of Glastonbury, and the friend of the poor, and finally Archbishop of Canterbury.

ST CHAD (672)

St Chad was the youngest of four brothers, educated by St Aidan at Lindisfarne. St Chad was Bishop of the Mercians, his see being at Lichfield. He longed for his former quiet life in his monastery, and, when he could, retired for times of prayer. As he knelt in the solitude of a wood by a pool, he was startled by a stag dashing wildly past him and into the water. It seemed terrified, and he guessed it must be pursued by huntsmen. It allowed itself to be gently led out of the water by the Saint, who set it to graze among the trees. No sooner had he done this than a huntsman came rushing into the glade, crying, "Where is the hart gone?"

This young huntsman was none other than Wulfadæ, one of the two sons of King Wulfhere, who had fallen away from the faith and had allowed his children to grow up unbaptised.

"My son," said St Chad, "Christ sent the hart to bring thee unto me—for as it leaped into the fountain, so would my Lord desire that you should come under the waters of baptism."

"Ha!" cried the young Prince, "I would believe thy fairy-tales if thou couldst pray the stag back here."

So St Chad prayed, and the stag came pushing through the bushes. Wulfadæ was humbled and impressed. He listened to St Chad's teaching, and asked for baptism, as also did his brother. But the King was so angry at their seeking to follow Christ, that in a fit of mad rage he slew them both. In the end, however, he repented; and the Queen, his wife, bade him seek out St Chad and confess his sin. This he did, and was led to the Saint by the very stag who had been the means of his sons' conversion. St Chad gave him as a penance the great task of rooting out the idolatry in his kingdom. So the penitent King set himself to build churches, monasteries, and schools. Thus the death of the two boys was, in the end, the means of great good to the realm of Mercia, and sowed the seeds of that Christian faith which has flourished ever since in the Midlands.

(St Chad's bones now lie in the cathedral of his name, in Birmingham.)

ST JOHN OF BEVERLEY (721)

There were two great monasteries at Whitby, one for monks and one for nuns, both ruled over by the Abbess St Hilda. Among the young monks was St John of Beverley. Later he became Archbishop of York. It was he who ordained the Venerable Bede. St Bede tells us a little story about him. The holy Bishop John used to spend Lent alone, in some solitary place. Now, he had always had a great love of the poor and ignorant, whom he would teach with as much zeal as the students who attended his famous school. So one Lent he took with him to his solitary retirement a poor boy, whom most men would have thought quite unteachable, since he was dumb. The first week of Lent St John spent absorbed in prayer. Then, feeling God's power with him, he took the dumb boy and made the sign of the Cross upon his tongue, bidding him henceforth speak. After that, word by word he taught him, and letter by letter, until at last the boy could say all that he would.

Many hundreds of years after (in the twelfth century) another Archbishop of York made his first visit to Beverley, and sang High Mass in the church dedicated to St John. In this Archbishop's train there was a boy who had been deaf and dumb from birth. When the Gloria began, this boy suddenly found he could hear and speak, and to his surprise found himself joining in this hymn of joy that he had never been able to hear. His comrades realised at once that there had been a miracle, and took word to the Archbishop. So, after the Gospel had been read, he turned to the people and said: "See, my children, how holy, how powerful a patron must be ours, since God wills him to work so great a miracle for our sakes."

CÆDMON

(*Seventh century*)

Among the farm hands of the Abbey of Whitby estate was a simple man called Cædmon. It was a secret sorrow to him that he could not sing or play the harp like his comrades. One night as the men sat round the fire, drinking their home-brewed ale, and singing songs of saints and heroes, he saw the harp being passed his way, and, full of sadness, he got up and went out before it should come to his turn, and he have to say he could not sing.

He fell asleep in the straw of an outhouse, and dreamed that a shining stranger stood before him, offering him a harp and asking him to sing. He said he could not sing and knew no songs;

but the vision bade him sing of the Creation. So he tried, and 'lo! he found he could play and sing, and that wonderful words came into his head! When he woke up in the morning he remembered the words, and found he really could sing them too. His comrades ran off and told the Abbess St Hilda, who ruled over both monks and nuns. Instead of thinking it a foolish tale, as some people might have done, she sent for Cædmon. She was so struck by his song of Creation that she got some learned and holy men to come and hear it. She also told Cædmon some stories from the Bible, and he made songs of these too. She (and the holy men) felt sure it was a gift from God. St Hilda asked Cædmon to enter the monastery and become a monk. He did so, and wrote many hymns and songs, telling all the sacred stories anew in vivid language, forming a school of sacred poetry, for other bards followed his new style. Many of these hymns are known to us, and can be found in the old manuscripts.

ST BONIFACE (755)

St Boniface, born at Crediton, in Devonshire, in 680, from the age of five loved to hear about religion. Through boyhood & youth clinging to his resolve to give himself to God, he was in time ordained a priest. The King and Archbishop thought much of him for his holy life and deep learning; but St. Boniface's one desire was to leave his country and go to preach Christ to the wild tribes across the North Sea. In Germany and other countries of Northern Europe he passed a long life of thrilling adventure, and wonderful success in God's cause. Gradually he came to have much influence over kings and emperors, and greatly affected the Europe of his time. Here is the story of his martyrdom.

Although St Boniface had reached the age of seventy-five, he longed to leave, once more, the Courts of kings and visit the wildest tribes. So, taking a party of zealous Christians, he journeyed northwards to Friesland, where the knowledge of Christ had not as yet penetrated. The wild men flocked to hear him, and thousands were baptised into the Church. But St Boniface knew that the day he had always longed for was at hand—the day of his martyrdom.

He fixed the Eve of Whit-Sunday for the confirmation of a great crowd of converts, and pitched his tents in the open fields. As he sat waiting their arrival, came a sound of wild voices, and there appeared, surrounding his camp, instead of newly baptised Christians, a fierce band of armed men. The followers of St Boniface wished to fight; but the holy old Bishop knew their

hour had come, and, like our Lord surrounded by the armed band in Gethsemane, he told his followers to put up their swords and, prepare for martyrdom. The fierce band fell upon the fifty-two Christians and slew them. Then they rushed into the tents, searching the baggage and even the bodies of the slain, expecting to find gold, jewels, and rich stuffs, but they found only relics of the Saints and holy books. These they scattered broadcast in the fields and ditches. Later another party of Christians who came to the spot collected many of these. Among them was a book of the Gospels written in St Boniface's own hand; and also two other books of his, one of which (containing St Ambrose's treatise *On the Advantage of Death*) is stained with his blood. These are preserved as precious relics at Fulda, in Germany, where the body of St Boniface is regarded as the most precious treasure of the monastery.

ST COLUMBA (521-597)

St Columba was an Irish boy of royal birth. He was a great scholar, and we are told carried off the highest prize in every school he went to. But God had destined him for something better than scholarship. It was through being exiled from his beloved land that he found his true vocation, which was to preach the Christian faith to the wild men of Scotland. Here is the story of one of the events which led to St Columba's banishment.

He had an intense love for books, and would spend hours making beautiful copies of the big hand-written volumes lent him by others. One day, while staying at Clonard, he asked the Abbot Finian to let him copy a beautiful edition of the Psalms, kept in the Abbey Church. St Finian refused. Thinking the refusal unreasonable, St Columba decided to make a copy secretly. And so, night after night, he stole off to the church, with his pens, ink, and parchment, and worked away. He had just finished the long task when St Finian chanced to come to the church, and there, by the light of a little lamp, beheld his visitor all alone in the great dark church, absorbed in his task. Very angry, he confiscated the copy from the monk Columba, saying he had no right to it. St Columba was angry too, and disappointed that all his nights had been spent in vain. He appealed to the King for a judgment. The King's decision was: "To every cow belongeth her calf;" and St Columba was obliged to give up the manuscript. He came of a proud, hot-headed race; and this little injustice (which, as it happened, was soon followed by another of a different sort) caused a feud between the royal kindred

of Columba and the people of Dármáid, King of Tara, which ended in a battle, in which many brave men lost their lives. A great gathering of Bishops and Abbots was held to discuss Cokumba's conduct, for they considered he was to blame for the civil war. He was, in the end, sentenced to banishment, and told to make up for the battle by converting to the faith as many souls as had there fallen. Very humbly he accepted his sentence, though it nearly broke his loving and proud heart to leave the land of his princely forefathers. Taking with him a little band, he sailed across the seas.

At last they came to an island, and landed, but when he had climbed up to the highest point he found he could still see the hills of Ireland rising out of the west; and knowing that he could never bear to live within sight of his own land, he went down into the boat again, and they sailed on. The same thing happened at the next island, and the next, until they came to the rocky island called Iona. Even from the highest point of Iona Ireland could not be seen, so there they ended their voyage. He became greatly beloved, won thousands of souls for the Church, built many monasteries, and became one of the greatest Irish saints and the Apostle of Scotland.

ST EDWARD THE CONFESSOR (1066)

St Edward was the last of the Saxon kings who reigned over England. He was a very good and holy man who put God first in everything in his life. He made very good and wise laws, and especially did away with heavy taxes that had been levied on the poor. His reign was a spell of peace and prosperity for England in a very troublous time. He loved the poor for Christ's sake, and they in return loved their holy, just, and generous King.

Here are two little stories which show St Edward's kindness to the poor. He had given so much money in alms to the poor, and built so many churches and monasteries, that the royal coffers were nearly empty. His nobles, hearing this, determined to give him a splendid surprise, so they sent out their soldiers and stewards, and forced all their poor vassals to pay a heavy tax. Then, on Christmas Day, they showed St Edward his coffers all full of gold, and asked him to accept this present from his loyal subjects. The King was very distressed at the sight, for he knew how terribly hard it must have been on the poor to pay this unexpected tax. He thanked his nobles graciously for their gift, but added that he could not bear to have his poor pillaged like that, and that every penny must be given back to those from whom

it had been taken. We may imagine the surprise of the people on seeing the tax-gatherer coming round again—but this time to give them back their money on behalf of King Edward!

One day, as the King's treasurer Hugolin came along the road, he passed a poor, thin old beggar covered with sores—a leper. The old man cried out that he had a message for the King. Hugolin was surprised, and asked him what it was. The beggar said that he had made his way four times to Rome in vain, hoping to get cured at the Tomb of the Apostles. Now, St Peter had appeared to him in the night, and told him that his prayers had been heard, and if St Edward, the King, would bear him to the Chapel in his arms, his cure would be granted.

"Impossible," cried Hugolin. "Shall the King indeed take thee, thou loathsome leper, to his breast?" Still, when he got home he told the King. The King at once went out and took the poor old man in his arms, heedless of his dirty rags and sores, and carried him up to the High Altar of the Abbey, and he was cured.

Later, as King Edward was praying before the altar, the Child Christ appeared to him all shining, and said, "As thou didst bear the leper in thine arms to his healing, so bear I all the world in My heart for their salvation."

ST HUGH OF LINCOLN (1120)

St Hugh was a very holy Carthusian monk of the great Abbey of the Chartreuse, in France. He was sent for by King Henry II (of England) to found an abbey of English Carthusians at Witham, in Somersetshire, because there was great opposition to this foundation, and the first two Abbots appointed to do the work had failed. Hugh made a great success of it; and the King thought so much of him, for his holiness, that once, when in great danger of shipwreck, he invoked Hugh's name with God, and was saved, ever after attributing it to St Hugh's power with God.

When St Hugh took over the difficult work of founding the Abbey at Witham, he was violently opposed. Instead of proudly asserting the authority the King had given him, he set about the task with a serene humility and all gentleness and love. The actual building of the Abbey had still to be finished. Hugh set to work with his own hands, carrying great stones or sacks of mortar on his back. Struck with this humility in a man renowned for learning and piety, and withal empowered by the King to do as he would, the enemies' hard hearts were softened. They began to visit him to see what sort of a man this could be. His noble and gracious appearance, and beautiful, calm face attracted them

first; and soon his charity and graciousness of manner won them completely, so that they helped him finish the Abbey; and many men, who before had not thought of God, came and joined the monks, and gave themselves up to this hard life, for the love of God and St Hugh.

ST THOMAS OF CANTERBURY (1170)

St Thomas à Becket (as he is more often called) was one of the most famous men of the Middle Ages, his cruel murder by the King's courtiers stirring up the sympathy and indignation of all Europe. Here is a story of his youth.

St Thomas had good Christian parents, who brought him up well; but before he was twenty-one he had lost both father and mother. After having been at school in London, and then at Oxford University, he took an important post in London; but before long was taken into the family of a young nobleman who lived in the country. This young nobleman was devoted to hunting and hawking, and St Thomas became so keen on these sports that they took up all his thoughts, and he began to neglect even his duty to God. One day, as he was out hawking, an adventure befell him which changed all the course of his life.

His hawk swooped after a wild-duck, and dived after it into the river. St Thomas, afraid of losing his favourite hawk, jumped into the river. But the tide was too strong for him to swim against, and it carried him swiftly downstream. Before long he saw a terrible danger ahead—a great millwheel turning round and round. He knew that in a few seconds he would be caught in its cogs and ground to pieces. There seemed no hope of escape, and he swiftly prepared to die. But suddenly the great wheel stopped, and St Thomas found himself clinging to it, safe and sound, and able to clamber out of the water. He felt sure this had been by God's special mercy. If God had so saved his life, it must be that He had some special thing for him to do in the world.

Leaving the gay life of hunting, he went back to London, and set himself to study for the priesthood. In due course he was ordained, and, coming under the special note of the Archbishop, he was soon involved in important work, leading on, gradually, to the great lead he was to take in the affairs of his country when he himself became Archbishop of Canterbury.

ST VINCENT DE PAUL (1576-1660)

St Vincent gave his whole life to relieving suffering people—whether they suffered spiritually or in their bodies, whether

